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P. W. Van Brunt

THE

WORKS

OF

THOMAS HOOD.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

VOL. II

NEW YORK:
DERBY AND JACKSON.
M DCCC LXI.

THE

COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS HOOD.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

NEW YORK.
DERBY AND JACKSON.
M DCCC LXI.

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PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

In preparing, about a year since, an edition of the Poems of Thomas Hood, we thought that a single volume would include all of his writings in verse that fell within the plan of our series. That volume embraced all the poems contained in the Moxon collections of the author's sentimental and humorous verse, with several additions from other sources. It was the most complete collection that had been made at the time of its appearance.

We soon ascertained, however, that it would not entirely satisfy the demand for Hood's productions. We received more than one letter suggesting that some favorite of the writer's was omitted, which had originally appeared, perhaps, in a magazine or annual, and had not been inserted in any collection of the author's Poems. This deficiency, to its full extent, we have hardly been able to supply even by a second volume.

The materials of the present volume have been chiefly drawn from the collections of his humorous pieces, published by the author under the title of *Hood's Own*, *Whimsicalities*, and *Whims and Oddities*. To these we have added a few poems from the *London Magazine* and the *New Monthly Magazine*, that appeared in those periodicals during HOOD's editorial relations with them, and are unquestionably from his pen. In one or two instances verses rather of a sentimental than an humorous character have found their way among the Miscellaneous Poems, but we trust they will not be considered as unwelcome intruders.

We have reserved the first poems of HOOD for the last place in the book; assigning them to a quasi-appendix, for reasons that will obviously occur to the reader. It is many years since the *Odes and Addresses to Great People* have been reprinted, and some of the allusions in them are to subjects of local and temporary notoriety, which require the few annotations that we have annexed. To us these very clever *jeux d'esprit* seem to merit the high commendation that they received from COLERIDGE on their first appearance. His letter to LAMB on their authorship we have inserted among the Notes at the end of the volume.

This work was the joint production of HOOD and the literary friend and connection to whom he afterward dedicated the poem of *Lycus*. In LORD BYRON's Journal, under date of February 20, 1814, an entry is made of his having acknowledged the receipt of young REYNOLDS's

poem, entitled *Safie*. "The lad is clever," his lordship writes, "but much of his thoughts are borrowed—*whence* the reviewers may find out. I hate discouraging a young one; and I think—though wild and more oriental than he would be, had he seen the scenes where he has placed his tale—that he has much talent, and, certainly, fire enough." This "clever lad" we next hear of among the crack contributors of the *London Magazine*—for we presume that the author of *Safie* is the same JOHN HAMILTON REYNOLDS described by TALFOURD as one of that remarkable corps, and as "lighting up the wildest eccentricities and most striking features of many-colored life with vivid fancy."

In the *Reminiscences* of HOOD there is a lively sketch of one of the dinners that occasionally brought together the contributors to the Magazine, which serves him to introduce some of the principal characters of the literary "London in the Olden Time." After describing Elia, and Barry Cornwall, and the Opium Eater, and sundry others of hardly less note, HOOD writes—"That smart, active person opposite, with a game-cock-looking head, and the hair combed smooth, fighter fashion, over his forehead—with one finger hooked round a glass of Champagne—not that he requires it to inspirit him, for his wit bubbles up of itself—is our Edward Herbert, the author of that true piece of biography, the Life of Peter Corcoran. He is 'good with both hands,' like that Nonpareil Randall, at a comic verse or a serious stanza—smart at a repartee—

sharp at a retort—and not averse to a bit of mischief. 'T was he who gave the runaway ring at Wordsworth's Peter Bell. Generally, his jests, set off by a happy manner, are only ticklesome, but now and then they are sharp-flavored—like the sharpness of the pine-apple. Would I could give a sample."

The allusions in the above paragraph enable us to follow REYNOLDS into some of his Protean pseudonymes. We know that he was the author of the poems published as the Remains of Peter Corcoran, by Taylor and Hessey, who afterwards became the publishers of the *London Magazine*, and this identifies him with the Edward Herbert whom HOOD describes. The reference to the Nonpareil Randall is explained by the following sonnet, which is found among Corcoran's Remains:

SONNET

ON THE NONPAREIL.

With marble-colored shoulders,—and keen eyes,
Protected by a forehead broad and white,
And hair cut close lest it impede the sight,
And clenchéd hands, firm and of punishing size,
Steadily held, or motioned wary-wise,
To hit or stop—and kerchief too drawn tight
O'er the unyielding loins, to keep from flight
The inconstant wind, that all too often flies,—
The Nonpareil stands!—Fame, whose bright eyes run o'er
With joy to see a Chicken of her own,
Dips her rich pen in *claret*, and writes down
Under the letter R, first on the score,
"Randall—John—Irish parents, age not known—
Good with both hands, and only ten stone four!"

In 1821 a volume was published in London with the title of *The Garden of Florence, and other Poems, by John Hamilton.* This was also the work of REYNOLDS. He was the familiar friend and correspondent of the poet KEATS, and they had undertaken, in a sort of literary copartnership, to versify some of the tales of Boccaccio. The accomplishment of this plan was prevented for a time by other engagements, and finally frustrated by death. *The Pot of Basil* was the only story completed by KEATS, "and that is to me now," says his literary partner, "the most pathetic story in existence." Two stories were translated by REYNOLDS, and were printed in the last-named volume. They possess a merit which induces us to regret that he did not persevere in the enterprise. His literary labors, however, seem to have been mere diversions. HOOD speaks of him as having abandoned the Muses for engrossing. He probably subsided from a very promising poet into a highly respectable special-pleader or conveyancer; perhaps into a barrister of local eminence. He does not seem, like his co-contributor Barry Cornwall, to have maintained two separate existences—a professional and a poetical entity—but to have suffered the latter to be absorbed in the former, or only to appear abroad in a mask. We do not know where to trace him after the suspension of the *London Magazine*, and publication of the *Odes and Addresses*, to which it is quite time that we should return. We must first, however, present our readers with a specimen of Mr. Peter Corcoran's sentimental

verse, which may explain the indifference of Mr. REYNOLDS to his poetical reputation :

SONNET.

I once had thought to have embalmed my name
With Poesy :—to have served the gentle Muses
With high sincerity :—but Fate refuses,
And I am now become most strangely tame,
And careless what becomes of Glory's game—
Who strives—who wins the wondrous prize—who loses!
Not that the heavy world my spirit bruises;
But I have not the heart to rush at Fame.
Magnificent and mental images
Have visited me oftentimes, and given
My mind to proud delights;—but now it sees
Those visions going like the lights of even:
All intellectual grandeur dimly flees—
And I am quiet as the stars of heaven!

We are not quite certain that we could, in every case, refer the compositions of the copartnership to their respective authors, though, in our judgment, most of them can be correctly assigned by internal evidence. The one that we most hesitate about is the *Address to Mr. Dymoke*. There is a letter of Edward Herbert's in the *London Magazine* giving an account of the Coronation, and mentioning the circumstances which are alluded to in the address, and in the first study of it that may be found in the Notes; but we are in doubt whether the verses are to be ascribed to HOOD or REYNOLDS. We may better leave this question for every reader to decide for himself, without seeking to anticipate his judgment. Perhaps no one will find much difficulty in coming to a correct deci-

sion, for there is nothing more remarkable in HOOD'S verse than its entire originality. His imagination is singularly fertile. His invention is marvellous. Hence it is that though he sometimes copies himself, he never mimics another; and though you can not always say that a poem is not HOOD'S, a poem that is really his you would hardly attribute to any one else.

Since the first edition of this volume was published, we have been furnished, from a source on which we rely, with the following assignment of the Odes and Addresses to their respective authors:

Ode to Mr. Graham, the Aeronaut, ... *Hood.*
Ode to Mr. M'Adam, ... *Reynolds.*
A Friendly Address to Mr. Fry, in Newgate, ... *Hood.*
Ode to Richard Martin, Esq., M. P. for Galway, ... *Hood.*
Ode to the Great Unknown, ... *Hood.*
Address to Mr. Dymoke, the Champion of England, ... *Reynolds.*
Ode to Joseph Grimaldi, Senior, ... *Hood.*
Address to Sylvanus Urban, Esq., ... *Reynolds.*
An Address to the Steam Washing Company, ... *Hood.*
Ode to Captain Parry, ... *Hood.*
Address to W. R. Elliston, Esq., the Great Lessee, ... *Reynolds.*
Address to Maria Darlington on her return to the Stage, *Hood and Reynolds.*
Ode to W. Kitchener, M. D., ... *Hood.*
An Address to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, ... *Reynolds.*
Ode to H. Bodkin, Esq., Secretary to the Society for the Suppression of Mendicity, ... *Hood.*

CONTENTS.

PAGE

LOVE AND LUNACY, ... 17

BAILEY BALLADS, ... 47
Lines to Mary, ... 51
No. II. "Love with a Witness," 53
No. III. "I'd be a Parody," 53

POEMS, BY A POOR GENTLEMAN, ... 55
Stanzas written under the Fear of Bailiffs, ... 59
Sonnet written in a Workhouse, ... 59
Sonnet—A Somnambulist, ... 60
Fugitive Lines on Pawning my Watch, ... 60

DOMESTIC DIDACTICS, ... 63
The Broken Dish, ... 67
Ode to Peace, ... 67
A Few Lines on completing Forty-seven, ... 69
To Mary Housemaid, ... 70

BALLADS, SERIOUS, VERY SERIOUS, AND PATHETIC, ... 71
The Poacher, ... 73
The Supper Superstition, ... 75
A Waterloo Ballad, ... 77
The Duel, ... 81
The Ghost, ... 84
Sally Simpkin's Lament, ... 86
John Day, ... 88
Pompey's Ghost, ... 90

ODES TO DIVERS PERSONS AND FOR SUNDRY OCCASIONS, . . 95
To Mr. Brunel, ... 97
To the Advocates for the Removal of Smithfield Market, ... 99
To the Camelopard, ... 102
To Dr. Hahnemann, ... 104
For St. Cecilia's Eve, ... 109
To Madame Hengler, ... 115
To Mr. Malthus, ... 118
To St. Swithin, ... 122
For the Ninth of November, ... 125

PAGE

NOTES, ... 131

TALES AND LEGENDS, ... 139

The Stag-Eyed Lady 141
A Legend of Navarre, ... 147
The Mermaid of Margate, ... 153
Our Lady's Chapel, ... 158
The Knight and the Dragon, ... 162

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS OF WIT AND HUMOR, ... 173

Stanzas on Coming of Age, ... 175
The Lost Heir, ... 180
A Singular Exhibition at Somerset House, ... 185
I'm Going to Bombay, ... 188
Sonnet to a Decayed Seaman, ... 191
A Blow-Up, ... 192
A True Story, ... 197
There's No Romance in That! 200
The Schoolmaster's Motto, ... 204
Huggins and Duggins, ... 206
A Storm at Hastings, and the Little Unknown, ... 209
Lines to a Lady on her Departure for India, ... 217
Sonnet, ... 218
December and May, ... 219
Moral Reflections on the Cross of St. Paul's, ... 220
A Valentine, ... 221
Sonnet on Steam, ... 223
A Recipe for Civilization, ... 224
Lines to a friend at Cobham, ... 229
A Good Direction, ... 230
Sonnet, ... 231
To * * * *, with a Flask of Rhine Water, ... 231
Sonnet to Lord Wharncliffe on his Game Bill, ... 232
A True Story, ... 233
Epigrams composed on Reading a Diary lately Published, ... 240
The Monkey-Martyr, ... 241
Craniology, ... 246
A Parthian Glance, ... 249
"Don't you smell Fire?" 252
The Widow, ... 254
Rhyme and Reason, ... 258
The Double Knock, ... 259
The Devil's Album, ... 260
Epigram on a late Cattle Show in Smithfield, ... 261
A Report from Below, ... 262
Epigram on the Depreciated Money, ... 265
An Ancient Concert, ... 266
The Drowning Ducks, ... 269
The Fall, ... 272
The Steam Service 274

PAGE
A Lay of Real Life, ... 278
The Angler's Farewell, ... 280
Sea Song. After Dibdin, ... 282
The Apparition, ... 283
Little O. P.—An African Fact, ... 284
Conveyancing, ... 286
The Burning of the Love Letter, ... 288
Poem.—From the Polish, ... 289
French and English, ... 292
Our Village, ... 294
A Valentine, ... 299
To Fanny, ... 300
The Boy at the Nore, ... 302
Shooting Pains, ... 304
Paired *not* Matched, ... 307
The Compass, with Variations, ... 309
"Please to Ring the Belle," 315
The Lament of Toby, the Learned Pig, ... 316
My Son and Heir, ... 319
The Fox and the Hen.—A Fable, ... 322
The Comet.—An Astronomical Anecdote, ... 325
I cannot Bear a Gun, ... 328
Trimmer's Exercise for the Use of Children, ... 332
To a Bad Rider, ... 333
Symptoms of Ossification, ... 334
Those Evening Bells, ... 335
Rondeau, ... 336
Dog-grel Verses, by a Poor Blind, ... 337
The Kangaroo.—A Fable, ... 341
Sonnet, ... 343
The Sub-Marine, ... 344
The Sweep's Complaint, ... 347
Cockle *vs.* Cackle, ... 352
On a Native Singer, ... 356
The Undying One, ... 357
A Custom-House Breeze, ... 359
Pain in a Pleasure-Boat, ... 361
Quaker Sonnet, ... 364
Literary and Literal, ... 365
I'm not a Single Man, ... 369
To C. Dickens, Esq., on his Departure for America, ... 373
A Plan for Writing Blank Verse in Rhyme, ... 374
A Nocturnal Sketch, ... 375
Up the Rhine, ... 377
Love Language of a Merry Young Soldier, ... 379
Anacreontic, for the New Year, ... 380
More Hullahbaloo, ... 381
Ode to the Printer's Devil, ... 388

PAGE

ODES AND ADDRESSES TO GREAT PEOPLE, ...
Preface, ... 392–395
Ode to Mr. Graham, the Aeronaut, ... 397
Ode to Mr. M'Adam, ... 405
A Friendly Address to Mrs. Fry, in Newgate, ... 410
Ode to Richard Martin, Esq., M.P. for Galway, ... 416
Ode to the Great Unknown, ... 419
Address to Mr. Dymoke, the Champion of England, ... 428
Ode to Joseph Grimaldi, Senior, ... 431
Address to Sylvanus Urban, Esq., Editor of "The Gentleman's Magazine," 436
An Address to the Steam Washing Company, ... 439
Ode to Captain Parry, ... 448
Address to R. W. Elliston, Esq., the Great Lessee, ... 455
Address to Maria Darlington, on her return to the Stage, ... 459
Ode to W. Kitchener, M.D., ... 462
An Address to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster, ... 469
Ode to H. Bodkin, Esq., Secretary to the Society for the Suppression of Mendicity, ... 474

NOTES, ... 479

LOVE AND LUNACY.

LOVE AND LUNACY.

THE Moon—who does not love the silver moon,
In all her fantasies and all her phases?
Whether full-orbed in the nocturnal noon,
Shining in all the dewdrops on the daisies,
To light the tripping Fairies in their mazes,
While stars are winking at the pranks of Puck;
Or huge and red, as on brown sheaves she gazes;
Or new and thin when coin is turned for luck;—
Who will not say that Dian is a Duck?

But, oh! how tender, beautiful and sweet,
When in her silent round, serene, and clear,
By assignation loving fancies meet,
To recompense the pangs of absence drear!
So Ellen, dreaming of Lorenzo, dear,
But distant from the city mapped by Mogg,
Still saw his image in that silver sphere,
Plain as the Man with lantern, bush, and dog,
That used to set our ancestors a-gog.

And so she told him in a pretty letter,
That came to hand exactly as Saint Meg's
Was striking ten—eleven had been better;
For then he might have eaten six more eggs,
And both of the bedevilled turkey-legs,

With relishes from East, West, North, and South,
Draining, beside, the teapot to the dregs.
Whereas a man whose heart is in his mouth,
Is rather spoilt for hunger and for drouth.

And so the kidneys, broiling hot, were wasted;
The brawn—it never entered in his thought;
The grated Parmesan remained untasted;
The potted shrimps were left as they were bought,
The capelings stood as merely good for naught,
The German sausage did not tempt him better,
Whilst Juno, licking her poor lips was taught
There's neither bone nor skin about a letter,
Gristle, nor scalp, that one can give a setter.

Heaven bless the man who first devised a mail!
Heaven bless that public pile which stands concealing
The Goldsmiths' front with such a solid veil!
Heaven bless the Master, and Sir Francis Freeling,
The drags, the nags, the leading or the wheeling,
The whips, the guards, the horns, the coats of scarlet,
The boxes, bags, those evening bells a-pealing!
Heaven bless, in short, each posting thing, and varlet,
That helps a Werter to a sigh from Charlotte.

So felt Lorenzo as he oped the sheet,
Where, first, the darling signature he kissed
And then, recurring to its contents sweet
With thirsty eyes, a phrase I must enlist,
He *gulped* the words, to hasten to their gist;
In mortal ecstasy his soul was bound—
When, lo! with features all at once a-twist,
He gave a whistle, wild enough in sound
To summon Faustus's Infernal Hound!

Alas! what little miffs and tiffs in love,
A snubbish word, or pouting look mistaken,
Will loosen screws with sweethearts hand and glove,
Oh! love, rock firm when chimney-pots were shaken,
A pettish breath will into huffs awaken,
To spit like hump-backed cats, and snarling Towzers!
Till hearts are wrecked and foundered, and forsaken,
As ships go to Old Davy, Lord knows how, sirs,
While heaven is blue enough for Dutchmen's trowsers!

"The moon's at full, love, and I think of you"—
Who would have thought that such a kind P.S.
Could make a man turn white, then red, then blue,
Then black, and knit his eyebrows and compress
His teeth, as if about to effervesce
Like certain people when they lose at whist!
So looked the chafed Lorenzo, ne'ertheless,
And, in a trice, the paper he had kissed
Was crumpled like a snowball in his fist!

Ah! had he been less versed in scientifics—
More ignorant, in short, of what is what—
He ne'er had flared up in such calorifics;
But he *would* seek societies, and trot
To Clubs—Mechanics' Institutes—and got
With Birkbeck–Bartley–Combe–George Robins–Rennie,
And other lecturing men. And had he not
That work, of weekly parts, which sells so many,
The Copper-bottomed Magazine—or "Penny?"

But, of all learned pools whereon, or in,
Men dive like dabchicks, or like swallows skim,
Some hardly damped, some wetted to the skin,
Some drowned like pigs when they attempt to swim,

Astronomy was most Lorenzo's whim,
('Tis studied by a Prince among the Burmans);
He loved those heavenly bodies which, the Hymn
Of Addison declares, preach solemn sermons,
While waltzing on their pivots like young Germans.

Night after night, with telescope in hand,
Supposing that the night was fair and clear,
Aloft, on the house-top, he took his stand,
Till he obtained to know each twinkling sphere
Better, I doubt, than Milton's "Starry Vere;"
Thus, reading through poor Ellen's fond epistle,
He soon espied the flaw—the lapse so sheer
That made him raise his hair in such a bristle,
And like the Boatswain of the Storm-Ship, whistle.

"The moon 's at full, love, and I think of thee,"—
"Indeed! I'm very much her humble debtor,
But not the moon-calf she would have me be,
Zounds! does she fancy that I know no better?"
Herewith, at either corner of the letter
He gave a most ferocious, rending, pull;—
"O woman! woman! that no vows can fetter,
A moon to stay for three weeks at the full!
By Jove; a very pretty cock-and-bull!

"The moon at full! 't was very finely reckoned!
Why so she wrote me word upon the first,
The twelfth, and now upon the twenty-second—
Full!—yes—it must be full enough to burst!
But let her go—of all vile jilts the worst"—
Here with his thumbs he gave contemptuous snaps,
Anon he blubbered like a child that 's nursed,
And then he hit the table frightful raps,
And stamped till he had broken both his straps.

"The moon 's at full—and I am in her thought—
No doubt: I do believe it in my soul!"
Here he threw up his head and gave a snort
Like a young horse first harnessed to a pole;
"The moon is full—ay, so is this d—d bowl!"
And, grinning like the sourest of curmudgeons,
Globe—water—fishes—he dashed down the whole,
Strewing the carpet with the gasping gudgeons;
Men do the strangest things in such love-dudgeons.

"I fill her thoughts—her memory's vice gerent?
No, no—some paltry puppy—three weeks old—
And round as Norval's shield"—thus incoherent
His fancies grew as he went on to scold;
So stormy waves are into breakers rolled,
Worked up at last to mere chaotic wroth—
This—that—heads—tails—thoughts jumbled uncontrolled
As onions, turnips, meat, in boiling broth,
By turns bob up, and splutter in the froth.

"Fool that I was to let a baby face—
A full one—like a hunter's—round and red—
Ass that I am, to give her more a place
Within this heart"—and here he struck his head.
"'Sdeath are the almanac-compilers dead?
But no—'tis all an artifice—a trick,
Some newer face—some dandy underbred—
Well—be it so—of all the sex I'm sick!"
Here Juno wondered why she got a kick.

"'The moon is full'—where 's her infernal scrawl?
'And you are in my thought: that silver ray
Will ever your dear image thus recall'—
My image? Mine! She 'd barter it away

For Pretty Poll's on an Italian's tray!
Three weeks, full weeks—it is too plain—too bad—
Too gross and palpable! Oh cursed day!
My senses have not crazed—but if they had—
Such moons would worry a Mad Doctor mad!

"Oh Nature! wherefore did you frame a lip
So fair for falsehood? Wherefore have you dressed
Deceit so angel-like?" With sudden rip
He tore six new buff buttons from his vest,
And groped with hand impetuous at his breast,
As if some flea from Juno's fleecy curls
Had skipped to batten on a human chest,
But no—the hand comes forth, and down it hurls
A lady's miniature beset with pearls.

Yet long upon the floor it did not tarry,
Before another outrage could be planned:
Poor Juno, who had learned to fetch and carry,
Picked up and brought it to her master's hand,
Who seized it, and the mimic features scanned;
Yet not with the old loving ardent drouth,
He only saw in that fair face, so bland,
Look how he would at it, East, West, North, South,
A moon, a full one, with eyes, nose, and mouth.

"I'll go to her,"—herewith his hat he touched,
And gave his arm a most heroic brandish;
"But no—I'll write"—and here a spoon he clutched,
And rammed it with such fury in the standish,
A sable flood, like Niger the outlandish,
Came rushing forth—Oh Antics and Buffoons!
Ye never danced a caper so ran-tan-dish;
He jumped, thumped—tore—swore, more than ten dragoons
At all nights, noons, moons, spoons, and pantaloons!

But soon ashamed, or weary, of such dancing,
Without a Collinet's or Weippert's band,
His rampant arms and legs left off their prancing,
And down he sat again, with pen in hand,
Not fiddle-headed, or King's pattern grand,
But one of Bramah's patent Caligraphics;
And many a sheet it spoiled before he planned
A likely letter. Used to pure seraphics,
Philippics sounded strangely after Sapphics.

Long while he rocked like Yankee in his chair,
Staring as he would stare the wainscot through,
And then he thrust his fingers in his hair,
And set his crest up like a cockatoo;
And trampled with his hoofs, a mere Yahoo:
At last, with many a tragic frown and start,
He penned a billet, very far from doux,
'T was sour, severe—but think of a man's smart
Writing with lunar caustic on his heart!

The letter done and closed, he lit his taper,
And sealing, as it were, his other mocks,
He stamped a grave device upon the paper,
No Cupid toying with his Psyche's locks,
But some stern head of the old Stoic stocks—
Then, fiercely striding through the staring streets,
He dropped the bitter missive in a box,
Beneath the cakes, and tarts, and sugared treats,
In Mrs. Smelling's window-full of sweets.

Soon sped the letter—thanks to modern plans,
Our English mails run little in the style
Of those great German wild-beast caravans,
Eil-wagens—though they do not "go like *ile*,"—

But take a good twelve minutes to the mile—
On Monday morning, just at ten o'clock,
As Ellen hummed "The Young May Moon" the while,
Her ear was startled by that double knock
Which thrills the nerves like an electric shock!

Her right hand instantly forgot its cunning,
And down into the street it dropped, or flung,
Right on the hat and wig of Mr. Gunning,
The jug that o'er her ten-week-stocks had hung;
Then down the stairs by twos and threes she sprung,
And through the passage like a burglar darted.
Alas! how sanguine are the fond and young—
She little thought, when with the coin she parted,
She paid a sixpence to be broken-hearted!

Too dear at any price—had she but paid
Nothing and taken discount, it was dear;
Yet, worthless as it was, the sweet-lipped maid
Oft kissed the letter in her brief career
Between the lower and the upper sphere,
Where, seated in a study bistre-brown,
She tried to pierce a mystery as clear
As *that* I once saw puzzling a young clown—
"Reading Made Easy," but turned upside down.

Yet Ellen, like most misses in the land,
Had sipped sky blue, through certain of her teens,
At one of those establishments which stand
In highways, byways, squares, and village greens;
'T was called "The Grove,"—a name that always means
Two poplars stand like sentries at the gate—
Each window had its close Venetian screens
And Holland blind, to keep in a cool state
The twenty-four Young Ladies of Miss Bate.

But when the screens were left unclosed by chance,
The blinds not down, as if Miss B. were dead,
Each upper window to a passing glance
Revealed a little dimity white bed;
Each lower one a cropped or curly head;
And thrice a week, for soul's and health's economies,
Along the road the twenty-four were led,
Like coupled hounds, whipped in by two she-dominies
With faces rather graver than Melpomene's.

And thus their studies they pursued:—On Sunday,
Beef, collects, batter, texts from Dr. Price;
Mutton, French, pancakes, grammar—of a Monday;
Tuesday—hard dumplings, globes, Chapone's Advice;
Wednesday—fancy-work, rice-milk (no spice);
Thursday—pork, dancing, currant-bolsters, reading;
Friday—beef, Mr. Butler, and plain rice;
Saturday—scraps, short lessons and short feeding,
Stocks, back-boards, hash, steel-collars, and good breeding.

From this repertory of female learning
Came Ellen once a quarter, always fatter!
To gratify the eyes of parents yearning.
'T was evident in bolsters, beef, and batter,
Hard dumplings, and rice-milk, she did not smatter,
But heartily, as Jenkins says, "demollidge;"
But as for any learning, not to flatter,
As often happens when girls leave their college,
She had done nothing but grow out of knowledge.

At Long Division sums she had no chance,
And History was quite as bad a balk;
Her French it was too small for Petty France,
And Priscian suffered in her English talk:

Her drawing might be done with cheese or chalk;
As for the globes—the use of the terrestrial
She knew when she went out to take a walk,
Or take a ride; but, touching the celestial,
Her knowledge hardly soared above the bestial.

Nothing she learned of Juno, Pallas, Mars;
Georgium, for what she knew, might stand for Burgo,
Sidus, for Master: then, for northern stars,
The Bear she fancied did in sable fur go,
The Bull was Farmer Giles's bull, and, ergo,
The Ram the same that butted at her brother;
As for the Twins, she only guessed that Virgo,
From coming after them, must be their mother;
The Scales weighed soap, tea, figs, like any other.

As ignorant as donkeys in Gallicia,
She thought that Saturn, with his Belt, was but
A private, may be, in the Kent Militia;
That Charles's Wain would stick in a deep rut,
That Venus was a real West End slut—
Oh, gods and goddesses of Greek Theogony!
That Berenice's Hair would curl and cut,
That Cassiopëia's Chair was good Mahogany,
Nicely French-polished—such was her cosmogony!

Judge, then, how puzzled by the scientifics
Lorenzo's letter came now to dispense;
A lizard, crawling over hieroglyphics,
Knows quite as much of their Egyptian sense;
A sort of London fog, opaque and dense,
Hung over verbs, nouns, genitives, and datives.
In vain she pored and pored, with eyes intense,
As well is known to oyster-operatives,
Mere looking at the shells won't open natives.

Yet mixed with the hard words, so called, she found
Some easy ones that gave her heart the staggers;
Words giving tongue against her, like a hound
At picking out a fault—words speaking daggers.
The very letters seemed, in hostile swaggers,
To lash their tails, but not as horses do,
Nor like the tails of spaniels, gentle waggers,
But like a lion's, ere he tears in two
A black, to see if he is black all through.

With open mouth, and eyeballs at full stretch,
She gazed upon the paper sad and sorry,
No sound—no stir—quite petrified, poor wretch!
As when Apollo, in old allegory,
Down-stooping like a falcon, made his quarry
Of Niobe, just turned to Purbeck stone;
In fact, since Cupid got into a worry,
Judge if a suing lover, let alone
A lawyer, ever wrote in such a tone.

"Ellen, I will no longer call you mine,
That time is past, and ne'er can come again;
However other lights undimmed may shine,
And undiminishing, one truth is plain,
Which I, alas! have learned—that love can wane.
The dream is passed away, the veil is rent,
Your heart was not intended for my reign;
A sphere so full, I feel, was never meant
With one poor man in it to be content.

"It must, no doubt, be pleasant beyond measure,
To wander underneath the whispering bough
With Dian, a perpetual round of pleasure.
Nay, fear not—I absolve of every vow--

Use—use your own celestial pleasure now,
Your apogee and perigee arrange.
Herschel might aptly stare and wonder how,
To me that constant disk has nothing strange—
A counterfeit is someting hard to change.

"Oh Ellen! I once little thought to write
Such words unto you, with so hard a pen;
Yet outraged love will change its nature quite,
And turn like tiger hunted to its den—
How Falsehood trips in her deceits on men!
And stands abashed, discovered, and forlorn!
Had it been only cusped—but gibbous—then
It had gone down—but Faith drew back in scorn,
And would not swallow it—without a horn!

"I am in occultation—that is plain:
My culmination's past—that 's quite as clear.
But think not I will suffer your disdain
To hang a lunar rainbow on a tear.
Whate'er my pangs, they shall be buried here;
No murmur—not a sigh—shall thence exhale:
Smile on—and for your own peculiar sphere
Choose some eccentric path—you can not fail,
And pray stick on a most portentous tail!

"Farewell! I hope you are in health and gay;
For me, I never felt so well and merry—
As for the bran-new idol of the day,
Monkey or man, I am indifferent—very!
Nor even will ask who is the Happy Jerry;
My jealousy is dead, or gone to sleep,
But let me hint that you will want a wherry,
Three weeks spring-tide, and not a chance of neap,
Your parlors will be flooded six feet deep!

"Oh Ellen! how delicious was that light
Wherein our plighted shadows used to blend,
Meanwhile the melancholy bird of night—
No more of that—the lover 's at an end.
Yet if I may advise you, as a friend,
Before you next pen sentiments so fond,
Study your cycles—I would recommend
Our Airy—and let South be duly conned,
And take a dip, I beg, in the great Pond.

"Farewell again! it is farewell for ever!
Before your lamp of night be lit up thrice,
I shall be sailing, haply, for Swan River,
Jamaica, or the Indian land of rice,
Or Boothia Felix—happy clime of ice!
For Trebizond, or distant Scanderoon,
Ceylon, or Java redolent of spice,
Or settling, neighbor of the Cape baboon,
Or roaming o'er—The Mountains of the Moon!

"What matters where? my world no longer owns
That dear meridian spot from which I dated
Degrees of distance, hemispheres, and zones,
A globe all blank and barren and belated.
What matters where my future life be fated?
With Lapland hordes, or Koords or Afric peasant,
A squatter in the western woods located,
What matters where? My bias, at the present,
Leans to the country that reveres the Crescent!

"Farewell! and if for ever, fare thee well!
As wrote another of my fellow-martyrs:
I ask no sexton for his passing-bell,
I do not ask your tear-drops to be starters,

However I may die, transfixed by Tartars,
By Cobras poisoned, by Constrictors strangled,
By shark or cayman snapt above the garters,
By royal tiger or Cape lion mangled,
Or starved to death in the wild woods entangled,

"Or tortured slowly at an Indian stake,
Or smothered in the sandy hot simoon,
Or crushed in Chili by earth's awful quake,
Or baked in lava, a Vesuvian tomb,
Or dirged by syrens and the billows' boom,
Or stiffened to a stock mid Alpine snows,
Or stricken by the plague with sudden doom,
Or sucked by Vampyres to a last repose,
Or self-destroyed, impatient of my woes.

"Still fare you well, however I may fare,
A fare perchance to the Lethean shore,
Caught up by rushing whirlwinds in the air,
Or dashed down cataracts with dreadful roar:
Nay, this warm heart, once yours unto the core,
This hand you should have claimed in church or minster,
Some cannibal may gnaw"—she read no more—
Prone on the carpet fell the senseless spinster,
Losing herself, as 'twere, in Kidderminster!

Of course of such a fall the shock was great,
In rushed the father, panting from the shop,
In rushed the mother, without cap or tête,
Pursued by Betty Housemaid with her mop;
The cook to change her apron did not stop,
The charwoman next scrambled up the stair—
All help to lift, to haul, to seat, to prop,
And then they stand and smother round the chair,
Exclaiming in a chorus, "Give her air!"

One sears her nostrils with a burning feather,
Another rams a phial up her nose;
A third crooks all her finger-joints together,
A fourth rips up her laces and her bows,
While all by turns keep trampling on her toes,
And, when she gasps for breath, they pour in plump,
A sudden drench that down her thorax goes,
As if in fetching her—some wits so jump—
She must be fetched with water like a pump!

No wonder that thus drenched, and wrenched, and galled,
As soon as possible, from syncope's fetter
Her senses had the sense to be recalled,
"I 'm better—that will do—indeed I 'm better,"
She cried to each importunate besetter;
Meanwhile escaping from the stir and smother,
The prudent parent seized the lover's letter,
(Daughters should have no secrets with a Mother,)
And read it through from one end to the other.

From first to last, she never skipped a word—
For young Lorenzo of all youths was one
So wise, so good, so moral she averred,
So clever, quite above the common run—
She made him sit by her, and called him son,
No matrimonial suit, e'en Duke's or Earl's,
So flattered her maternal feelings—none!
For mothers always think young men are pearls
Who come and throw themselves before their girls.

And now, at warning signal from her finger,
The servants most reluctantly withdrew,
But listening on the stairs contrived to linger;
For Ellen, gazing round with eyes of blue,

At last the features of her parent knew,
And, summoning her breath and vocal powers,
"Oh, mother!" she exclaimed—"Oh, is it true—
Our dear Lorenzo"—the dear name drew showers—
"*Ours*," cried the mother, "pray don't call him ours!

"I never liked him, never, in my days!"
["Oh yes—you did"—said Ellen with a sob,]
"There always *was* a something in his ways—
["So sweet—so kind," said Ellen, with a throb,]
"His very face was what I call a snob,
And, spite of West End coats and pantaloons,
He had a sort of air of the swell mob;
I'm sure when he has come of afternoons
To tea, I've often thought—I'll watch my spoons!"

"The spoons!" cried Ellen, almost with a scream,
"Oh cruel—false as cruel—and unjust!
He that once stood so high in your esteem!"
"He!" cried the dame, grimacing her disgust,
"I like him?—yes—as any body must
An infidel that scoffs at God and Devil:
Did n't he bring you Bonaparty's bust?
Lord! when he calls I hardly can be civil—
My favorite was always Mr. Neville.

"Lorenzo?—I should like, of earthly things,
To see him hanging forty cubits high;
Does n't he write like Captain Rocks and Swings?
Nay, in this very letter bid you try
To make yourself particular, and tie
A tail on—a prodigious tail!—Oh, daughter!
And don't he ask you down his area—fie!
And recommend to cut your being shorter,
With brick-bats round your neck in ponds of water?"

Alas! to think how readers thus may vary
A writer's sense!—What mortal would have thought
Lorenzo's hints about Professor Airy
And Pond to such a likeness could be brought!
Who would have dreamed the simple way he taught
To make a comet of poor Ellen's moon,
Could furnish forth an image so distraught,
As Ellen, walking Regent Street at noon,
Tailed—like a fat Cape sheep, or a raccoon!

And yet, whate'er absurdity the brains
May hatch, it ne'er wants wet-nurses to suckle it;
Or dry ones, like a hen, to take the pains
To lead the nudity abroad, and chuckle it;
No whim so stupid but some fool will buckle it
To jingle bell-like on his empty head,
No mental mud—but some will knead and knuckle it,
And fancy they are making fancy-bread;—
No ass has written, but some ass has read.

No dolts could lead if others did not follow 'em.
No Hahnémann could give decillionth drops
If any man could not be got to swallow 'em;
But folly never comes to such full stops.
As soon, then, as the Mother made such swaps
Of all Lorenzo's meanings, heads and tails,
The Father seized upon her malaprops—
"My girl down areas—of a night! 'Ods nails!
I'll stick the scoundrel on his area-rails!

"I will!—as sure as I was christened John!
A girl—well born—and bred—and schooled at Ditton—
Accomplished—handsome—with a tail stuck on!
And chucked—Zounds!—chucked in horseponds like a kitten;

I wish I had been by when that was written!"—
And doubling to a fist each ample hand,
The empty air he boxed with, à la Britton,
As if in training for a fight, long planned,
With Nobody—for love—at No Man's Land!

"I'll pond—I'll tail him!" In a voice of thunder
He recommenced his fury and his fuss,
Loud, open-mouthed, and wedded to his blunder,
Like one of those great guns that end in buss.
"I'll teach him to write ponds and tails to us!"
But while so menacing this-that-and-t'others,
His wife broke in with certain truths, as thus:
"Men are not women—fathers can't be mothers—
Females are females"—and a few such others.

So saying, with rough nudges, willy-nilly,
She hustled him outside the chamber-door,
Looking, it must be owned, a little silly;
And then she did as the Carinthian boor
Serves (Goldsmith says) the traveller that's poor:
Id est, she shut him in the outer space,
With just as much apology—no more—
As Boreas would present in such a case,
For slamming the street door right in your face.

And now the secrets of the sex thus kept,
What passed in that important tête-à-tête
'Twixt dam and daughter, nobody except
Paul Pry, or his Twin Brother, could narrate—
So turn we to Lorenzo, left of late
In front of Mrs. Snelling's sugared snacks,
In such a very waspish stinging state—
But now at the Old Dragon, stretched on racks,
Fretting, and biting down his nails to tacks;

Because that new fast four-inside—the Comet,
Instead of keeping its appointed time,
But deviated some few minutes from it,
A thing with all astronomers a crime,
And he had studied in that lore sublime;
Nor did his heat get any less or shorter
For pouring upon passion's unslacked lime
A well-grown glass of Cogniac and water,
Mixed stiff as starch by the Old Dragon's daughter.

At length, "Fair Ellen" sounding with a flourish,
The Comet came all bright, bran new, and smart:
Meanwhile the melody conspired to nourish
The hasty spirit in Lorenzo's heart,
And soon upon the roof he "topped his part,"
Which never had a more impatient man on,
Wishing devoutly that the steeds would start
Like lightning greased—or, as at Ballyshannon
Sublimed, "greased lightning shot out of a cannon!"

For, ever since the letter left his hand,
His mind had been in vascillating motion,
Dodge-dodging like a flustered crab on land,
That can not ask its way, and has no notion
If right or left leads to the German Ocean—
Hatred and Love by turns enjoyed monopolies,
Till, like a Doctor following his own potion,
Before a learned pig could spell Acropolis,
He went and booked himself for our metropolis.

"Oh, for a horse," or rather four—"with wings!"
For so he put his wish into the plural—
No relish he retained for country things,
He could not join felicity with rural,

His thoughts were all with London and the mural.
Where architects—not paupers—heap and *pile* stones:
Or with the horses' muscles, called the crural,
How fast they could macadamize the milestones
Which passed as tediously as gall or bile stones.

Blind to the picturesque, he ne'er perceived
In Nature one artistical fine stroke;
For instance, how that purple hill relieved
The beggar-woman in the gipsy-poke,
And how the red cow carried off her cloak;
Or how the aged horse, so gaunt and grey,
Threw off a noble mass of beech and oak!
Or, how the tinker's ass, beside the way,
Came boldly out from a white cloud—to bray!

Such things have no delight for worried men,
That travel full of care and anxious smart:
Coachmen and horses are your artists then;
Just try a team of draughtsmen with the Dart,
Take Shee, for instance, Etty, Jones, and Hart,
Let every neck be put into its noose,
Then tip 'em on the flank to make 'em start,
And see how they will draw!—Four screws let loose
Would make a difference—or I'm a goose!

Nor cared he more about the promised crops,
If oats were looking up, or wheat was laid,
For flies in turnips, or a blight in hops,
Or how the barley prospered or decayed;
In short, no items of the farming trade,
Peas, beans, tares, 'taters, could his mind beguile;
Nor did he answer to the servant maid.
That always asked at every other mile,
"Where do we change, sir?" with her sweetest smile.

Nor more he listened to the Politician,
Who lectured on his left, a formal prig,
Of Belgium's, Greece's, Turkey's sad condition,
Not worth a cheese, an olive, or a fig;
Nor yet unto the critic, fierce and big,
Who, holding forth, all lonely, in his glory,
Called one a sad bad Poet—and a Whig,
And one, a first-rate proser—and a Tory;
So critics judge, now, of a song or story.

Nay, when the coachman spoke about the 'Leger,
Of Popsy, Mopsy, Bergamotte, and Civet,
Of breeder, trainer, owner, backer, hedger,
And nags as right, or righter than a trivet,
The theme his cracked attention could not rivet;
Though leaning forward to the man of whips,
He seemed to give an ear—but did not give it,
For Ellen's moon (that saddest of her slips)
Would not be hidden by a "new Eclipse."

If any thought e'er flitted in his head
Belonging to the sphere of Bland and Crocky,
It was to wish the team all thorough-bred,
And every buckle on their backs a jockey:
When spinning down a steep descent, or rocky,
He never watched the wheel, and longed to lock it,
He liked the bolters that set off so cocky
Nor did it shake a single nerve or shock it,
Because the Comet raced against the Rocket.

Thanks to which rivalry, at last the journey
Finished an hour and a quarter under time,
Without a case for surgeon or attorney,
Just as St. James's rang its seventh chime,

And now, descending from his seat sublime,
Behold Lorenzo, weariest of wights,
In that great core of brick, and stone, and lime,
Called England's Heart—but which, as seen of nights,
Has rather more the appearance of its lights.

Away he scudded—elbowing, perforce,
Through cads, and lads, and many a Hebrew worrier,
With fruit, knives, pencils—all dirt cheap, of course,
Coachmen, and hawkers, of the Globe and "Currier;"
Away! the cookmaid is not such a skurrier,
When, fit to split her gingham as she goes,
With six just striking on the clock to hurry her,
She strides along with one of her three beaux,
To get well placed at "Ashley's"—now Ducrow's.

"I wonder if her moon is full to-night!"
He muttered, jealous as a Spanish Don,
When, lo! to aggravate that inward spite,
In glancing at a board he spied thereon
A play-bill for dramatic folks to con,
In letters such as those may read, who run,
"'KING JOHN'—oh yes—I recollect King John!
'My Lord, they say five moons'—*five* moons! well done!
I wonder Ellen was content with one!

"Five moons—all full! and all at once in heaven!
She should have lived in that prolific reign!"
Here he arrived in front of number seven,
The abode of all his joy and all his pain;
A sudden tremor shot through every vein,
He wished he'd come up by the heavy wagon,
And felt an impulse to turn back again,
Oh, that he ne'er had quitted the Old Dragon!
Then came a sort of longing for a flagon.

His tongue and palate seemed so parched with drouth—
The very knocker filled his soul with dread,
As if it had a living lion's mouth,
With teeth so terrible, and tongue so red,
In which he had engaged to put his head.
The bell-pull turned his courage into vapor,
As though 't would cause a shower-bath to shed
Its thousand shocks, to make him sigh and caper—
He looked askance, and did not like the scraper.

"What business have I here? (he thought) a dunce
A hopeless passion thus to fan and foster,
Instead of putting out its wick at once;
She 's gone—it 's very evident I 've lost her—
And to the wanton wind I should have tossed her—
Pish! I will leave her with her moon, at ease,
To toast and eat it, like a single Gloster,
Or cram some fool with it, as good green cheese,
Or make a honey-moon, if so she please.

"Yes—here I leave her," and as thus he spoke,
He plied the knocker with such needless force,
It almost split the pannel of sound oak;
And then he went as wildly through a course
Of ringing, till he made abrupt divorce
Between the bell and its dumbfounded handle;
While up ran Betty, out of breath and hoarse,
And thrust into his face her blown-out candle,
To recognize the author of such scandal.

Who, presto! cloak, and carpet-bag to boot,
Went stumbling, rumbling, up the dark one pair,
With other noise than his whose "very foot
Had music in 't as he came up the stair:"

And then with no more manners than a bear,
His hat upon his head, no matter how,
No modest tap his presence to declare,
He bolted in a room, without a bow,
And there sat Ellen, with a marble brow!

Like fond Medora, watching at her window,
Yet not of any Corsair bark in search—
The jutting lodging-house of Mrs. Lindo,
"The Cheapest House in Town" of Todd and Sturch,
The private house of Reverend Doctor Birch,
The public-house, closed nightly at eleven,
And then that house of prayer, the parish church,
Some roofs and chimneys, and a glimpse of heaven,
Made up the whole look-out of Number Seven.

Yet something in the prospect so absorbed her,
She seemed quite drowned and dozing in a dream;
As if her own beloved full moon still orbed her,
Lulling her fancy in some lunar scheme,
With lost Lorenzo, may be, for its theme—
Yet when Lorenzo touched her on the shoulder,
She started up with an abortive scream,
As if some midnight ghost, from regions colder,
Had come within his bony arms to fold her.

"Lorenzo!"—"Ellen!"—then came "Sir!" and "Madam!"
They tried to speak, but hammered at each word,
As if it were a flint for great MacAdam;
Such broken English never else was heard,
For like an aspen leaf each nerve was stirred,
A chilly tremor thrilled them through and through,
Their efforts to be stiff were quite absurd,
They shook like jellies made without a due
And proper share of common joiner's glue.

"Ellen! I'm come—to bid you—fare—farewell"
They thus began to fight their verbal duel;
"Since some more hap—hap—happy man must dwell—"
"Alas—Loren—Lorenzo!—cru—cru—cruel!"
For so they split their words like grits for gruel.
At last the Lover, as he long had planned,
Drew out that once inestimable jewel,
Her portrait, which was erst so fondly scanned,
And thrust poor Ellen's face into her hand.

"There—take it, Madam—take it back I crave,
The face of one—but I must now forget her,
Bestow it on whatever hapless slave
Your art has last enticed into your fetter—
And there are your epistles—there! each letter!
I wish no record of your vow's infractions,
Send them to South—or Children—you had better—
They will be novelties—rare benefactions
To shine in Philosophical Transactions!

"Take them—pray take them—I resign them quite!
And there 's the glove you gave me leave to steal—
And there 's the handkerchief, so pure and white
Once sanctified by tears, when Miss O'Neill—
But no—you did not—cannot—do not feel
A Juliet's faith, that time could only harden!
Fool that I was, in my mistaken zeal!
I should have led you—by your leave and pardon—
To Bartley's Orrery, not Covent Garden!

"And here 's the birth-day ring—nor man nor devil
Should once have torn it from my living hand,
Perchance 't will look as well on Mr. Neville;
And that—and that is all—and now I stand

Absolved of each dissevered tie and band—
And so farewell, till Time's eternal sickle
Shall reap our lives; in this, or foreign land
Some other may be found for truth to stickle
Almost as fair—and not so false and fickle!"

And there he ceased: as truly it was time,
For of the various themes that left his mouth,
One half surpassed her intellectual climb:
She knew no more than the old Hill of Howth
About that "Children of a larger growth,"
Who notes proceedings of the F. R. S.'s;
Kit North, was just as strange to her as South,
Except the South the weathercock expresses,
Nay, Bartley's Orrery defied her guesses.

Howbeit some notion of his jealous drift
She gathered from the simple outward fact
That her own lap contained each slighted gift;
Though quite unconsious of his cause to act
So like Othello, with his face unblacked;
"Alas!" she sobbed, "your cruel course I see
These faded charms no longer can attract;
Your fancy palls, and you would wander free,
And lay your own apostacy on me!

"*I*, false!—unjust Lorenzo!—and to *you!*
Oh, all ye holy gospels that incline
The soul to truth, bear witness I am true!
By all that lives, of earthly or divine—
So long as this poor throbbing heart is mine—
I false!—the world shall change its course as soon!
True as the streamlet to the stars that shine—
True as the dial to the sun at noon,
True as the tide to 'yonder blessed moon'!"

And as she spoke, she pointed through the window,
Somewhere above the houses' distant tops,
Betwixt the chimney-pots of Mrs. Lindo,
And Todd and Sturch's cheapest of all shops
For ribbons, laces, muslins, silks, and fops;—
Meanwhile, as she upraised her face so Grecian,
And eyes suffused with scintillating drops,
Lorenzo looked, too, o'er the blinds Venetian,
To see the sphere so troubled with repletion.

"The Moon!" he cried, and an electric spasm
Seemed all at once his features to distort,
And fixed his mouth, a dumb and gaping chasm—
His faculties benumbed and all amort—
At last his voice came, of most shrilly sort,
Just like a sea-gull's wheeling round a rock—
"Speak!—Ellen!—is your sight indeed so short!
The Moon!—Brute! savage that I am, and block!
The Moon! (O, ye Romantics, what a shock!)
Why that's the new Illuminated Clock!"

BAILEY BALLADS.

BAILEY BALLADS.

To anticipate mistake, the above title refers not to Thomas Haynes—or F. W. N.—or even to any Publishers—but the original Old Bailey. It belongs to a set of Songs composed during the courtly leisure of what is technically called a Juryman in Waiting—that is, one of a *corps de reserve*, held in readiness to fill up the gaps which extraordinary mental exertion—or sedentary habits—or starvation, may make in the Council of Twelve. This wrong box it was once my fortune to get into. On the 5th of November, at the 6th hour, leaving my bed and the luxurious perusal of Taylor on Early Rising—I walked from a yellow fog into a black one, in my unwilling way to the New Court, which sweet herbs even could not sweeten, for the sole purpose of making criminals uncomfortable. A neighbor, a retired sea Captain with a wooden leg, now literally a jury-mast, limped with me from Highbury Terrace on the same hanging errand—a personified Halter. Our legal drill Corporal was Serjeant Arabin, and when our muster-roll without butter was over, before breakfast, the uninitiated can form no idea of the ludicrousness of the excuses of the would-be Non-jurors—aggravated by the solemnity of a previous oath, the delivery from a witness-box like a pulpit,

and the professional gravity of the Court. One weakly old gentleman had been ordered by his physician to eat little, but often, and apprehended even fatal consequences from being locked up with an obstinate eleven; another conscientious demurrer desired time to make himself master of his duties, by consulting Jonathan Wild, Vidocq, Hardy Vaux, and Lazarillo de Tormes. But the number of deaf men who objected the hardness of their hearing criminal cases was beyond belief. The Publishers of "Curtis on the Ear" and "Wright on the Ear"—(two popular surgical works, though rather suggestive of Pugilism)—ought to have stentorian agents in that Court. Defective on one side myself, I was literally ashamed to strike up singly in such a chorus of muffled double drums, and tacitly suffered my ears to be boxed with a common Jury. I heard, on the right hand, a Judge's charge—an arraignment and evidence to match, with great dexterity, but failing to catch the defence from the left hand, refused naturally to concur in any sinister verdict. The learned Serjeant, I presume, as I was only half deaf only half discharged me—committing me to the relay-box, as a juror in Waiting—and from which I was relieved only by his successor, Sir Thomas Denman, and to justify my dullness, I made even his stupendous voice to repeat my dismissal twice over!

It was during this compelled attendance that the project struck me of a Series of Lays of Larceny, combining Sin and Sentiment in that melo-dramatic mixture which is so congenial to the cholera morbid sensibility of the present age and stage. The following are merely specimens, but a hint from the Powers that be—in the Strand—will promptly produce a handsome volume of the remainder, with a grateful dedication to the learned Serjeant.

LINES TO MARY.

(AT NO. 1, NEWGATE, FAVORED BY MR. WONTNER.)

O MARY, I believed you true,
And I was blest in so believing;
But till this hour I never knew—
That you were taken up for thieving!

Oh! when I snatched a tender kiss,
Or some such trifle when I courted,
You said, indeed, that love was bliss,
But never owned you were transported!

But then to gaze on that fair face—
It would have been an unfair feeling,
To dream that you had pilfered lace—
And Flints had suffered from your stealing!

Or when my suit I first preferred,
To bring your coldness to repentance,
Before I hammered out a word,
How could I dream you 'd heard a sentence!

Or when with all the warmth of youth
I strove to prove my love no fiction,
How could I guess I urged a truth
On one already past conviction!

How could I dream that ivory part,
Your hand—where I have looked and lingered,
Altho' it stole away my heart,
Had been held up as one light-fingered!

In melting verse your charms I drew,
The charms in which my muse delighted—
Alas! the lay, I thought was new,
Spoke only what had been *indicted!*

Oh! when that form, a lovely one,
Hung on the neck its arms had flown to,
I little thought that you had run
A chance of hanging on your own too.

You said you picked me from the world,
My vanity it now must shock it—
And down at once my pride is hurled,
You 've picked me—and you 've picked a pocket!

Oh! when our love had got so far,
The banns were read by Dr. Daly,
Who asked if there was any *bar*—
Why did not some one shout "Old Bailey?"

But when you robed your flesh and bones
In that pure white that angel garb is,
Who could have thought you, Mary Jones,
Among the Joans that link with *Darbies?*

And when the parson came to say,
My goods were yours, if I had got any,
And you should honor and obey,
Who could have thought—"O Bay of Botany."

But, oh—the worst of all your slips
I did not till this day discover—
That down in Deptford's prison-ships,
Oh, Mary! you 've a hulking lover!

No. II.

"Love, with a witness!"

He has shaved off his whiskers and blackened his brows,
Wears a patch and a wig of false hair—
But it 's him—Oh it's him!—we 've exchanged lovers' vows,
When I lived up in Cavendish Square.

He had beautiful eyes, and his lips were the same,
And his voice was as soft as a flute—
Like a Lord or a Marquis he looked, when he came,
To make love in his master's best suit.

If I lived for a thousand long years from my birth,
I shall never forget what he told;
How he loved me beyond the rich women of earth,
With their jewels and silver and gold!

When he kissed me and bade me adieu with a sigh,
By the light of the sweetest of moons,
Oh how little I dreamt I was bidding good-bye
To my Missis's tea-pot and spoons!

No. III.

"I 'd be a Parody."—Bailey.

We met—'t was in a mob—and I thought he had done me—
I felt—I could not feel—for no watch was upon me;
He ran—the night was cold—and his pace was unaltered,
I too longed much to pelt—but my small-boned legs faltered,
I wore my bran new boots—and unrivalled their brightness,
They fit me to a hair—how I hated their tightness!
I called, but no one came, and my stride had a tether
Oh *thou* hast been the cause of this anguish, my leather!

And once again we met—and an old pal was near him,
He swore a something low—but 't was no use to fear him;
I seized upon his arm, he was mine and mine only,
And stept—as he deserved—to cells wretched and lonely:
And there he will be tried—but I shall ne'er receive her,
The watch that went too sure for an artful deceiver;
The world may think me gay—heart and feet ache together,
Oh *thou*-hast been the cause of this anguish, my leather.

POEMS, BY A POOR GENTLEMAN.

POEMS, BY A POOR GENTLEMAN.

> There, in a lonely room, from bailiffs snug,
> The Muse found Scroggins stretched beneath a rug.
>
> GOLDSMITH.

POETRY and poverty begin with the same letter, and, in more respects than one, are "as like each other as two P's." Nine tailors are the making of a man, but not so the nine Muses. Their votaries are notoriously only water-drinkers, eating mutton cold, and dwelling in attics. Look at the miserable lives and deaths recorded of the poets. "Butler," says Mr. D'Israeli, "lived in a cellar, and Goldsmith in a Deserted Village. Savage ran wild—Chatterton was carried on St. Augustine's Back like a young gipsy; and his half-starved *Rowley* always said heigho, when he heard of gammon and spinach. Gray's days were ode-ious, and Gay's gaiety was fabulous. Falconer was shipwrecked. Homer was a blind beggar, and Pope raised a subscription for him, and went snacks. Crabbe found himself in the poor-house, Spenser could n't afford a great-coat, and Milton was led up and down by his daughters, to save the expense of a dog."

It seems all but impossible to be a poet, in easy circumstances. Pope has shown how verses are written by Ladies of Quality—and what execrable rhymes Sir Richard Blackmore composed in his chariot. In a hay-cart he might have sung like a Burns.

As the editors of magazines and annuals (save one) well know, the truly poetical contributions which can be inserted, are not those which come post free, in rose-colored tinted paper, scented with musk, and sealed with fancy wax. The real article arrives by post unpaid, sealed with rosin, or possibly with a dab of pitch or cobbler's wax, bearing the impression of a halfpenny, or more frequently of a button—the paper is dingy and scant—the hand-writing has evidently come to the author by nature—there are trips in the spelling, and Priscian is a little scratched or so—but a rill of the true Castalian runs through the whole composition, though its fountain-head was a broken tea-cup, instead of a silver standish. A few years ago I used to be favored with numerous poems for insertion, which bore the signature of Fitz-Norman; the crest on the seal had probably descended from the Conquest, and the packets were invariably delivered by a Patagonian footman in green and gold. The author was evidently rich, and the verses were as palpably poor; they were declined, with the usual answer to correspondents who do not answer, and the communications ceased —as I thought forever, but I was deceived; a few days back one of the dirtiest and raggedest of street urchins delivered a soiled whity brown packet, closed with a wafer, which bore the impress of a thimble. The paper had more the odor of tobacco than of rose leaves, and the writing appeared to have been perpetrated with a skewer dipped in coffee-grounds; but the old signature of Fitz-Norman had the honor to be my "very humble servant" at the foot of the letter. It was too certain that he had fallen from affluence to indigence, but the adversity which had wrought such a change upon the writing implements, had, as usual, improved his poetry. The neat crowquill never traced on the superfine Bath paper any thing so unaffected as the following:—

STANZAS

WRITTEN UNDER THE FEAR OF BAILIFFS.

Alas! of all the noxious things
That wait upon the poor,
Most cruel is that Felon-Fear
That haunts the "Debtor's Door!"

Saint Sepulchre's begins to toll,
The Sheriffs seek the cell:—
So I expect their officers,
And tremble at the bell!

I look for *beer*, and yet I quake
With fright at every *tap;*
And dread a *double-knock*, for oh!
I've not a *single rap!*

SONNET

WRITTEN IN A WORKHOUSE.

Oh, blessed ease! no more of heaven I ask:
The overseer is gone—that vandal elf—
And hemp, unpicked, may go and hang itself,
While I, untasked, except with Cowper's Task,
In blessed literary leisure bask,
And lose the workhouse, saving in the works
Of Goldsmiths, Johnsons, Sheridans, and Burkes;
Eat prose and drink of the Castalian flask;
The themes of Locke, the anecdotes of Spense,
The humorous of Gay, the Grave of Blair—

Unlearnéd toil, unlettered labors hence!
But, hark! I hear the master on the stair
And Thomson's Castle, that of Indolence,
Must be to me a castle in the air.

SONNET.—A SOMNAMBULIST.

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream."—Byron.

Methought—for Fancy is the strangest gadder
When sleep all homely mundane ties hath riven—
Methought that I ascended Jacob's ladder,
With heartfelt hope of getting up to Heaven:
Some bell, I know not whence, was sounding seven
When I set foot upon that long one-pair;
And still I climbed when it had chimed eleven,
Nor yet of landing-place became aware;
Step after step in endless flight seemed there;
But on, with steadfast hope, I struggled still,
To gain that blessed haven from all care,
Where tears are wiped, and hearts forget their ill,
When, lo! I wakened on a sadder stair—
Tramp—tramp—tramp—tramp—upon the Brixton Mill!

FUGITIVE LINES ON PAWNING MY WATCH.

"Aurum *pot-a-bile*:"—Gold biles the pot.—Free Translation.

Farewell then, my golden repeater,
We 're come to my Uncle's old shop;
And hunger won't be a dumb-waiter,
The Cerberus growls for a sop.

To quit thee, my comrade diurnal,
My feelings will certainly scotch;
But oh! there 's a riot internal,
And Famine calls out for the Watch!

Oh! hunger 's a terrible trial,
I really must have a relief—
So here goes the plates of your dial
To fetch me some Williams's beef!

As famished as any lost seaman,
I 've fasted for many a dawn,
And now must play chess with the Demon,
And give it a *check* with a *pawn*.

I've fasted, since dining at Buncle's,
Two days with true Perceval zeal—
And now must make up at my Uncle's,
By getting a *duplicate* meal.

No Peachum it is, or young Lockit,
That rifles my fob with a snatch;
Alas! I must pick my own pocket,
And make gravy-soup of my watch!

So long I have wandered a starver,
I 'm getting as keen as a hawk;
Time's long hand must take up a carver,
His short hand lay hold of a fork.

Right heavy and sad the event is,
But oh! it is Poverty's crime;
I've been such a Brownrigg's Apprentice,
I thus must be "out of my Time."

Folks talk about dressing for dinner,
But I have for dinner undrest;
Since Christmas, as I am a sinner,
I've eaten a suit of my best.

I haven't a rag or a mummock
To fetch me a chop or a steak;
I wish that the coats of my stomach
Were such as my Uncle would take!

When dishes were ready with garnish
My watch used to warn with a chime—
But now my repeater must furnish
The dinner in lieu of the time!

My craving will have no denials,
I can't fob it off, if you stay,
So go—and the old Seven Dials
Must tell me the time of the day.

Your chimes I shall never more hear 'em,
To part is a Tic Douloureux!
But Tempus has his edax rerum,
And I have my Feeding-Time too!

Farewell then, my golden repeater,
We're come to my Uncle's old shop—
And Hunger won't be a dumb-waiter,
The Cerberus growls for a sop!

Alas! when in Brook Street the upper
In comfort I lived between walls,
I've gone to a dance for my supper;—
But now I must go to Three Balls!

DOMESTIC DIDACTICS.

DOMESTIC DIDACTICS.

BY AN OLD SERVANT.

It is not often when the Nine descend that they go so low as into areas; it is certain, nevertheless, that they were in the habit of visiting John Humphreys, in the kitchen of No. 189, Portland-Place, disguised, no doubt, from mortal eye, as seamstresses or charwomen—at all events, as Winifred Jenkins says, "they were never ketch'd in the fact." Perhaps it was the rule of the house to allow no followers, and they were obliged to come by stealth, and to go in the same manner; indeed, from the fragmental nature of John's verses, they appear to have often left him very abruptly. Other pieces bear witness of the severe distraction he suffered between his domestic duty to the Umphravilles, twelve in family, with their guests, and his own secret visitors from Helicon. It must have been provoking, when seeking for a simile, to be sent in search of a salt-cellar; or when hunting for a rhyme, to have to look for a missing teaspoon. By a whimsical peculiarity, the causes of these lets and hindrances are recorded in his verses, by way of parenthesis; and though John's poetry was of a decidedly serious and moralising turn, these little insertions give it so whimsical a character, as to make it an appropriate offering in the present work. Poor John! the grave has put a period to his di-

dactics, and the publication of his lays in "Hood's Own," therefore, cannot give him pain, as it certainly would have done otherwise, for the MSS. were left by last will and testament "to his very worthy master, Joshua Umphraville, Esq., to be printed in Elegant Extracts, or Flowers of English Poetry." The Editor is indebted to the kindness of that gentleman for a selection from the papers; which he has been unable to arrange chronologically, as John always wrote in too great a hurry to put dates. Whether he ever sent any pieces to the periodicals is unknown, for he kept his authorship as secret as Junius's, till his death discovered his propensity for poetry, and happily cleared up some points in John's character, which had appeared to his disadvantage. Thus when his eye was "in fine frenzy rolling," bemused only with Castalian water, he had been suspected of being "bemused with beer;" and when he was supposed to indulge in a morning sluggishness, he was really rising with the sun, at least with Apollo. He was accused occasionally of shamming deafness, whereas it was doubtless nothing but the natural difficulty of hearing more than Nine at once. Above all, he was reckoned almost wilfully unfortunate in his breakage; but it appears that when deductions for damage were made from his wages, the poetry ought to have been stopped, and not the money. The truth is, John's master was a classical scholar, and so accustomed to read of Pegasus, and to associate a Poet with a horseman, that he never dreamed of one as a Footman.

The Editor is too diffident to volunteer an elaborate criticism of the merits of Humphreys as a Bard—but he presumes to say thus much, that there are several Authors, of the present day, whom John ought not to walk behind.

THE BROKEN DISH.

What 's life but full of care and doubt,
With all its fine humanities,
With parasols we walk about,
Long pigtails and such vanities.

We plant pomegranite trees and things,
And go in gardens sporting,
With toys and fans of peacock's wings,
To painted ladies courting.

We gather flowers of every hue,
And fish in boats for fishes,
Build summer-houses painted blue—
But life 's as frail as dishes.

Walking about their groves of trees,
Blue bridges and blue rivers,
How little thought them two Chinese,
They 'd both be smashed to shivers.

ODE TO PEACE.

WRITTEN ON THE NIGHT OF MY MISTRESS'S GRAND ROUT.

Oh Peace! oh come with me and dwell—
But stop, for there 's the bell.
Oh Peace! for thee I go and sit in churches,
On Wednesday, when there 's very few
In loft or pew—
Another ring, the tarts are come from Birch's.
Oh Peace! for thee I have avoided marriage—
Hush! there 's a carriage.

Oh Peace! thou art the best of earthly goods—
The five Miss Woods.
Oh Peace! thou art the Goddess I adore—
There come some more.
Oh Peace! thou child of solitude and quiet—
That 's Lord Drum's footman, for he loves a riot.
Oh Peace!
Knocks will not cease.
Oh Peace! thou wert for human comfort planned—
That 's Weippert's band.
Oh Peace! how glad I welcome thy approaches—
I hear the sound of coaches.
Oh Peace! oh Peace!—another carriage stops—
It 's early for the Blenkinsops.

Oh Peace! with thee I love to wander,
But wait till I have showed up Lady Squander,
And now I 've seen her up the stair,
Oh Peace!—but here comes Captain Hare,
Oh Peace! thou art the slumber of the mind,
Untroubled, calm and quiet, and unbroken—
If that is Alderman Guzzle from Portsoken,
Alderman Gobble won't be far behind;
Oh Peace! serene in worldly shyness—
Make way there for his Serene Highness!

Oh Peace! if you do not disdain
To dwell amongst the menial train,
I have a silent place, and lone,
That you and I may call our own;
Where tumult never makes an entry—
Susan, what business have you in my pantry?

Oh Peace! but there is Major Monk,
At variance with his wife—Oh Peace!
And that great German, Vander Trunk,
And that great talker, Miss Apreece;
Oh Peace! so dear to poets' quills—
They 're just beginning their quadrilles—
Oh Peace! our greatest renovator;—
I wonder where I put my waiter—
Oh Peace!—but here my Ode I 'll cease;
I have no peace to write of Peace.

A FEW LINES ON COMPLETING FORTY-SEVEN.

When I reflect with serious sense,
While years and years roll on,
How soon I may be summoned hence—
There 's cook a-calling John.

Our lives are built so frail and poor,
On sand and not on rocks,
We 're hourly standing at Death's door—
There 's some one double-knocks.

All human days have settled terms,
Our fates we cannot force;
This flesh of mine will feed the worms—
They 're come to lunch of course.

And when my body 's turned to clay,
And dear friends hear my knell,
O let them give a sigh and say—
I hear the upstairs bell.

TO MARY HOUSEMAID,

ON VALENTINE'S DAY.

MARY, you know I 've no love-nonsense,
And, though I pen on such a day,
I don't mean flirting, on my conscience,
Or writing in the courting way.

Though Beauty hasn't formed your feature,
It saves you, p'rhaps, from being vain,
And many a poor unhappy creature
May wish that she was half as plain.

Your virtues would not rise an inch,
Although your shape was two foot taller,
And wisely you let others pinch
Great waists and feet to make them smaller.

You never try to spare your hands
From getting red by household duty;
But, doing all that it commands,
Their coarseness is a moral beauty.

Let Susan flourish her fair arms
And at your odd legs sneer and scoff,
But let her laugh, for you have charms
That nobody knows nothing of.

BALLADS:

SERIOUS, VERY SERIOUS, AND PATHETIC.

BALLADS.

THE POACHER.

A SERIOUS BALLAD.

> But a bold pheasantry, their country's pride,
> When once destroyed can never be supplied.
> GOLDSMITH.

BILL BLOSSOM was a nice young man,
And drove the Bury coach;
But bad companions were his bane,
And egged him on to poach.

They taught him how to net the birds,
And how to noose the hare;
And with a wiry terrier,
He often set a snare.

Each "shiny night" the moon was bright,
To park, preserve, and wood
He went, and kept the game alive,
By killing all he could.

Land-owners, who had rabbits, swore
That he had this demerit—
Give him an inch of warren, he
Would take a yard of ferret.

At partridges he was not nice;
And many, large and small,
Without Hall's powder, without lead,
Were sent to Leaden-Hall.

He did not fear to take a deer
From forest, park, or lawn;
And without courting lord or duke,
Used frequently to *fawn*.

Folks who had hares discovered snares—
His course they could not stop:
No barber he, and yet he made
Their hares a perfect crop.

To pheasant he was such a foe,
He tried the keeper's nerves;
They swore he never seemed to have
Jam satis of *preserves*.

The Shooter went to beat, and found
No sporting worth a pin,
Unless he tried the *covers* made
Of silver, plate, or tin.

In Kent the game was little worth,
In Surrey not a button;
The Speaker said he often tried
The *Manors* about *Sutton*.

No county from his tricks was safe;
In each he tried his lucks,
But when the keepers were in *Beds*,
He often was at *Bucks*.

And when he went to *Bucks*, alas!
They always came to *Herts;*
And even *Oxon* used to wish
That he had his deserts.

But going to his usual *Hants*,
Old *Cheshire* laid his plots;
He got entrapped by legal *Berks*,
And lost his life in *Notts*.

THE SUPPER SUPERSTITION.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

"Oh flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!"—MERCUTIO.

'T WAS twelve o'clock by Chelsea chimes,
When all in hungry trim,
Good Mister Jupp sat down to sup
With wife, and Kate, and Jim.

Said he, "Upon this dainty cod
How bravely I shall sup,"—
When, whiter than the table-cloth,
A GHOST came rising up!

"O, father dear, O, mother dear,
Dear Kate, and brother Jim—
You know when some one went to sea—
Don't cry—but I am him!

"You hope some day with fond embrace
To greet your absent Jack,
But oh, I am come here to say
I 'm never coming back!

"From Alexandria we set sail,
With corn, and oil, and figs,
But steering 'too much Sow' we struck
Upon the Sow and Pigs!

"The Ship we pumped till we could see
Old England from the tops;
When down she went with all our hands,
Right in the Channel's Chops.

"Just give a look in Norey's chart,
The very place it tells;
I think it says twelve fathom deep,
Clay bottom, mixed with shells.

"Well there we are till 'hands aloft,'
We have at last a call;
The pug I had for brother Jim,
Kate's parrot too, and all.

"But oh, my spirit cannot rest,
In Davy Jones's sod,
Till I've appeared to you and said—
Don't sup on that 'ere Cod!

"You live on land, and little think
What passes in the sea;
Last Sunday week, at 2 P.M.
That Cod was picking me!

"Those oysters too, that look so plump,
And seem so nicely done,
They put my corpse in many shells,
Instead of only one.

"O, do not eat those oysters then,
And do not touch the shrimps;
When I was in my briny grave,
They sucked my blood like imps!

"Don't eat what brutes would never eat,
The brutes I used to pat,
They 'll know the smell they used to smell,
Just try the dog and cat!"

The Spirit fled—they wept his fate,
And cried, Alack, alack!
At last up started brother Jim,
"Let 's try if Jack was Jack!"

They called the Dog, they called the Cat,
And little Kitten too,
And down they put the Cod and sauce,
To see what brutes would do.

Old Tray licked all the oysters up,
Puss never stood at crimps,
But munched the Cod—and little Kit
Quite feasted on the shrimps!

The thing was odd, and minus Cod
And sauce, they stood like posts!
O, prudent folks, for fear of hoax,
Put no belief in Ghosts!

A WATERLOO BALLAD.

To Waterloo, with sad ado,
And many a sigh and groan,
Amongst the dead, came Patty Head,
To look for Peter Stone.

"O prithee tell, good sentinel,
If I shall find him here?
I'm come to weep upon his corse,
My Ninety-Second dear!

"Into our town a serjeant came
With ribands all so fine,
A-flaunting in his cap—alas;
His bow enlisted mine!

"They taught him how to turn his toes,
And stand as stiff as starch:
I thought that it was love and May,
But it was love and March!

"A sorry March indeed to leave
The friends he might have kep'—
No March of Intellect it was,
But quite a foolish step.

"O prithee tell, good sentinel,
If hereabout he lies?
I want a corse with reddish hair,
And very sweet blue eyes."

Her sorrow on the sentinel
Appeared to deeply strike;—
"Walk in," he said, "among the dead,
And pick out which you like."

And soon she picked out Peter Stone,
Half turned into a corse;
A cannon was his bolster, and
His mattrass was a horse.

"O Peter Stone, O Peter Stone,
Lord here has been a scrimmage!
What have they done to your poor breast
That used to hold my image?"

"O Patty Head, O Patty Head,
You 're come to my last kissing;
Before I 'm set in the Gazette
As wounded, dead, and missing!

"Alas! a splinter of a shell
Right in my stomach sticks;
French mortars don't agree so well
With stomachs as French bricks.

"This very night a merry dance
At Brussels was to be;—
Instead of opening a ball,
A ball has opened me.

"Its billet every bullet has,
And well it does fulfil it;—
I wish mine had n't come so straight,
But been a 'crooked billet.'

"And then there came a cuirassier
And cut me on the chest;—
He had no pity in his heart,
For he had *steeled his breast.*

"Next thing a lancer, with his lance,
Began to thrust away;
I called for quarter, but, alas!
It was not Quarter-day.

"He ran his spear right through my arm,
Just here above the joint;—
O Patty dear, it was no joke,
Although it had a point.

"With loss of blood I fainted off,
As dead as women do—
But soon by charging over me,
The *Coldstream* brought me to.

"With kicks and cuts, and balls and blows,
I throb and ache all over;
I'm quite convinced the field of Mars
Is not a field of clover!

"O why did I a soldier turn
For any royal Guelph?
I might have been a butcher, and
In business for myself!

"O why did I the bounty take
(And here he gasped for breath)
My shilling's worth of 'list is nailed
Upon the door of death!

"Without a coffin I shall lie
And sleep my sleep eternal:
Not ev'n a *shell*—my only chance
Of being made a *Kernel!*

"O Patty dear, our wedding bells
Will never ring at Chester!
Here I must lie in Honor's bed,
That isn't worth a *tester!*

"Farewell, my regimental mates,
With whom I used to dress!
My corps is changed, and I am now,
In quite another mess.

"Farewell, my Patty dear, I have
No dying consolations,
Except, when I am dead, you 'll go
And see th' Illuminations."

THE DUEL.

A SERIOUS BALLAD.

"Like the two Kings of Brentford smelling at one nosegay."

In Brentford town, of old renown,
There lived a Mr. Bray,
Who fell in love with Lucy Bell,
And so did Mr. Clay.

To see her ride from Hammersmith,
By all it was allowed,
Such fair outsides are seldom seen,
Such Angels on a Cloud.

Said Mr. Bray to Mr. Clay,
You choose to rival me,
And court Miss Bell, but there your court
No thoroughfare shall be.

Unless you now give up your suit,
You may repent your love;
I who have shot a pigeon match,
Can shoot a turtle dove.

So pray before you woo her more,
Consider what you do;
If you pop aught to Lucy Bell—
I 'll pop it into you.

Said Mr. Clay to Mr. Bray,
Your threats I quite explode;
One who has been a volunteer,
Knows how to prime and load.

And so I say to you unless
Your passion quiet keeps,
I who have shot and hit bulls' eyes,
May chance to hit a sheep's.

Now gold is oft for silver changed,
And that for copper red;
But these two went away to give
Each other change for lead.

But first they sought a friend a-piece,
This pleasant thought to give—
When they were dead, they thus should have
Two seconds still to live.

To measure out the ground not long
The seconds then forbore,
And having taken one rash step
They took a dozen more.

They next prepared each pistol-pan
Against the deadly strife,
By putting in the prime of death
Against the prime of life.

Now all was ready for the foes,
  But when they took their stands,
Fear made them tremble so they found
  They both were shaking hands.

Said Mr. C. to Mr. B.,
  Here one of us may fall,
And like St. Paul's Cathedral now,
  Be doomed to have a ball.

I do confess I did attach
  Misconduct to your name;
If I withdraw the charge, will then
  Your ramrod do the same?

Said Mr. B., I do agree—
  But think of Honor's Courts!
If we go off without a shot,
  There will be strange reports.

But look, the morning now is bright,
  Though cloudy it begun;
Why can't we aim above, as if
  We had called out the sun?

So up into the harmless air,
  Their bullets they did send;
And may all other duels have
  That upshot in the end!

THE GHOST.

A VERY SERIOUS BALLAD.

"I'll be your second."—LISTON.

In Middle Row, some years ago,
There lived one Mr. Brown;
And many folks considered him
The stoutest man in town.

But Brown and stout will both wear out,
One Friday he died hard,
And left a widowed wife to mourn
At twenty pence a yard.

Now widow B. in two short months
Thought mourning quite a tax,
And wished, like Mr. Wilberforce,
To *manumit* her blacks.

With Mr. Street she soon was sweet;
The thing thus came about:
She asked him in at home, and then
At church he asked her out!

Assurance such as this the man
In ashes could not stand;
So like a Phœnix he rose up
Against the Hand in Hand.

One dreary night the angry sprite
Appeared before our view;
It came a little after one,
But she was after two!

"Oh Mrs. B., oh Mrs. B.!
Are these your sorrow's deeds,
Already getting up a flame
To burn your widow's weeds?

"It's not so long since I have left
For aye the mortal scene;
My Memory—like Rogers's,
Should still be bound in green!

"Yet if my face you still retrace
I almost have a doubt—
I'm like an old Forget-Me-Not
With all the leaves torn out!

"To think that on that finger joint
Another pledge should cling;
Oh Bess! upon my very soul
It struck like 'Knock and Ring.'

"A ton of marble on my breast
Can't hinder my return;
Your conduct, Ma'am, has set my blood
A-boiling in my urn!

"Remember, oh! remember, how
The marriage rite did run—
If ever we one flesh should be
'Tis now—when I have none!

"And you, sir—once a bosom friend—
Of perjured faith convict,
As ghostly toe can give no blow,
Consider you are kicked.

"A hollow voice is all I have,
But this I tell you plain,
Marry come up!—you marry Ma'am,
And I 'll come up again."

More he had said, but chanticleer
The sprightly shade did shock
With sudden crow, and off he went,
Like fowling-piece at cock!

SALLY SIMPKIN'S LAMENT;

OR, JOHN JONES'S KIT-CAT-ASTROPHE.

"He left his body to the sea,
And made a shark his legatee."
BRYAN AND PERENNE.

"OH! what is that comes gliding in,
And quite in middling haste?
It is the picture of my Jones,
And painted to the waist.

"It is not painted to the life,
For where 's the trowsers blue?
Oh Jones, my dear!—Oh dear! my Jones,
What is become of you?"

"Oh! Sally dear, it is too true—
The half that you remark
Is come to say my other half
Is bit off by a shark!

"Oh! Sally, sharks do things by halves,
Yet most completely do!
A bite in one place seems enough,
But I 've been bit in two.

"You know I once was all your own
But now a shark must share!
But let that pass—for now to you
I'm neither here nor there.

"Alas! death has a strange divorce
Effected in the sea,
It has divided me from you,
And even me from me!

"Don't fear my ghost will walk o' nights
To haunt, as people say;
My ghost *can't* walk, for, oh! my legs
Are many leagues away!

"Lord! think when I am swimming round
And looking where the boat is,
A shark just snaps away a *half*,
Without 'a *quarter's* notice.'

"One half is here, the other half,
Is near Columbia placed;
Oh! Sally, I have got the whole
Atlantic for my waist.

"But now, adieu—a long adieu!
I've solved death's awful riddle,
And would say more, but I am doomed
To break off in the middle!"

JOHN DAY.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

"A Day after the Fair!"—Old Proverb.

John Day he was the biggest man
Of all the coachman-kind,
With back too broad to be conceived
By any narrow mind.

The very horses knew his weight
When he was in the rear,
And wished his box a Christmas-box
To come but once a year.

Alas! against the shafts of love,
What armor can avail?
Soon Cupid sent an arrow through
His scarlet coat of mail.

The bar-maid of the Crown he loved
From whom he never ranged,
For tho' he changed his horses there,
His love he never changed.

He thought her fairest of all fares,
So fondly love prefers;
And often, among twelve outsides,
Deemed no outside like hers.

One day as she was sitting down
Beside the porter-pump—
He came, and knelt with all his fat,
And made an offer plump.

Said she, my taste will never lean
To like so huge a man,
So I must beg you will come here
As little as you can.

But still he stoutly urged his suit,
With vows, and sighs, and tears,
Yet could not pierce her heart, although
He drove the Dart for years.

In vain he wooed, in vain he sued;
The maid was cold and proud,
And sent him off to Coventry,
While on his way to Stroud.

He fretted all the way to Stroud,
And thence all back to town,
The course of love was never smooth,
So his went up and down.

At last her coldness made him pine
To merely bones and skin;
But still he loved like one resolved
To love through thick and thin.

Oh Mary, view my wasted back,
And see my dwindled calf;
Tho' I have never had a wife,
I 've lost my better half.

Alas, in vain he still assailed,
Her heart withstood the dint;
Though he had carried sixteen stone
He could not move a flint.

Worn out, at last he made a vow
To break his being's link;
For he was so reduced in size
At nothing he could shrink.

Now some will talk in water's praise,
And waste a deal of breath,
But John, though he drank nothing else—
He drank himself to death.

The cruel maid that caused his love,
Found out the fatal close,
For looking in the butt, she saw,
The butt-end of his woes.

Some say his spirit haunts the Crown,
But that is only talk—
For after riding all his life,
His ghost objects to walk.

POMPEY'S GHOST.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

"Skins may differ, but affection
Dwells in white and black the same."
COWPER.

'T WAS twelve o'clock, not twelve at night
But twelve o'clock at noon;
Because the sun was shining bright
And not the silver moon.
A proper time for friends to call,
Or Pots, or Penny Post;
When, lo! as Phœbe sat at work,
She saw her Pompey's Ghost!

Now when a female has a call
From people that are dead;
Like Paris ladies, she receives
Her visiters in bed.
But Pompey's spirit would not come
Like spirits that are white,
Because he was a Blackamoor,
And would n't show at night!

But of all unexpected things
That happen to us here,
The most unpleasant is a rise
In what is very dear.
So Phœbe screamed an awful scream
To prove the seaman's text;
That after black appearances,
White squalls will follow next.

"Oh, Phœbe dear! oh, Phœbe dear!
Don't go to scream or faint;
You think because I 'm black I am
The Devil, but I ain't!
Behind the heels of Lady Lambe
I walked while I had breath;
But that is past, and I am now
A-walking after Death!

"No murder, though, I come to tell
By base and bloody crime;
So Phœbe dear, put off your fits
To some more fitting time.
No Coroner, like a boatswain's mate,
My body need attack,
With his round dozen to find out
Why I have died so black.

"One Sunday, shortly after tea,
My skin began to burn
As if I had in my inside
A heater, like the urn.
Delirious in the night I grew,
And as I lay in bed,
They say I gathered all the wool
You see upon my head.

"His Lordship for his Doctor sent,
My treatment to begin;—
I wish that he had called him out,
Before he called him in!
For though to physic he was bred,
And passed at Surgeon's Hall,
To make his post a sinecure
He never cured at all!

"The Doctor looked about my breast,
And then about my back,
And then he shook his head and said
'Your case looks very black.'
And first he sent me hot cayenne
And then gamboge to swallow,
But still my fever would not turn
To Scarlet or to Yellow!

"With madder and with turmeric,
He made his next attack;
But neither he nor all his drugs
Could stop my dying black.
At last I got so sick of life,
And sick of being dosed,
One Monday morning I gave up
My physic and the ghost!

"Oh, Phœbe, dear, what pain it was
To sever every tie!
You know black beetles feel as much
As giants when they die.
And if there is a bridal bed,
Or bride of little worth,
It's lying in a bed of mould,
Along with Mother Earth.

"Alas; some happy, happy day,
In church I hoped to stand,
And like a muff of sable skin
Receive your lily hand.
But sternly with that piebald match,
My fate untimely clashes,
For now, like Pompe-double-i,
I'm sleeping in my ashes!

"And now farewell! a last farewell!
I'm wanted down below,
And have but time enough to add
One word before I go—
In mourning crape and bombazine
Ne'er spend your precious pelf—
Don't go in black for me—for I
Can do it for myself.

"Henceforth within my grave I rest,
But Death who there inherits,
Allowed my spirit leave to come,
You seemed so out of spirits:
But do not sigh, and do not cry,
By grief too much engrossed,
Nor for a ghost of color, turn
The color of a ghost!

"Again, farewell, my Phœbe dear!
Once more a last adieu!
For I must make myself as scarce
As swans of sable hue."
From black to gray, from gray to nought,
The shape began to fade—
And, like an egg, though not so white,
The Ghost was newly laid!

ODES:

TO DIVERS PERSONS AND FOR SUNDRY OCCASIONS.

ODES.

ODE TO M. BRUNEL.[1]

"Well said, old Mole! canst work i' the dark so fast? a worthy pioneer!—HAMLET.

WELL!——Monsieur Brunel,
How prospers now thy mighty undertaking,
To join by a hollow way the Bankside friends
Of Rotherhithe, and Wapping—
Never be stopping,
But poking, groping, in the dark keep making
An archway, underneath the Dabs and Gudgeons,
For Collier men and pitchy old Curmudgeons
To cross the water in inverse proportion,
Walk under steam-boats under the keel's ridge,
To keep down all extortion,
And without sculls to diddle London Bridge!
In a fresh hunt, a new Great Bore to worry,
Thou didst to earth thy human terriers follow,
Hopeful at last from Middlesex to Surrey,
To give us the "View hollow."
In short it was thy aim, right north and south,
To put a pipe into old Thames's mouth;
Alas! half-way thou hadst proceeded, when
Old Thames, through roof, not water-proof,

Came, like "a tide in the affairs of men;"
And with a mighty stormy kind of roar,
Reproachful of thy wrong,
Burst out in that old song
Of Incledon's, beginning "Cease, rude Bore"—
Sad is it, worthy of one's tears,
Just when one seems the most successful,
To find one's self o'er head and ears
In difficulties most distressful!
Other great speculations have been nursed
Till want of proceeds laid them on a shelf;
But thy concern was at the worst
When it began to *liquidate* itself!
But now Dame Fortune has her false face hidden,
And languishes thy Tunnel—so to paint—
Under a slow, incurable complaint,
Bed-ridden!
Why, when thus Thames—bed-bothered—why repine!
Do try a spare bed at the Serpentine!
Yet let none think thee dazed, or crazed, or stupid;
And sunk beneath thy own and Thames's craft;
Let them not style thee some Mechanic Cupid
Pining and pouting o'er a broken shaft!
I'll tell thee with thy tunnel what to do;
Light up thy boxes, build a bin or two,
The wine does better than such water trades;
Stick up a sign—the sign of the Bore's Head;
I've drawn it ready for thee in black lead,
And make thy cellar subterrane—Thy Shades!

ODE

TO THE ADVOCATES FOR THE REMOVAL OF SMITHFIELD MARKET.[2]

"Sweeping our flocks and herds."—DOUGLAS.

O PHILANTHROPIC men!—
For this address I need not make apology—
Who aim at clearing out the Smithfield pen,
And planting further off its vile Zoology—
Permit me thus to tell,
I like your efforts well,
For routing that great nest of Hornithology!

Be not dismayed, although repulsed at first,
And driven from their Horse, and Pig, and Lamb parts,
Charge on!—you shall upon their horn-works burst,
And carry all their *Bull*-warks and their *Ram*-parts.

Go on, ye wholesale drovers!
And drive away the Smithfield flocks and herds!
As wild as Tartar-Curds,
That come so fat, and kicking, from their clovers,
Off with them all!—those restive brutes, that vex
Our streets, and plunge, and lunge, and butt, and battle;
And save the female sex
From being cowed—like Iö—by the cattle!
Fancy—when droves appear on
The hill of Holborn, roaring from its top—
Your ladies—ready, as they own, to drop,
Taking themselves to Thomson's with a *Fear-on!*

Or, in St. Martin's Lane,
Scared by a Bullock, in a frisky vein—
Fancy the terror of your timid daughters,
While rushing souse
Into a coffee-house,
To find it—Slaughter's!

Or fancy this:—
Walking along the street, some stranger Miss,
Her head with no such thought of danger laden,
When suddenly 'tis "Aries Taurus Virgo!"—
You don't know Latin, I translate it ergo,
Into your Areas a Bull throws the Maiden!

Think of some poor old crone
Treated, just like a penny, with a toss!
At that vile spot now grown
So generally known
For making a Cow Cross!

Nay, fancy your own selves far off from stall,
Or shed, or shop—and that an Ox infuriate
Just pins you to the wall,
Giving you a strong dose of *Oxy-Muriate!*

Methinks I hear the neighbors that live round
The Market-ground
Thus make appeal unto their civic fellows—
"'Tis well for you that live apart—unable
To hear this brutal Babel,
But our *firesides* are troubled with their *bellows.*"

"Folks that too freely sup
Must e'en put up
With their own troubles if they can't digest;
But we must needs regard
The case as hard
That *others'* victuals should disturb our rest,
That from our sleep *your* food should start and jump us!
We like, ourselves, a steak,
But, Sirs, for pity's sake!
We don't want oxen at our doors to *rump-us!*

If we *do* doze—it really is too bad!
We constantly are roared awake or rung,
Through bullocks mad
That run in all the 'Night Thoughts' of our Young!"

Such are the woes of sleepers—now let 's take
The woes of those that wish to keep *a Wake!*
Oh think! when Wombwell gives his annual feasts,
Think of these "Bulls of Basan" far from mild ones;
Such fierce tame beasts,
That nobody much cares to see the Wild ones!

Think of the Show woman "what shows a Dwarf,"
Seeing a red Cow come
To swallow her Tom Thumb,
And forced with broom of birch to keep her off!

Think, too, of Messrs. Richardson and Co.,
When looking at their public private boxes,
To see in the back row
Three live sheep's heads, a porker's, and an Ox's!
Think of their Orchestra, when two horns come
Through, to accompany the double drum!

Or, in the midst of murder and remorses,
Just when the Ghost is certain,
A great rent in the curtain,
And enter two tall skeletons—of Horses!

Great Philanthropics! pray urge these topics!
Upon the Solemn Councils of the Nation,
Get a Bill soon, and give, some noon,
The Bulls, a Bull of Excommunication!

Let the old Fair have fair-play as its right,
And to each show and sight

Ye shall be treated with a Free List latitude,
To Richardson's Stage Dramas,
Dio—and Cosmo—ramas,
Giants and Indians wild,
Dwarf, Sea Bear, and Fat Child,
And that most rare of Shows—a Show of Gratitude!

ODE TO THE CAMELOPARD.

Welcome to Freedom's birthplace—and a den!
Great Anti-climax, hail!
So very lofty in thy front—but then
So dwindling at the tail!—
In truth, thou hast the most unequal legs!
Has one pair galloped, whilst the other trotted,
Along with other brethren, leopard-spotted,
O'er Afric sand, where ostriches lay eggs?
Sure thou wert caught in some hard up-hill chase,
Those hinder heels still keeping thee in check!
And yet thou seem'st prepared in any case,
Tho' they had lost the race,
To win it by a neck!

That lengthy neck—how like a crane's it looks!
Art thou the overseer of all the brutes?
Or dost thou browse on tip-top leaves or fruits—
Or go a-birdnesting among the rooks?
How kindly nature caters for all wants;
Thus giving unto thee a neck that stretches,
And high food fetches—
To some a long nose, like the elephant's!

Oh! hadst thou any organ to thy bellows,
To turn thy breath to speech in human style,
What secrets thou mightst tell us,
Where now our scientific guesses fail;
For instance, of the Nile,
Whether those Seven Mouths have any tail—
Mayhap thy luck too,
From that high head, as from a lofty hill,
Has let thee see the marvellous Timbuctoo—
Or drink of Niger at its infant rill;
What were the travels of our Major Denham,
Or Clapperton to thine
In that same line,
If thou couldst only squat thee down and pen 'em!

Strange sights, indeed, thou must have overlooked,
With eyes held ever in such vantage-stations!
Hast seen, perchance, unhappy white folks cooked,
And then made free of negro corporations!
Poor wretches saved from cast-away three-deckers—
By sooty wreckers—
From hungry waves to have a loss still drearier,
To far exceed the utmost aim of Park!
And find themselves, alas! beyond the mark,
In the *insides* of Africa's Interior!

Live on, Giraffe! genteelest of raff kind!
Admired by noble, and by royal tongues!
May no pernicious wind,
Or English fog, blight thy exotic lungs!
Live on in happy peace, altho' a rarity,
Nor envy thy poor cousin's more outrageous
Parisian popularity;—
Whose very leopard-rash is grown contagious,

And worn on gloves and ribbons all about,
Alas! they 'll wear him out!—
So thou shalt take thy sweet diurnal feeds—
When he is stuffed with undigested straw,
Sad food that never visited his jaw!
And staring round him with a brace of beads!

ODE TO DR. HAHNEMANN, THE HOMŒOPATHIST.

Well, Doctor,
Great concoctor
Of medicines to help in man's distress;
Diluting down the strong to meek,
And making ev'n the weak more weak,
"Fine by degrees, and beautifully less"—
Founder of a new system economic,
To druggists any thing but comic;
Framed the whole race of Ollapods to fret,
At profits, like thy doses, very small;
To put all Doctors' Boys in evil case,
Thrown out of bread, of physic, and of place—
And show us old Apothecaries' Hall
"To Let."

How fare thy Patients? are they dead or living,
Or, well as can expected be, with such
A style of practice, liberally giving
"A sum of more to that which had too much?"
Dost thou preserve the human frame, or turf it?
Do thorough draughts cure thorough colds or not?
Do fevers yield to any thing that 's hot?
Or hearty dinners neutralize a surfeit?

Is 't good advice for gastronomic ills,
When Indigestion's face with pain is crumpling,
To cry, "Discard those Peristaltic Pills,
Take a hard dumpling?"

Tell me, thou German Cousin,
And tell me honestly without a diddle,
Does an attenuated dose of rosin
Act as a *tonic* on the old *Scotch fiddle?*
Tell me, when Anhalt-Coethen babies wriggle,
Like eels just caught by sniggle,
Martyrs to some acidity internal,
That gives them pangs infernal,
Meanwhile the lip grows black, the eye enlarges;
Say, comes there all at once a cherub-calm,
Thanks to that soothing homœopathic balm,
The half of half, of half, a drop of "*varges?*"

Suppose, for instance, upon Leipzig's plain,
A soldier pillowed on a heap of slain,
In urgent want both of a priest and proctor;
When lo! there comes a man in green and red,
A featherless cocked-hat adorns his head,
In short, a Saxon military doctor—
Would he, indeed, on the right treatment fix,
To cure a horrid gaping wound,
Made by a ball that weighed a pound,
If he well peppered it with number six?

Suppose a felon doomed to swing
Within a *rope*,
Might friends not hope
To cure him with a *string?*

Suppose his breath arrived at a full stop,
The shades of death in a black cloud before him,
Would a quintillionth dose of the New Drop
Restore him?

Fancy a man gone rabid from a bite,
Snapping to left and right,
And giving tongue like one of Sebright's hounds,
Terrific sounds,
The pallid neighborhood with horror cowing,
To hit the proper homœopathic mark;
Now, might not "the last taste in life" of *bark*,
Stop his *bow-wow-ing?*
Nay, with a well-known remedy to fit him,
Would he not mend, if, with all proper care,
He took "*a hair*
Of the dog that bit him?"

Picture a man—we'll say a Dutch Meinheer—
In evident emotion,
Bent o'er the bulwark of the Batavier,
Owning those symptoms queer—
Some feel in a *Sick Transit* o'er the ocean,
Can any thing in life be more pathetic
Than when he turns to us his wretched face?—
But would it mend his case
To be decillionth-dosed
With something like the ghost
Of an emetic?

Lo! now a darkened room!
Look through the dreary gloom,
And see that coverlet of wildest form,
Tost like the billows in a storm,

Where ever and anon, with groans, emerges
A ghastly head!—
While two impatient arms still beat the bed,
Like a strong swimmer's struggling with the surges;
There Life and Death are on their battle-plain,
With many a mortal ecstasy of pain—
What shall support the body in its trial,
Cool the hot blood, wild dream, and parching skin,
And tame the raging Malady within—
A sniff of Next-to-Nothing in a phial?

Oh! Doctor Hahnemann, if here I laugh
And cry together, half and half,
Excuse me, 'tis a mood the subject brings,
To think, whilst I have crowed like chanticleer,
Perchance, from some dull eye the hopeless tear
Hath gushed with my light levity at schism,
To mourn some Martyr of Empiricism:
Perchance, upon thy system, I have given
A pang, superfluous, to the pains of Sorrow,
Who weeps with Memory from morn till even;
Where comfort there is none to lend or borrow,
Sighing to one sad strain,
"She will not come again,
To-morrow, nor to-morrow, nor to-morrow!"

Doctor, forgive me, if I dare prescribe
A rule for thee thyself, and all thy tribe,
Inserting a few serious words by stealth;
Above all price of wealth
The Body's Jewel—not for minds profane,
Or hands, to tamper with in practice vain—
Like to a Woman's Virtue is Man's Health.

A heavenly gift within a holy shrine!
To be approached and touched with serious fear,
By hands made pure, and hearts of faith severe,
Ev'n as the Priesthood of the ONE divine!

But, zounds! each fellow with a suit of black,
And, strange to fame,
With a diploma'd name,
That carries two more letters pick-a-back,
With cane, and snuffbox, powdered wig, and block,
Invents *his* dose, as if it were a chrism,
And dares to treat our wondrous mechanism
Familiar as the works of old Dutch clock;
Yet, how would common sense esteem the man,
Oh how, my unrelated German cousin,
Who having some such time-keeper on trial,
And finding it too fast, enforced the dial,
To strike upon the Homœopathic plan
Of fourteen to the dozen?

Take my advice, 'tis given without a fee,
Drown, drown your book ten thousand fathoms deep,
Like Prospero's, beneath the briny sea,
For spells of magic have all gone to sleep!
Leave no decillionth fragment of your works
To help the interest of quacking Burkes;
Aid not in murdering even widows' mites—
And now forgive me for my candid zeal,
I had not said so much, but that I feel
Should you *take ill* what here my Muse indites,
An Ode-ling more will set you all to rights.

ODE FOR ST. CECILIA'S EVE.[3]

"Look out for squalls."—The Pilot.

O come, dear Barney Isaacs, come,
Punch for one night can spare his drum
As well as pipes of Pan!
Forget not, Popkins, your bassoon,
Nor, Mister Bray, your horn, as soon
As you can leave the Van;
Blind Billy, bring your violin;
Miss Crow, you 're great in Cherry Ripe!
And Chubb, your viol must drop in
Its bass to Soger Tommy's pipe.
Ye butchers, bring your bones:
An organ would not be amiss;
If grinding Jim has spouted his,
Lend your's, good Mister Jones.
Do, hurdy-gurdy Jenny—do
Keep sober for an hour or two,
Music's charms to help to paint
And, Sandy Gray, if you should not
Your bagpipes bring—O tuneful Scot!
Conceive the feelings of the Saint!

Miss Strummel issues an invite,
For music, and turn-out to night
In honor of Cecilia's session;
But ere you go, one moment stop,
And with all kindness let me drop
A hint to you and your profession.
Imprimis then: Pray keep within
The bounds to which your skill was born;

Let the one-handed let alone Trombone,
Don't—Rheumatiz! seize the violin,
Or Ashmy snatch the horn!
Don't ever to such rows give birth,
As if you had no end on earth
Except to "wake the lyre;"
Don't "strike the harp," pray never do,
Till others long to strike it too,
Perpetual harping's apt to tire;
Oh I have heard such flat-and-sharpers,
I've blest the head
Of good King Ned,
For scragging all those old Welsh Harpers!

Pray, never, ere each tuneful doing,
Take a prodigious deal of wooing;
And then sit down to thrum the strain,
As if you'd never rise again—
The least Cecilia-like of things;
Remember that the Saint has wings.
I've known Miss Strummel pause an hour,
Ere she could "Pluck the Fairest Flower,"
Yet without hesitation, she
Plunged next into the "Deep, Deep Sea,"
And when on the keys she *does* begin,
Such awful torments soon you share,
She really seems like Milton's "Sin,"
Holding the keys of—you know where!

Never tweak people's ears so toughly,
That urchin-like they can't help saying—
"O dear! O dear—you call this playing,
But oh, it's playing very roughly!"
Oft, in the ecstacy of pain,

I 've cursed all instrumental workmen,
Wished Broadwood Thurtelled in a lane,
And Kirke White's fate to every Kirkman—
I really once delighted spied
"Clementi Collard" in Cheapside.

Another word—don't be surprised,
Revered and ragged street Musicians,
You have been only half-baptised,
And each name proper, or improper,
Is not the value of a copper,
Till it has had the due additions,
Husky, Rusky,
Ninny, Tinny,
Hummel, Bummel,
Bowski, Wowski,
All these are very good selectables;
But none of your plain pudding-and-tames—
Folks that are called the hardest names
Are music's most respectables.
Ev'ry woman, ev'ry man,
Look as foreign as you can,
Don't cut your hair, or wash your skin,
Make ugly faces and begin.

Each Dingy Orpheus gravely hears,
And now to show they understand it!
Miss Crow her scrannel throttle clears,
And all the rest prepare to band it.
Each scraper ripe for concertante,
Rozins the hair of Rozinante:
Then all sound A, if they know which,
That they may join like birds in June:
Jack Tar alone neglects to tune,
For he 's all over concert-pitch.

A little prelude goes before,
Like a knock and ring at music's door,
Each instrument gives in its name;
Then sitting in
They all begin
To play a musical round game.
Scrapenberg, as the eldest hand,
Leads a first fiddle to the band,
A second follows suit;
Anon the ace of Horns comes plump
On the two fiddles with a trump;
Puffindorf plays a flute.
This sort of musical revoke,
The grave bassoon begins to smoke,
And in rather grumpy kind
Of tone begins to speak its mind;
The double drum is next to mix,
Playing the Devil on Two Sticks—
Clamor, clamor,
Hammer, hammer,
While now and then a pipe is heard,
Insisting to put in a word
With all his shrilly best;
So to allow the little minion
Time to deliver his opinion,
They take a few bars rest.

Well, little Pipe begins—with sole
And small voice going thro' the *hole*,
Beseeching,
Preaching,
Squealing,
Appealing,

Now as high as he can go,
Now in language rather low,
And having done—begins once more,
Verbatim what he said before.
This twiddling-twaddling sets on fire
All the old instrumental ire,
And fiddles, for explosion ripe,
Put out the little squeaker's pipe;
This wakes bass viol—and viol for that
Seizing on innocent little B flat,
Shakes it like terrier shaking a rat—
They all seem miching malico!
To judge from a rumble unawares,
The drum has had a pitch down stairs;
And the trumpet rash,
By a violent crash,
Seems splitting somebody's calico!
The viol too groans in deep distress,
As if he suddenly grew sick;
And one rapid fiddle sets off express—
Hurrying,
Scurrying,
Spattering,
Clattering,
To fetch him a Doctor of Music.
This tumult sets the Haut-boy crying
Beyond the Piano's pacifying,
The cymbal
Gets nimble,
Triangle
Must wrangle,
The band is becoming most martial of bands,

When just in the middle,
A quakerly fiddle,
Proposes a general shaking of hands!
Quaking,
Shaking,
Quivering,
Shivering,
Long bow—short bow—each bow drawing:
Some like filing—some like sawing;
At last these agitations cease,
And they all get
The flageolet,
To breathe "a piping time of peace."

Ah, too deceitful charm,
Like lightning before death,
For Scrapenberg to rest his arm,
And Puffindorf get breath!
Again without remorse or pity,
They play "The Storming of a City,"
Miss S. herself composed and planned it—
When lo! at this renewed attack,
Up jumps a little man in black—
"The very Devil cannot stand it!"
And with that,
Snatching hat,
(Not his own,)
Off is flown,
Thro' the door,
In his black,
To come back,
Never, never, never, more!

Oh Music ! praises thou hast had,
From Dryden and from Pope,
For thy good notes, yet none I hope,
But I, e'er praised the bad,
Yet are not saint and sinner even ?
Miss Strummel on Cecilia's level ?
One drew an angel down from heaven !
The other scared away the Devil !

ODE TO MADAME HENGLER,

FIREWORK-MAKER TO VAUXHALL.

Oh, Mrs. Hengler !—Madame—I beg pardon,
Starry Enchantress of the Surrey Garden !
Accept an Ode not meant as any scoff—
The Bard were bold indeed at thee to quiz,
Whose squibs are far more popular than his ;
Whose works are much more certain to go off.

Great is thy fame, but not a silent fame ;
With many a bang the public ear it courts ;
And yet thy arrogance we never blame,
But take thy merits from thy own reports.
Thou hast indeed the most indulgent backers,
We make no doubting, misbelieving comments,
Even in thy most bounceable of moments ;
But lend our ears implicit to thy crackers !—
Strange helps to thy applause too are not missing,
Thy Rockets raise thee,
And Serpents praise thee,
As none beside are ever praised—by hissing !

Mistress of Hydropyrics,
Of glittering Pindarics, Sapphics, Lyrics,
Professor of a Fiery Necromancy,
Oddly thou charmest the politer sorts
With midnight sports,
Partaking very much of *flash* and *fancy!*

What thoughts had shaken all
In olden time at thy nocturnal revels—
Each brimstone ball
They would have deemed an eyeball of the Devil's!
But now thy flaming Meteors cause no fright;
A modern Hubert to the royal ear,
Might whisper without fear,
"My Lord, they say there were five moons to-night!"
Nor would it raise one superstitious notion
To hear the whole description fairly out:—
"One fixed—which t'other four whirled round about
With wond'rous motion."

Such are the very sights
Thou workest, Queen of Fire, on earth and heaven,
Between the hours of midnight and eleven,
Turning our English to Arabian Nights,
With blazing mounts, and founts, and scorching dragons,
Blue stars and white,
And blood-red light,
And dazzling Wheels fit for Enchanters' wagons.
Thrice lucky woman! doing things that be
With other folks past benefit of parson;
For burning, no Burn's Justice falls on thee,
Altho' night after night the public see
Thy Vauxhall palaces all end in Arson!

Sure thou wast never born
Like old Sir Hugh, with water in thy head,
Nor lectured night and morn
Of sparks and flames to have an awful dread,
Allowed by a prophetic dam and sire
To play with fire.
O didst thou never, in those days gone by,
Go carrying about—no schoolboy prouder—
Instead of waxen doll a little Guy;
Or in thy pretty pyrotechnic vein,
Up the parental pigtail lay a train,
To let off all his powder!

Full of the wildfire of thy youth,
Did'st never in plain truth,
Plant whizzing Flowers in thy mother's pots,
Turning the garden into powder plots?
Or give the cook, to fright her,
Thy paper sausages well stuffed with nitre?
Nay, wert thou never guilty, now, of dropping
A lighted cracker by thy sister's Dear,
So that she could not hear
The question he was popping?

Go on, Madame! Go on—be bright and busy
While hoaxed Astronomers look up and stare
From tall observatories, dumb and dizzy,
To see a Squib in Cassiopeia's Chair!
A Serpent wriggling into Charles's Wain!
A Roman Candle lighting the Great Bear!
A Rocket tangled in Diana's train,
And Crackers stuck in Berenice's Hair!

There is a King of Fire—Thou shouldst be Queen!
Methinks a good connection might come from it;
Could'st thou not make him, in the garden scene,
Set out per Rocket and return per Comet;
Then give him a hot treat
Of Pyrotechnicals to sit and sup,
Lord! how the world would throng to see him eat,
He swallowing fire, while thou dost throw it up!

One solitary night—true is the story,
Watching those forms that Fancy will create
Within the bright confusion of the grate,
I saw a dazzling countenance of glory!
Oh Dei gratias!
That fiery facias
'T was thine, Enchantress of the Surrey Grove;
And ever since that night,
In dark and bright,
Thy face is *registered* within my *stove!*

Long may that starry brow enjoy its rays
May no untimely *blow* its doom forestall;
But when old age prepares the friendly pall,
When the last spark of all thy sparks decays,
Then die lamented by good people all,
Like Goldsmith's *Madam Blaize!*

ODE TO MR. MALTHUS.[4]

My dear, do pull the bell,
And pull it well,
And send those noisy children all up stairs,
Now playing here like bears—

You George, and William, go into the grounds,
Charles, James, and Bob are there—and take your string,
Drive horses, or fly kites, or any thing,
You 're quite enough to play at hare and hounds—
You little May, and Caroline, and Poll,
Take each your doll,
And go, my dears, into the two-back pair,
Your sister Margaret 's there—
Harriet and Grace, thank God, are both at school,
At far off Ponty Pool—
I want to read, but really can't go on—
Let the four twins, Mark, Matthew, Luke, and John,
Go—to their nursery—go—I never can
Enjoy my Malthus among such a clan !

Oh Mr. Malthus, I agree
In every thing I read with thee !
The world's too full, there is no doubt,
And wants a deal of thinning out—
It 's plain—as plain as Harrow's Steeple—
And I agree with some thus far,
Who say the Queen's too popular,
That is—she has too many people,
There are too many of all trades,
Too many bakers,
Too many every-thing makers,
But not too many undertakers—
Too many boys—
Too many hobby-de-hoys—
Too many girls, men, widows, wives, and maids—
There is a dreadful surplus to demolish,
And yet some Wrongheads,
With thick not long heads,

Poor metaphysicians!
Sign petitions
Capital punishment to abolish;
And in the face of censuses, such vast ones,
New hospitals contrive,
For keeping life alive,
Laying first stones, the dolts! instead of last ones!—
Others, again, in the same contrariety,
Deem that of all Humane Society
They really deserve thanks,
Because the two banks of the Serpentine,
By their design,
Are Saving Banks.
Oh! were it given but to me to weed
The human breed,
And root out here and there some cumbering elf,
I think I could go through it,
And really do it
With profit to the world and to myself—
For instance, the unkind among the Editors,
My debtors, those I mean to say
Who cannot or who will not pay,
And all my creditors,
These, for my own sake, I'd destroy;
But for the world's, and every one's,
I'd hoe up Mrs. G—'s two sons,
And Mrs. B—'s big little boy,
Called only by herself an "only joy."
As Mr. Irving's chapel 's not too full,
Himself alone I'd pull—
But for the peace of years that have to run,
I'd make the Lord Mayor's a perpetual station,
And put a period to rotation,

By rooting up all Aldermen but one—
These are but hints what good might thus be done!
But ah! I fear the public good
Is little by the public understood—
For instance—if with flint, and steel, and tinder,
Great Swing, for once a philanthropic man,
Proposed to throw a light upon thy plan,
No doubt some busy fool would hinder
His burning all the Foundling to a cinder.

Or, if the Lord Mayor, on an Easter Monday,
That wine and bun-day,
Proposed to poison all the little Blue-coats,
Before they died by bit or sup,
Some meddling Marplot would blow up,
Just at the moment critical,
The economy political
Of saving their fresh yellow plush and new coats.

Equally 't would be undone,
Suppose the Bishop of London,
On that great day
In June or May,
When all the large small family of charity,
Brown, black, or carrotty,
Walk in their dusty parish shoes,
In too, too many two-and-twos,
To sing together till they scare the walls
Of old St. Paul's,
Sitting in red, grey, green, blue, drab, and white,
Some say a gratifying sight,
Tho' I think sad—but that 's a schism—
To witness so much pauperism—

Suppose, I say, the Bishop then, to make
In this poor overcrowded world more room,
Proposed to shake
Down that immense extinguisher, the dome—
Some humane Martin in the charity *Gal*-way
I fear would come and interfere,
Save beadle, brat, and overseer,
To walk back in their parish shoes,
In too, too many two-and-twos,
Islington—Wapping—or Pall Mall way!

Thus, people hatched from goose's egg,
Foolishly think a pest a plague,
And in its face their doors all shut,
On hinges oiled with cajeput—
Drugging themselves with drams well spiced and cloven,
And turning pale as linen rags
At hoisting up of yellow flags,
While you and I are crying "Orange Boven!"
Why should we let precautions so absorb us,
Or trouble shipping with a quarantine—
When if I understand the thing you mean,
We ought to *import* the Cholera Morbus!

ODE TO ST. SWITHIN.[5]

"The rain it raineth every day."

The Dawn is overcast, the morning lowers,
On ev'ry window-frame hang beaded damps
Like rows of small illumination lamps,
To celebrate the Jubilee of Showers!

A constant sprinkle patters from all leaves,
The very Dryads are not dry, but soppers,
And from the Houses' eaves
Tumble eaves-droppers.

The hundred clerks that live along the street,
Bondsmen to mercantile and city schemers,
With squashing, sloshing, and galloshing feet,
Go paddling, paddling through the wet, like steamers,
Each hurrying to earn the daily stipend—
Umbrellas pass of every shade of green,
And now and then a crimson one is seen,
Like an Umbrella *ripened.*

Over the way a wagon
Stands with six smoking horses, shrinking, blinking,
While in the George and Dragon
The man is keeping himself dry—and drinking!
The Butcher's boy skulks underneath his tray,
Hats shine—shoes don't—and down droop collars,
And one blue Parasol cries all the way
To school, in company with four small scholars!

Unhappy is the man to-day who rides,
Making his journey sloppier, not shorter;
Ay, there they go, a dozen of outsides,
Performing on "a Stage with real water!"
A dripping Pauper crawls along the way,
The only real willing out-of-doorer,
And says, or seems to say,
"Well, I am poor enough—but here 's a *pourer!*"

The scene in water colors thus I paint,
Is your own Festival, you Sloppy Saint!

Mother of all the Family of Rainers!
Saint of the Soakers!
Making all people croakers,
Like frogs in swampy marshes, and complainers!
And why you mizzle forty days together,
Giving the earth your water-soup to sup,
I marvel—Why such wet, mysterious weather?
I wish you'd *clear it up!*

Why cast such cruel dampers
On pretty Pic Nics, and against all wishes
Set the cold ducks a-swimming in the hampers,
And volunteer, unasked, to wash the dishes?
Why drive the Nymphs from the selected spot,
To cling like lady-birds around a tree—
Why spoil a Gipsy party at their tea,
By throwing your cold water upon hot?

Cannot a rural maiden, or a man,
Seek Hornsey-Wood by invitation, sipping
Their green with Pan,
But souse you come, and show their Pan all dripping!
Why upon snow-white table-cloths and sheets,
That do not wait or want a second washing,
Come squashing?
Why task yourself to lay the dust in streets,
As if there were no Water-Cart contractors,
No pot-boys spilling beer, no shop-boys ruddy
Spooning out puddles muddy,
Milkmaids, and other slopping benefactors!

A Queen you are, raining in your own right,
Yet oh! how little flattered by report!
Even by those that seek the Court,
Pelted with every term of spleen and spite.

Folks rail and swear at you in every place;
They say you are a creature of no bowel;
They say you 're always washing Nature's face,
And that you then supply her
With nothing drier
Than some old wringing cloud by way of towel!
The whole town wants you ducked, just as you duck it,
They wish you on your own mud porridge suppered,
They hope that you may kick your own big bucket,
Or in your water-butt go souse! heels up'ard!
They are, in short, so weary of your drizzle,
They 'd spill the water in your veins to stop it—
Be warned! You are too partial to a mizzle—
Pray *drop it!*

ODE FOR THE NINTH OF NOVEMBER.[6]

O Lud! O Lud! O Lud!
I mean, of course, that venerable town
Mentioned in stories of renown,
Built formerly of mud;—
O Lud, I say, why didst thou e'er
Invent the office of a Mayor,
An office that no useful purpose crowns,
But to set Aldermen against each other,
That should be Brother unto Brother—
Sisters at least, by virtue of their gowns?

But still if one must have a Mayor
To fill the Civic chair,
O Lud, I say,
Was there no better day

To fix on, than November Ninth so shivery
And dull for showing off the Livery's livery?
Dimming, alas!
The Brazier's brass,
Soiling th' Embroiderers and all the Saddlers,
Sopping the Furriers,
Draggling the Curriers,
And making Merchant Tailors dirty paddlers;
Drenching the Skinners' Company to the skin,
Making the crusty Vintner chiller,
And turning the Distiller
To cold without instead of warm within;—
Spoiling the bran-new beavers
Of Wax-chandlers and Weavers,
Plastering the Plasterers and spotting Mercers,
Hearty November-cursers—
And showing Cordwainers and dapper Drapers
Sadly in want of brushes and of scrapers;
Making the Grocer's company not fit
For company a bit;
Dying the Dyers with a dingy flood,
Daubing incorporated Bakers,
And leading the Patten-makers,
Over their very pattens in the mud—
O Lud! O Lud! O Lud!

"This is a sorry sight,"
To quote Macbeth—but oh, it grieves me quite,
To see your Wives and Daughters in their plumes—
White plumes not white—
Sitting at open windows catching rheums,
Not "Angels ever bright and fair,"
But angels ever brown and sallow,

With eyes—you cannot see above one pair,
For city clouds of black and yellow—
And artificial flowers, rose, leaf, and bud,
Such sable lilies
And grim daffodilies
Drooping, but not for drought, O Lud! O Lud!

I may as well, while I 'm inclined,
Just go through all the faults I find:
Oh Lud! then, with a better air, say June,
Could'st thou not find a better tune
To sound with trumpets, and with drums,
Than "See the Conquering Hero comes,"
When he who comes ne'er dealt in blood?
Thy May'r is not a War Horse, Lud,
That ever charged on Turk or Tartar,
And yet upon a march you strike
That treats him like—
A little French if I may martyr—
Lewis Cart-Horse or Henry Carter!

O Lud! I say
Do change your day
To some time when your Show can really show;
When silk can seem like silk, and gold can glow.
Look at your Sweepers, how they shine in May!
Have it when there 's a sun to gild the coach,
And sparkle in tiara—bracelet—brooch—
Diamond—or paste—of sister, mother, daughter;
When grandeur really may be grand—
But if thy Pageant's thus obscured by land—
O Lud! it 's ten times worse upon the water!
Suppose, O Lud, to show its plan,
I call, like Blue Beard's wife, to sister Anne,

Who 's gone to Beaufort Wharf with niece and aunt,
To see what she can see—and what she can't;
Chewing a saffron bun by way of cud,
To keep the fog out of a tender lung,
While perched in a verandah nicely hung
Over a margin of thy own black mud,
O Lud!

Now Sister Anne, I call to thee,
Look out and see:
Of course about the bridge you view them rally
And sally,
With many a wherry, sculler, punt, and cutter;
The Fishmongers' grand boat, but not for butter,
The Goldsmiths' glorious galley—
Of course you see the Lord Mayor's coach aquatic,
With silken banners that the breezes fan,
In gold all glowing,
And men in scarlet rowing,
Like Doge of Venice to the Adriatic;
Of course you see all this, O Sister Anne?
"No, I see no such thing!
I only see the edge of Beaufort Wharf,
With two coal lighters fastened to a ring;
And, dim as ghosts,
Two little boys are jumping over posts;
And something, farther off,
That 's rather like the shadow of a dog,
And all beyond is fog.
If there be any thing so fine and bright,
To see it I must see by second sight.
Call this a Show? It is not worth a pin!
I see no barges row,
No banners blow;

The Show is merely a gallanty-show,
Without a lamp or any candle in."

But sister Anne, my dear,
Although you cannot see, you still may hear?
Of course you hear, I 'm very sure of that,
The "Water parted from the Sea" in C,
Or "Where the Bee sucks," set in B;
Or Huntsman's chorus from the Freyschutz frightful,
Or Handel's Water Music in A flat.
Oh music from the water comes delightful!
It sounds as no where else it can:
You hear it first
In some rich burst,
Then faintly sighing,
Tenderly dying,
Away upon the breezes, Sister Anne.

"There is no breeze to die on;
And all their drums and trumpets, flutes and harps,
Could never cut their way with ev'n three sharps
Through such a fog as this, you may rely on.
I think, but am not sure, I hear a hum,
Like a very muffled double drum,
And then a something faintly shrill,
Like Bartlemy Fair's old buz at Pentonville.
And now and then hear a pop,
As if from Pedley's Soda Water shop.
I 'm almost ill with the strong scent of mud,
And, not to mention sneezing,
My cough is, more than usual, teasing;
I really fear that I have chilled my blood,
O Lud! O Lud! O Lud! O Lud! O Lud!".

NOTES.

NOTES.

(1.) Ode to M. Brunel.

Mr. Brunel was an engineer who had been very successful in contriving the machinery for the manufacture of blocks for the Royal Navy, at Portsmouth; and in the bubble-time of 1825, or thereabouts, got up a company for tunnelling the Thames. The plan was ingeniously devised, and in the course of some ten years was executed. It was a very expensive operation, however, and as a speculation an entire failure. At one time during the progress of the work, the water found its way through an unexpected breach in the bottom of the river, when Brunel the younger (now an eminent engineer) barely escaped with his life. He owed his safety entirely to his great skill in swimming.

(2.) Ode to the Advocates for the Removal of Smithfield Market.

Smithfield was made the seat of the sole cattle market for the city of London by Edward III. in the year 1327, and has remained such till the present day. The market is an open area, in the form of an irregular polygon; containing only about three and a half acres, for the accommodation of the largest city in the world, in its supplies of sheep, horses, cattle and hay. An attempt was made some years ago to remove it to the outskirts of London, but it cost the opulent projector an hundred thousand pounds, and failed. The city itself was foiled in two efforts to make the removal—one of which probably inspired the ode above entitled. The annual cattle show of the Smithfield Club is still held, and the horse market still enjoys the same reputation as in Shakspeare's time, and for centuries before.

Smithfield is famous in history for its jousts, tournaments, executions

and burnings. Here Wallace and Mortimer were executed, and Wat Tyler was slain.

Smithfield was the seat of the long-famous Bartholomew Fair, which was proclaimed by the Lord Mayor annually on the 3d of September, unless the 3d fell on Sunday, and continued for three days, exclusive of the day of proclamation. In Ben Jonson's celebrated play of that name, there is a picture of what Bartholomew Fair was in 1614; and in Hone's *Every-Day Book* we have a very detailed report of the editor's personal observation of the same scene in 1825. It had its origin in a grant of King Henry II. to the Priory of St. Bartholomew, which had been founded in Smithfield, in connection with a church and hospital, about the year 1102, by one Rahere, a minstrel of the King, and a "pleasant-witted gentleman," who was the first Prior of his monastery.

The royal privilege extended to three days at the Bartholomew-tide for a fair, "to the which," says Stow, "the clothiers of England and the drapers of London repaired, and had their booths and standings within the churchyard of this priory, closed in with walls and gates locked every night, and watched for safety of men's goods and wares; a Court of Piepowders was daily during the fair holden for debts and contracts." This was the origin of this famous fair, over which the charter of Henry II. gave the Mayor and Aldermen criminal jurisdiction during its continuance.

All sorts of cheap shows and entertainments, dramatic, pictorial and zoölogical—dwarfs, fat boys and giants—learned pigs and horses—lions and elephants—feats of skill, strength and dexterity—jugglers and music-grinders—Punch and Judy—mermaids and wild Indians—beautiful dolphins and cannibal chiefs—harlequins and circus-riders—have for hundreds of years entertained our Anglo-Saxon brethren at Bartholomew Fair. Before the commencement of the last century it had become, however, a nuisance, and of late years it is described as a mere scene of annual debauchery.

(3.) Ode for St. Cecilia's Eve (Nov. 22).

Saint Cecilia is in the Church of England calendar and in the almanacs. She is a saint of the Romish Church, and a patroness of church music. Butler gives her life, from which we learn that she was married to a nobleman named Valerian, whom, with her brother Tibertius, she converted, and with them she was martyred. Various legends and

pictures represent her as engaged in music, or listening to it from celestial performers. Hence the conclusion of the celebrated ode of Dryden (who was a Catholic)—

"She drew an Angel down."

The legend is that her husband, allured by the harmonious sounds, entered a room where she was sitting, and found a young man playing on the organ. Cecilia introduced the visitor as an angel, and from that time she received "angels' visits."

(4.) Ode to Mr. Malthus.

Mr. Malthus was distinguished for the development of two new discoveries in Political Economy, those relating to population and rent. He published his *Essay on Population* in 1803, and his *Principles of Political Economy* in 1820. His favorite theory on population is expressed in the formula that the prudential restraint upon marriage, from the fear of a family, is the most powerful check which in modern Europe "keeps down the population to the level of the means of subsistence." In other words, it is thus expressed by the *Edinburgh Review*—"A man has no more right to set up a wife, unless he can afford it, than to set up a coach."

(5.) Ode to St. Swithin.

Swithin is still retained in the English almanacs, and his day (July 15) at some public offices is a holiday. The saint was of noble parentage, and became a monk in the old monastery at Winchester, of which he was afterwards priest and provost, and finally bishop, by the favor of his sometime pupil, King Ethelwolf, in 852. It was through his influence that tithes were established in England. He died in 862. An hundred years afterwards marvellous cures were wrought by his relics.

There is an old adage—"If it rain on St. Swithin's day, there will be rain the next forty days afterwards." The tradition is, that the bishop desired to be buried in the open churchyard, and not in the chancel of the minster, and his request was complied with; but the monks, on his being canonized by the Pope, thought it would not answer for a saint to lie in the open air, and resolved to remove the body into the choir, which was to have been done on the 15th of July. It rained so hard, however, on that day, and for forty days succeeding, that they abandoned their design as heretical, and erected a chapel over his grave.

Rain on St. Swithin's day is noticed in some places by the saying—"St. Swithin is christening the apples."

Ben Jonson, Gay, Churchill, and other English poets, allude to the popular tradition connected with St. Swithin.

In *Poor Robin's Almanac* for 1697, the saying and one of the miracles ascribed to the saint are thus alluded to :—

"In this month is St. Swithin's day;
On which, if that it rain, they say
Full forty days after it will,
Or more or less, some rain distil.
This Swithin was a saint, I trow,
And Winchester's bishop also;
Who in his time did many a feat,
As Popish legends do repeat:
A woman having broke her eggs,
By stumbling at another's legs,
For which she made a woful cry;
St. Swithin chanced for to come by,
Who made them all as sound, or more,
Than that they ever were before.
But whether they were so or no,
'Tis more than you or I do know.
Better it is to rise betime,
And to make hay while the sun doth shine,
Than to believe in tales and lies,
Which idle monks and friars devise."

(6.) Ode for the Ninth of November—Lord Mayor's Day.

On this day there is a procession of the Mayor and Aldermen elect of London, from Guildhall to Westminster, to be sworn, and thence back to Guildhall to dinner. In old times it was an occasion of great splendor and pageantry. On Sir Thomas Middleton's mayoralty, in 1613, the solemnity is described as unparalleled for the art and magnificence of its pageantry and shows. The printed descriptions of these *London Pageants*, or *Triumphs* of the old time, are now extremely rare, and are sold at the rate of two or three guineas for a single leaf.

In 1575, William Smythe, citizen and haberdasher of London, wrote a "breffe description" of that royal city, which gives us an account of the ceremonies on the Lord Mayor's day in early times. "The day of St. Simon and St. Jude," he says, "the Mayor enters into his state and office. The next day he goes by water to Westminster in most triumphant-like manner, his barge being garnished with the arms of the city; and near it a ship-boat of the Queen's Majesty, being trimmed up and

rigged like a ship of war, with divers pieces of ordnance, standards, pennons, and targets of the proper arms of the said Mayor, of his company, and of the merchants' adventurers, or of the staple, or of the company of the new trades; next before him goeth the barge of the livery of his own company, decked with their own proper arms; then the bachelors' barge; and so all the companies in London, in order, every one having their own proper barge, with the arms of their company. And so passing along the Thames he landeth at Westminster, where he taketh his oath in the Exchequer before the Judge there; which done, he returneth by water as aforesaid, and landeth at Paul's wharf, where he and the rest of the Aldermen take their horses, and in great pomp pass through . . . . . the city to the Guildhall, where they dine that day to the number of 1,000 persons, all at the charge of the Mayor and the two Sheriffs. The feast costeth £400, whereof the Mayor payeth £200, and each of the Sheriffs £100."

In the procession were some sixty or seventy poor men marching two and two, in blue gowns, with red sleeves and caps, every one bearing a pike and target, on which were painted the arms of all them that had been Mayors of the same company that the new Mayor was of.

"Immediately after dinner they go to St. Paul's Church, every one of the aforesaid poor men bearing staff, torches and targets, which torches are lighted when it is late, before they come from evening prayer."

In 1655, the city pageants, after a discontinuance of about fifteen years, were revived; and Edward Gayton, the author of the description for that year, says, that "our metropolis for these planetary pageants was as famous and renowned in foreign nations as for faith, wealth, and valor." On Lord Mayor's day, 1671, the King, Queen, Duke of York, and most of the nobility, being present, there were "sundry shows, shapes, scenes, speeches, and songs in parts;" and the like in 1672 and 1673, when the King again "graced the triumphs." Again, the great persons of the realm were present in 1674, when there were "emblematical figures, artful pieces of architecture, and rural dancing, with pieces spoken in each pageant."

The speeches in the pageants were usually composed by the official city poet, who also provided a printed programme for the members of the corporation. Settle was the last corporation poet, and wrote the last programme, intended for the show of 1708, which was prevented by the death of the Prince of Denmark.

The modern exhibitions on Lord Mayor's day do not vie with those of the olden time. All that remains of the antique show is in the first part of the procession, where the poor men of the company to which the Lord Mayor belongs, or persons hired to represent them, are habited in long gowns and close caps of the company's color, and bear painted shields on their arms, but without javelins. So many of these head the show as there are years in the Lord Mayor's age. "Their obsolete costume and hobbling walk," says the author of the *Every-Day Book*, "are sport for the unsedate, who, from improper tradition, year after year, are accustomed to call them 'old bachelors'—tongues less polite call them '*old fogeys*.' The numerous band of gentlemen-ushers, in velvet coats, wearing chains of gold, and bearing white staves, is reduced to half a dozen full-dressed footmen, carrying umbrellas in their hands."

TALES AND LEGENDS.

TALES AND LEGENDS.

THE STAG-EYED LADY.

A MOORISH TALE.

Scheherazade immediately began the following story.

Ali Ben Ali (did you never read
His wondrous acts that chronicles relate—
How there was one in pity might exceed
The sack of Troy?) Magnificent he sate
Upon the throne of greatness—great indeed,
For those that he had under him were great—
The horse he rode on, shod with silver nails,
Was a Bashaw—Bashaws have horses' tails.

Ali was cruel—a most cruel one!
'Tis rumored he had strangled his own mother—
Howbeit such deeds of darkness he had done,
'Tis thought he would have slain his elder brother
And sister too—but happily that none
Did live within *harm's* length of one another,
Else he had sent the Sun in all its blaze
To endless night, and shortened the Moon's days.

Despotic power, that mars a weak man's wit,
And makes a bad man—absolutely bad,
Made Ali wicked—to a fault:—'tis fit
Monarchs should have some check-strings; but he had

No curb upon his will—no, not a *bit*—
Wherefore he did not reign well—and full glad
His slaves had been to hang him—but they faltered,
And let him live unhanged—and still unaltered.

Until he got a sage bush of a beard,
Wherein an Attic owl might roost—a trail
Of bristly hair—that, honored and unsheared
Grew downward like old women and cow's tail:
Being a sign of age—some gray appeared,
Mingling with duskier brown its warnings pale;
But yet not so poetic as when Time
Comes like Jack Frost, and whitens it in rime.

Ben Ali took the hint, and much did vex
His royal bosom that he had no son,
No living child of the more noble sex,
To stand in his Morocco shoes—not one
To make a negro-pollard—or tread necks
When he was gone—doomed, when his days were done,
To leave the very city of his fame
Without an Ali to keep up his name.

Therefore he chose a lady for his love,
Singling from out the herd one stag-eyed dear;
So called, because her lustrous eyes, above
All eyes, were dark, and timorous, and clear;
Then, through his Muftis piously he strove,
And drummed with proxy-prayers Mohammed's ear,
Knowing a boy for certain must come of it,
Or else he was not praying to his *Profit*.

Beer will grow *mothery*, and ladies fair
Will grow like beer; so did that stag-eyed dame:

Ben Ali, hoping for a son and heir,
Boyed up his hopes, and even chose a name
Of mighty hero that his child should bear;
He made so certain ere his chicken came:
But oh! all worldly wit is little worth,
Nor knoweth what to-morrow will bring forth.

To-morrow came, and with to-morrow's sun
A little daughter to this world of sins;
Miss-fortunes never come alone—so one
Brought on another, like a pair of twins:
Twins! female twins!—it was enough to stun
Their little wits and scare them from their skins,
To hear their father stamp, and curse and swear,
Pulling his beard because he had no heir.

Then strove their stag-eyed mother to calm down
This his paternal rage, and thus addrest:
Oh! Most Serene! why dost thou stamp and frown,
And box the compass of thy royal chest?
Ah! thou wilt mar that portly trunk, I own
I love to gaze on!—Pr'ythee, thou hadst best
Pocket thy fists. Nay, love, if you so thin
Your beard, you 'll want a wig upon your chin!

But not her words, or e'en her tears, could slack
The quicklime of his rage, that hotter grew:
He called his slaves to bring an ample sack
Wherein a woman might be *poked*—a few
Dark grimly men felt pity and looked black
At this sad order; but their slaveships knew
When any dared demur, his sword so bending
Cut off the "head and front of their offending."

For Ali had a sword, much like himself,
A crooked blade, guilty of human gore—
The trophies it had lopped from many an elf
Were stuck at his *head*-quarters by the score—
Nor yet in peace he laid it on the shelf,
But jested with it, and his wit cut sore;
So that (as they of Public Houses speak)
He often did his dozen *butts* a week.

Therefore his slaves, with most obedient fears,
Came with the sack the lady to enclose;
In vain from her stag-eyes "the big round tears
Coursed one another down her innocent nose;"
In vain her tongue wept sorrow in their ears;
Though there were some felt willing to oppose,
Yet when their heads came in their heads, that minute,
Though 'twas a piteous *case*, they put her in it.

And when the sack was tied, some two or three
Of these black undertakers slowly brought her
To a kind of Moorish Serpentine; for she
Was doomed to have *a winding sheet of water.*
Then farewell, earth—farewell to the green tree—
Farewell, the sun—the moon—each little daughter!
She 's shot from off the shoulders of a black,
Like a bag of Wall's End from a coalman's back.

The waters oped, and the wide sack full-filled
All that the waters oped, as down it fell;
Then closed the wave, and then the surface rilled
A ring above her, like a water-knell;
A moment more, and all its face was stilled,
And not a guilty heave was left to tell
That underneath its calm and blue transparence
A dame lay drownèd in her sack, like Clarence.

But Heaven beheld, and awful witness bore,
The moon in black eclipse deceased that night,
Like Desdemona smothered by the Moor;
The lady's natal star with pale affright
Fainted and fell—and what were stars before
Turned comets as the tale was brought to light;
And all looked downward on the fatal wave,
And made their own reflections on her grave.

Next night, a head—a little lady head,
Pushed through the waters a most glassy face,
With weedy tresses, thrown apart and spread,
Combed by 'live ivory, to show the space
Of a pale forehead, and two eyes that shed
A soft blue mist, breathing a bloomy grace
Over their sleepy lids—and so she raised
Her *aqua*line nose above the stream, and gazed.

She oped her lips—lips of a gentle blush,
So pale it seemed near drowned to a white—
She oped her lips, and forth there sprang a gush
Of music bubbling through the surface light;
The leaves are motionless, the breezes hush
To listen to the air—and through the night
There came these words of a most plaintive ditty,
Sobbing as they would break all hearts with pity:

THE WATER PERI'S SONG.

Farewell, farewell, to my mother's own daughter,
The child that she wet-nursed is lapped in the wave
The *Mussul*man coming to fish in this water,
Adds a tear to the flood that weeps over her grave.

This sack is her coffin, this water's her bier,
  This grayish *bath* cloak is her funeral pall,
And, stranger, O stranger! this song that you hear
  Is her epitaph, elegy, dirges, and all!

Farewell, farewell, to the child of Al Hassan,
  My mother's own daughter—the last of her race—
She 's a corpse, the poor body! and lies in this basin,
  And sleeps in the water that washes her face.

A LEGEND OF NAVARRE.

'T WAS in the reign of Lewis, called the Great,
As one may read on his triumphal arches,
The thing befell I 'm going to relate,
In course of one of those "pomposo" marches
He loved to make, like any gorgeous Persian,
Partly for war, and partly for diversion.

Some wag had put it in the royal brain
To drop a visit at an old chateau,
Quite unexpected, with his courtly train;
The monarch liked it—but it happened so,
That Death had got before them by a post,
And they were "reckoning without their *host.*"

Who died exactly as a child should die,
Without one groan or a convulsive breath,
Closing without one pang his quiet eye,
Sliding composedly from sleep—to death;
A corpse so placid ne'er adorned a bed,
He seemed not quite—but only rather dead.

All night the widowed Baroness contrived
To shed a widow's tears; but on the morrow
Some news of such unusual sort arrived,
There came strange alteration in her sorrow;
From mouth to mouth it passed, one common humming
Throughout the house—the King! the King is coming!

The Baroness, with all her soul and heart,
A loyal woman (now called ultra royal),
Soon thrust all funeral concerns apart,
And only thought about a banquet loyal;
In short, by aid of earnest preparation,
The visit quite dismissed the visitation.

And, spite of all her grief for the ex-mate,
There was a secret hope she could not smother,
That some one, early, might replace "the late"—
It was too soon to think about another;
Yet let her minutes of despair be reckoned
Against her hope, which was but for *a second.*

She almost thought that being thus bereft
Just then, was one of time's propitious touches;
A thread in such a nick so nicked, it left
Free opportunity to be a duchess;
Thus all her care was only to look pleasant,
But as for tears—she dropped them—for the present.

Her household, as good servants ought to try,
Looked like their lady—any thing but sad,
And giggled even that they might not cry,
To damp fine company; in truth they had
No time to mourn, through choking turkeys' throttles,
Scouring old laces, and reviewing bottles.

Oh what a hubbub for the house of wo!
All, resolute to one irresolution,
Kept tearing, swearing, plunging to and fro,
Just like another French mob-revolution.
There lay the corpse that could not stir a muscle,
But all the rest seemed Chaos in a bustle.

The Monarch came: oh! who could ever guess
The Baroness had been so late a weeper!
The kingly grace and more than graciousness,
Buried the poor defunct some fathoms deeper—
Could he have had a glance—alas, poor Being!
Seeing would certainly have led to *D*—ing.

For casting round about her eyes to find
Some one to whom her chattels to endorse,
The comfortable dame at last inclined
To choose the cheerful Master of the Horse;
He was so gay—so tender—the complete
Nice man—the sweetest of the monarch's suite.

He saw at once and entered in the lists—
Glance unto glance made amorous replies;
They talked together like two egotists,
In conversation all made up of *eyes:*
No couple ever got so right consort-ish
Within two hours—a courtship rather shortish.

At last, some sleepy, some by wine opprest,
The courtly company began "nid noddin;"
The King first sought his chamber, and the rest
Instanter followed by the course he trod in.
I shall not please the scandalous by showing
The order, or disorder of their going.

The old Chateau, before that night, had never
Held half so many underneath its roof;
It tasked the Baroness's best endeavor,
And put her best contrivance to the proof,
To give them chambers up and down the stairs
In twos and threes, by singles, and by pairs.

She had just lodging for the whole—yet barely;
And some, that were both broad of back and tall,
Lay on spare beds that served them very sparely;
However, there were beds enough for all;
But living bodies occupied so many,
She could not let the dead one take up any!

The act was, certainly, not over decent:
Some small respect, e'en after death, she owed him,
Considering his death had been so recent;
However, by command, her servants stowed him,
(I am ashamed to think how he was slubbered,)
Stuck bolt upright within a corner cupboard!

And there he slept as soundly as a post,
With no more pillow than an oaken shelf;
Just like a kind accommodating host,
Taking all inconvenience on himself;
None else slept in that room, except a stranger,
A decent man, a sort of Forest Ranger.

Who, whether he had gone too soon to bed,
Or dreamt himself into an appetite,
Howbeit, he took a longing to be fed,
About the hungry middle of the night;
So getting forth, he sought some scrap to eat,
Hopeful of some stray pastry, or cold meat.

The casual glances of the midnight moon,
Brightening some antique ornaments of brass,
Guided his gropings to that corner soon,
Just where it stood, the coffin-safe, alas!
He tried the door—then shook it—and in course
Of time it opened to a little farce.

He put one hand in, and began to grope;
The place was very deep, and quite as dark as
The middle night;—when lo! beyond his hope,
He felt a something cold—in fact, the carcase;
Right overjoyed, he laughed and blest his luck
At finding, as he thought, this haunch of buck!

Then striding back for his couteau de chasse,
Determined on a little midnight lunching,
He came again and probed about the mass,
As if to find the fattest bit for munching;
Not meaning wastefully to cut it all up,
But only to abstract a little collop.

But just as he had struck one greedy stroke,
His hand fell down quite powerless and weak;
For when he cut the haunch it plainly spoke
As haunch of ven'son never ought to speak;
No wonder that his hand could go no further—
Whose could!—to carve cold meat that bellowed
"murther!"

Down came the Body with a bounce, and down
The Ranger sprang, a staircase at a spring,
And bawled enough to waken up a town;
Some thought that *they* were murdered, some, the King,
And, like Macduff, did nothing for a season,
But stand upon the spot and bellow, "Treason!"

A hundred nightcaps gathered in a mob,
Torches drew torches, swords brought swords together,
It seemed so dark and perilous a job;
The Baroness came trembling like a feather
Just in the rear, as pallid as a corse,
Leaning against the Master of the Horse.

A dozen of the bravest up the stair,
Well lighted and well watched, began to clamber;
They sought the door—they found it—they were there,
A dozen heads went poking in the chamber;
And lo! with one hand planted on his hurt,
There stood the Body bleeding thro' his shirt,—

No passive corse—but like a duellist
Just smarting from a scratch—in fierce position,
One hand advanced, and ready to resist;
In fact, the Baron doffed the apparition,
Swearing those oaths the French delight in most,
And for the second time "gave up the ghost?"

A living miracle!—for why?—the knife
That cuts so many off from grave gray hairs,
Had only carved him kindly into life:
How soon it changed the posture of affairs!
The difference one person more or less
Will make in families, is past all guess.

There stood the Baroness—no widow yet:
Here stood the Baron—"in the body" still:
There stood the Horses' Master in a pet,
Choking with disappointment's bitter pill,
To see the hope of his reversion fail,
Like that of riding on a donkey's tail.

The Baron lived—'t was nothing but a trance:
The lady died—'t was nothing but a death:
The cupboard-cut served only to enhance
This postscript to the old Baronial breath: —
He soon forgave, for the revival's sake,
A little *chop* intended for a *steak!*

THE MERMAID OF MARGATE.

"Alas! what perils do environ
That man who meddles with a siren!"
HUDIBRAS.

ON Margate beach, where the sick one roams,
And the sentimental reads;
Where the maiden flirts, and the widow comes—
Like the ocean—to cast her weeds;—

Where urchins wander to pick up shells,
And the Cit to spy at the ships—
Like the water gala at Sadler's Wells—
And the Chandler for watery dips;—

There's a maiden sits by the ocean brim,
As lovely and fair as sin!
But woe, deep water and woe to him,
That she snareth like Peter Fin!

Her head is crowned with pretty sea-wares,
And her locks are golden and loose:
And seek to her feet, like other folks' heirs,
To stand, of course, in her shoes!

And, all day long, she combeth them well,
With a sea-shark's prickly jaw;
And her mouth is just like a rose-lipped shell,
The fairest that man e'er saw!

And the Fishmonger, humble as love may be,
Hath planted his seat by her side;
"Good even, fair maid! Is thy lover at sea,
To make thee so watch the tide?"

She turned about with her pearly brows,
And clasped him by the hand;
"Come, love, with me; I've a bonny house
On the golden Goodwin Sand."

And then she gave him a siren kiss,
No honeycomb e'er was sweeter;
Poor wretch! how little he dreamt for this
That Peter should be salt-Peter:

And away with her prize to the wave she leapt,
Not walking, as damsels do,
With toe and heel, as she ought to have stept,
But she hopt like a Kangaroo;

One plunge, and then the victim was blind,
Whilst they galloped across the tide;
At last, on the bank he waked in his mind,
And the beauty was by his side.

One half on the sand, and half in the sea,
But his hair all began to stiffen;
For when he looked where her feet should be,
She had no more feet than Miss Biffen!

But a scaly tail, of a dolphin's growth,
In the dabbling brine did soak;
At last she opened her pearly mouth,
Like an oyster, and thus she spoke:

"You crimpt my father, who was a skate;—
And my sister you sold—a maid;
So here remain for a fish'ry fate,
For lost you are, and betrayed!"

And away she went, with a sea-gull's scream,
And a splash of her saucy tail;
In a moment he lost the silvery gleam
That shone on her splendid mail!

The sun went down with a blood-red flame,
And the sky grew cloudy and black,
And the tumbling billows like leap-frog came,
Each over the other's back!

Ah, me! it had been a beautiful scene,
With the safe terra-firma round;
But the green water hillocks all seemed to him,
Like those in a churchyard ground;

And Christians love in the turf to lie,
Not in watery graves to be;
Nay, the very fishes will sooner die
On the land than in the sea.

And whilst he stood, the watery strife
Encroached on every hand,
And the ground decreased—his moments of life
Seemed measured, like Time's, by sand;

And still the waters foamed in, like ale,
In front, and on either flank,
He knew that Goodwin and Co. must fail,
There was such a run on the bank.

A little more, and a little more,
The surges came tumbling in;
He sang the evening hymn twice o'er,
And thought of every sin!

Each flounder and plaice lay cold at his heart,
As cold as his marble slab;
And he thought he felt in every part,
The pincers of scalded crab.

The squealing lobsters that he had boiled,
And the little potted shrimps,
All the horny prawns he had ever spoiled,
Gnawed into his soul, like imps!

And the billows were wandering to and fro,
And the glorious sun was sunk,
And Day, getting black in the face, as though
Of the nightshade she had drunk!

Had there been but a smuggler's cargo adrift,
One tub, or keg, to be seen;
It might have given his spirits a lift,
Or an *anker* where *Hope* might lean!

But there was not a box or a beam afloat,
To raft him from that sad place;
Not a skiff, nor a yawl, or a mackerel boat,
Nor a smack upon Neptune's face.

At last, his lingering hopes to buoy,
He saw a sail and a mast,
And called "Ahoy!"—but it was not a hoy,
And so the vessel went past.

And with saucy wing that flapped in his face,
The wild bird about him flew
With a shrilly scream, that twitted his case,
"Why, thou art a sea-gull too!"

And lo! the tide was over his feet;
O! his heart began to freeze,
And slowly to pulse:—in another beat
The wave was up to his knees!

He was deafened amidst the mountain tops,
And the salt spray blinded his eyes,
And washed away the other salt drops
That grief had caused to arise:—

But just as his body was all afloat,
And the surges above him broke,
He was saved from the hungry deep by a boat
Of Deal—(but builded of oak).

The skipper gave him a dram, as he lay,
And chafed his shivering skin;
And the Angel returned that was flying away
With the spirit of Peter Fin!

OUR LADY'S CHAPEL.

A LEGEND OF COBLENTZ.

WHOE'ER has crossed the Mósel Bridge,
And mounted by the fort of Kaiser Franz,
Has seen, perchance,
Just on the summit of St. Peter's ridge,
A little open chapel to the right,
Wherein the tapers aye are burning bright;
So popular, indeed, this holy shrine,
At least among the female population,
By night, or at high noon, you see it shine,
A very Missal for *illumination!*

Yet, when you please, at morn or eve, go by
All other Chapels, standing in the fields,
Whose mouldy, wifeless husbandry but yields
Beans, peas, potatoes, mangel-wurzel, rye,
And lo! the Virgin, lonely, dark, and hush,
Without the glimmer of a farthing rush!

But on Saint Peter's Hill
The lights are burning, burning, burning still.
In fact, it is a pretty retail trade
To furnish forth the candles ready made;

And close beside the chapel and the way,
A chandler, at her stall, sits day by day,
And sells, both long and short, the waxen tapers,
Smartened with tinsel-foil and tinted papers.

To give of the mysterious truth an inkling,
Those who in this bright chapel breathe a prayer
To "Unser Frow," and burn a taper there,
Are said to get a husband in a twinkling:
Just as she-glow-worms, if it be not scandal,
Catch partners with *their* matrimonial candle.

How kind of blessed saints in heaven—
Where none in marriage, we are told, are given—
To interfere below in making matches,
And help old maidens to connubial catches!
The truth is, that instead of looking smugly
(At least, so whisper wags satirical)
The votaries are all so old and ugly,
No man could fall in love but by a miracle.
However, that such waxen gifts and vows
Are sometimes for the purpose efficacious
In helping to a spouse,
Is vouched for by a story most veracious.

A certain Woman, though in name a wife,
Yet doomed to lonely life,
Her truant husband having been away
Nine years, two months, a week, and half a day—
Without remembrances by words or deeds—
Began to think she had sufficient handle
To talk of widowhood and burn her weeds,
Of course with a wax-candle.

Sick, single-handed with the world to grapple,
Weary of solitude, and spleen, and vapors,
Away she hurried to Our Lady's Chapel,
Full-handed with *two* tapers—
And prayed, as she had never prayed before,
To be a bonâ fide wife once more.
"Oh Holy Virgin! listen to my prayer!
And for sweet mercy, and thy sex's sake,
Accept the vows and offerings I make—
Others set up one light, but here 's *a pair!*"

Her prayer, it seemed, was heard;
For in three little weeks, exactly reckoned,
As blithe as any bird,
She stood before the Priest with Hans the Second;—
A fact that made her gratitude so hearty,
To "Unser Frow," and her propitious shrine,
She sent two waxen candles superfine,
Long enough for a Lapland evening party!

Rich was the Wedding Feast and rare—
What sausages were there!
Of sweets and sours there was a perfect glut:
With plenteous liquors to wash down good cheer
Brantwein, and Rhum, Kirsch-wasser, and Krug Bier,
And wine so *sharp* that every one was *cut*.
Rare was the feast—but rarer was the quality
Of mirth, of smoky-joke, and song, and toast—
When just in all the middle of their jollity—
With bumpers filled to Hostess and to Host,
And all the unborn branches of their house,
Unwelcome and unasked, like Banquo's Ghost,
In walked the long-lost Spouse!

What pen could ever paint
The hubbub when the Hubs were thus confronted!
The bridesmaids fitfully began to faint;
The bridesmen stared—some whistled, and some grunted:
Fierce Hans the First looked like a boar that 's hunted,
Poor Hans the Second like a suckling calf:
Meanwhile, confounded by the double miracle,
The two-fold bride sobbed out, with tears hysterical,
"Oh Holy Virgin, you're too good—*by half!*"

MORAL.

Ye Cóblentz maids, take warning by the rhyme,
And as our Christian laws forbid polygamy
For fear of bigamy,
Only light up *one* taper at a time.

THE KNIGHT AND THE DRAGON.

In the famous old times,
(Famed for chivalrous crimes,)
As the legends of Rhineland deliver,
Once there flourished a Knight,
Who Sir Otto was hight,
On the banks of the rapid green river!

On the Drachenfels' crest
He had built a stone nest,
From which he pounced down like a vulture,
And with talons of steel
Out of every man's meal
Took a very extortionate multure.

Yet he lived in good fame,
With a nobleman's name,
As "Your High-and-Well-Born" addressed daily—
Tho' Judge Park in his wig
Would have deemed him a prig,
Or a craksman, if tried at th' Old Bailey.

It is strange—very strange!
How opinions will change!—
How Antiquity blazons and hallows

Both the man and the crime
That a less lapse of time
Would commend to the hulks or the gallows!

Thus enthralled by Romance,
In a mystified trance,
E'en a young, mild, and merciful Woman
Will recall with delight
The wild Keep, and its Knight,
Who was quite as much Tiger as Human!

Now it chanced on a day
In the sweet month of May,
From his casement Sir Otto was gazing,
With his sword in the sheath,
At that prospect beneath,
Which our Tourists declare so amazing!

Yes—he gazed on the Rhine,
And its banks, so divine;
Yet with no admiration or wonder,
But the goût of a thief,
As a more modern Chief
Looked on London, and cried "What a plunder!"

From that river so fast,
From that champaign so vast,
He collected rare tribute and presents;
Water-rates from ships' loads,
Highway-rates on the roads,
And hard Poor-rates from all the poor Peasants!

When behold! round the base
Of his strong dwelling-place,
Only gained by most toilsome progression,

He perceived a full score
Of the rustics, or more,
Winding up in a sort of procession!

"Keep them out!" the Knight cried
To the Warders outside—
But the Hound at his feet gave a grumble!
And in scrambled the knaves,
Like Feudality's slaves,
With all forms that are servile and humbl

"Now for boorish complaints!
Grant me patience, ye Saints!"
Cried the Knight, turning red as a mullet;
When the baldest old man
Thus his story began,
With a guttural croak in his gullet!

"Lord Supreme of our lives,
Of our daughters, our wives,
Our she-cousins, our sons, and their spouses,
Of our sisters and aunts,
Of the babies God grants,
Of the handmaids that dwell in our houses!

"Mighty master of all
We possess, great or small,
Of our cattle, our sows, and their farrows·
Of our mares and their colts,
Of our crofts, and our holts,
Of our ploughs, of our wains, and our harrows!

"Noble Lord of the soil,
Of its corn and its oil,
Of its wine, only fit for such gentles!

Of our carp and sauer-kraut,
Of our carp and our trout,
Our black bread, and black puddings, and lentils!

"Sovran Lord of our cheese,
And whatever you please—
Of our bacon, our eggs, and our butter,
Of our backs and our polls,
Of our bodies and souls—
O give ear to the woes that we utter!

"We are truly perplexed,
We are frighted and vexed,
Till the strings of our heart are all twisted;
We are ruined and curst,
By the fiercest and worst
Of all Robbers that ever existed!"

"Now by Heaven and this light!"
In a rage cried the Knight,
"For this speech all your bodies shall stiffen!
What! by Peasants miscalled!"
Quoth the man that was bald,
"Not your honor we mean, but a Griffin.

"For our herds and our flocks
He lays wait in the rocks,
And jumps forth without giving us warning;
Two poor wethers, right fat,
And four lambs after that,
Did he swallow this very May morning!"

Then the High-and-Well-Born
Gave a laugh as in scorn,
"Is the Griffin indeed such a glutton?

Let him eat up the rams,
And the lambs, and their dams—
If I hate any meat it is mutton!"

"Nay, your Worship," said then
The most bald of old men,
"For a sheep we would hardly thus cavil,
If the merciless Beast
Did not oftentimes feast
On the Pilgrims, and people that travel."

"Feast on what?" cried the Knight,
While his eye glistened bright
With the most diabolical flashes—
"Does the Beast dare to prey
On the road and highway?
With our proper diversion that clashes!"

"Yea, 'tis so, and far worse,"
Said the Clown, "to our curse;
For by way of a snack or a tiffin,
Every week in the year
Sure as Sundays appear,
A young Virgin is thrown to the Griffin!"

"Ha! Saint Peter! Saint Mark!"
Roar'd the Knight, frowning dark,
With an oath that was awful and bitter:
"A young maid to his dish!
Why, what more could he wish,
If the Beast were High-Born and a Ritter!

"Now by this our good brand,
And by this our right hand,
By the badge that is borne on our banners,

If we can but once meet
With the Monster's retreat,
We will teach him to poach on our Manors!"

Quite content with this vow,
With a scrape and a bow
The glad Peasants went home to their flagons,
Where they tippled so deep,
That each clown in his sleep
Dreamt of killing a legion of Dragons!

Thus engaged, the bold Knight
Soon prepared for the fight
With the wily and scaly marauder;
But ere battle began,
Like a good Christian man,
First he put all his household in order.

"Double bolted and barred
Let each gate have a guard"—
(Thus his rugged Lieutenant was bidden)
"And be sure, without fault,
No one enters the vault
Where the Church's gold vessels are hidden.

"In the dark Oubliette,
Let yon Merchant forget
That he e'er had a bark richly laden—
And that desperate youth,
Our own rival, forsooth!
Just indulge with a Kiss of the Maiden!

"Crush the thumbs of the Jew
With the vice and the screw,
Till he tells where he buried his treasure;

And deliver our word
To yon sullen caged Bird,
That to-night she must sing for our pleasure!"

Thereupon, cap-a-pee,
As a Champion should be,
With the bald-headed Peasant to guide him,
On his War-horse he bounds,
And then, whistling his hounds,
Prances off to what fate may betide him!

Nor too long do they seek
Ere a horrible reek,
Like the fumes from some villanous tavern,
Sets the dogs on the snuff,
For they scent well enough
The foul Monster coiled up in his cavern!

Then alighting with speed
From his terrified steed,
Which he ties to a tree for the present,
With his sword ready drawn,
Strides the Ritter High-born,
And along with him drags the scared peasant!

"O Sir Knight, good Sir Knight!
I am near enough quite—
I have shown you the Beast and his grotto;"
But before he can reach
Any farther in speech,
He is stricken stone-dead by Sir Otto!

Who, withdrawing himself
To a high rocky shelf,
Sees the Monster his tail disentangle

From each tortuous coil,
With a sudden turmoil,
And rush forth the dead Peasant to mangle.

With his terrible claws,
And his horrible jaws,
He soon moulds the warm corse to a jelly;
Which he quickly sucks in
To his own wicked skin
And then sinks at full stretch on his belly.

Then the Knight softly goes,
On the tips of his toes,
To the greedy and slumbering Savage,
And with one hearty stroke
Of his sword, and a poke,
Kills the Beast that had made such a ravage.

So, extended at length,
Without motion or strength,
That gorged Serpent they call the Constrictor,
After dinner, while deep
In lethargical sleep,
Falls a prey to his Hottentot victor.

"'Twas too easy by half!"
Said the Knight, with a laugh;
"But as nobody witnessed the slaughter,
I will swear, knock and knock,
By Saint Winifred's clock,
We were at it three hours and a quarter!"

Then he chopt off the head
Of the Monster so dread,
Which he tied to his horse as a trophy;

And, with Hounds, by the same
Ragged path that he came,
Home he jogged proud as Sultan or Sophy!

Blessed Saints! what a rout
When the news flew about,
And the carcase was fetched in a wagon;
What an outcry rose wild
From man, woman, and child—
"Live Sir Otto, who vanquished the Dragon!"

All that night the thick walls
Of the Knight's feudal halls
Rang with shouts for the wine-cup and flagon;
Whilst the Vassals stood by,
And repeated the cry—
"Live Sir Otto, who vanquished the Dragon!"

The next night, and the next,
Still the fight was the text,
'T was a theme for the Minstrels to brag on!
And the Vassals' hoarse throats
Still re-echoed the notes—
"Live Sir Otto who vanquished the Dragon!"

There was never such work
Since the days of King Stork,
When he lived with the Frogs at free quarters!
Not to name the invites
That were sent down of nights,
To the villagers' wives and their daughters!

It was feast upon feast,
For good cheer never ceased,
And a foray replenished the flagon:

And the Vassals stood by,
But more weak was the cry—
"Live Sir Otto, who vanquished the dragon!"

Down again sank the sun,
Nor were revels yet done—
But as if every mouth had a gag on,
Tho' the Vassals stood round,
Deuce a word or a sound
Of "Sir Otto who vanquished the Dragon!"

There was feasting aloft,
But, thro' pillage so oft
Down below there was wailing and hunger;
And affection ran cold,
And the food of the old,
It was wolfishly snatched by the younger!

Mad with troubles so vast,
Where 's the wonder at last
If the Peasants quite altered their motto?—
And with one loud accord
Cried out "Would to the Lord
That the Dragon had vanquished Sir Otto!"

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

OF

WIT AND HUMOR.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

STANZAS ON COMING OF AGE.

"Twiddle'em, Twaddle'em, Twenty-one."

Nurse. O woe! O woeful, woeful day!
Most lamentable day! most woeful day!
That ever, ever, I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this!
O woeful day! O woeful day!

* * * * *

Musician. Faith, we may put up our pipes and be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah! put up, put up!
For well you know this is a pitiful case.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

To-DAY it is my natal day,
Three 'prenticeships have past away,
A part in work, a part in play,
Since I was bound to life!
This first of May I come of age,
A man, I enter on the stage
Where human passions fret and rage,
To mingle in the strife.

It ought to be a happy date,
My friends, they all congratulate
That I am come to "Man's Estate,"
To some, a grand event;

But ah! to me descent allots
No acres, no maternal spots
In Beds, Bucks, Herts, Wilts, Essex, Notts,
Hants, Oxon, Berks, or Kent.

From John o'Groat's to Land's End search,
I have not one rod, pole, or perch,
To pay my rent, or tithe to church,
That I can call my own.
Not common-right for goose or ass;
Then what is Man's Estate? Alas!
Six feet by two of mould and grass
When I am dust and bone.

Reserve the feast! The board forsake!
Ne'er tap the wine—don't cut the cake,
No toasts or foolish speeches make,
At which my reason spurns.
Before this happy term you praise,
And prate about returns and days,
Just o'er my vacant rent-roll gaze,
And sum up my returns.

I know where great estates descend
That here is Boyhood's legal end,
And easily can comprehend
How "Manors make the Man."
But as for me, I was not born
To quit-rent of a peppercorn,
And gain no ground this blessed morn
From Beersheba to Dan.

No barrels broach—no bonfires make!
To roast a bullock for my sake,

Who in the country have no stake,
Would be too like a quiz;
No banners hoist—let off no gun—
Pitch no marquee—devise no fun—
But think when man is Twenty-One
What new delights are his!

What is the moral legal fact—
Of age to-day, I 'm free to act
For self—free, namely, to contract
Engagements, bonds, and debts;
I 'm free to give my I O U,
Sign, draw, accept, as majors do;
And free to lose my freedom too
For want of due assets.

I am of age to ask Miss Ball,
Or that great heiress, Miss Duval,
To go to church, hump, squint, and all,
And be my own for life.
But put such reasons on their shelves,
To tell the truth between ourselves,
I 'm one of those contented elves
Who do not want a wife.

What else belongs to Manhood still?
I 'm old enough to make my will
With valid clause and codicil
Before in turf I lie.
But I have nothing to bequeath
In earth, or waters underneath,
And in all candor let me breathe,
I do not want to die.

Away! if this be Manhood's forte,
Put by the sherry and the port—
No ring of bells—no rustic sport—
No dance—no merry pipes!
No flowery garlands—no bouquet—
No Birthday Ode to sing or say—
To me it seems this is a day
For bread and cheese and swipes.

To justify the festive cup
What horrors here are conjured up!
What things of bitter bite and sup,
Poor wretched Twenty-One's!
No landed lumps, but frumps and humps,
(Discretion's Days are far from trumps,)
Domestic discord, dowdies, dumps,
Death, dockets, debts, and duns!

If you must drink, oh drink "the King,"
Reform—the Church—the Press—the Ring,
Drink Aldgate Pump—or anything,
Before a toast like this!
Nay, tell me, coming thus of age,
And turning o'er this sorry page,
Was young Nineteen so far from sage?
Or young Eighteen from bliss?

Till this dull, cold, wet, happy morn—
No sign of May about the thorn—
Were Love and Bacchus both unborn?
Had Beauty not a shape?
Make answer, sweet Kate Finnerty!
Make answer, lads of Trinity?
Who sipped with me Divinity,
And quaffed the ruby grape!

No flummery then from flowery lips,
No three times three and hip-hip-hips,
Because I 'm ripe and full of pips—
I like a little green.
To put me on my solemn oath,
If sweep-like I could stop my growth
I would remain, and nothing loth,
A boy—about nineteen.

My friends, excuse me these rebukes!
Were I a monarch's son, or duke's,
Go to the Vatican of Meux
And broach his biggest barrels—
Impale whole elephants on spits—
Ring Tom of Lincoln till he splits,
And dance into St. Vitus's fits,
And break your winds with carols!

But ah! too well you know my lot,
Ancestral acres greet me not,
My freehold 's in a garden-pot,
And barely worth a pin.
Away then with all festive stuff!
Let Robins advertise and puff
My "Man's Estate," I 'm sure enough
I shall not buy it in.

THE LOST HEIR.

"Oh where, and oh where
Is my bonnie laddie gone?"—Old Song.

One day, as I was going by
That part of Holborn christened High,
I heard a loud and sudden cry
That chill'd my very blood;
And lo! from out a dirty alley,
Where pigs and Irish wont to rally,
I saw a crazy woman sally,
Bedaubed with grease and mud.
She turned her East, she turned her West,
Staring like Pythoness possest,
With streaming hair and heaving breast,
As one stark mad with grief.
This way and that she wildly ran,
Jostling with woman and with man—
Her right hand held a frying-pan,
The left a lump of beef.
At last her frenzy seemed to reach
A point just capable of speech,
And with a tone, almost a screech,
As wild as ocean birds,
Or female Ranter moved to preach,
She gave her "sorrow words."

"O Lord! O dear, my heart will break, I shall go stick stark staring wild!
Has ever a one seen any thing about the streets like a crying lost-looking child?

Lawk help me, I don't know where to look, or to run, if I only knew which way—
A Child as is lost about London streets, and especially Seven Dials, is a needle in a bottle of hay.
I am all in a quiver—get out of my sight, do, you wretch, you little Kitty M'Nab!
You promised to have half an eye to him, you know you did, you dirty deceitful young drab.
The last time as ever I see him, poor thing, was with my own blessed Motherly eyes,
Sitting as good as gold in the gutter, a playing at making little dirt pies.
I wonder he left the court, where he was better off than all the other young boys,
With two bricks, an old shoe, nine oyster-shells, and a dead kitten by way of toys.
When his Father comes home, and he always comes home as sure as ever the clock strikes one,
He 'll be rampant, he will, at his child being lost; and the beef and the inguns not done!
La bless you, good folks, mind your own concarns, and don't be making a mob in the street;
O Serjeant M'Farlane! you have not come across my poor little boy, have you, in your beat?
Do, good people, move on! don't stand staring at me like a parcel of stupid stuck pigs;
Saints forbid! but he 's p'r'aps been inviggled away up a court for the sake of his clothes by the priggs;
He 'd a very good jacket, for certain, for I bought it myself for a shilling one day in Rag Fair;
And his trowsers considering not very much patched, and red plush, they was once his Father's best pair.

His shirt, it 's very lucky I 'd got washing in the tub, or that might have gone with the rest;

But he 'd got on a very good pinafore with only two slits and a burn on the breast.

He 'd a goodish sort of hat, if the crown was sew'd in, and not quite so much jagged at the brim.

With one shoe on, and the other shoe is a boot, and not a fit, and you 'll know by that if it 's him.

Except being so well dressed, my mind would misgive, some old beggar woman in want of an orphan

Had borrowed the child to go a begging with; but I 'd rather see him laid out in his coffin!

Do, good people, move on; such a rabble of boys! I 'll break every bone of 'em I come near;

Go home—you 're spilling the porter—go home—Tommy Jones, go along with your beer.

This day is the sorrowfullest day of my life, ever since my name was Betty Morgan,

Them vile Savoyards! they lost him once before all along of following a Monkey and an Organ:

O my Billy—my head will turn right round—if he 's got kiddynapp'd with them Italians

They 'll make him a plaster parish image boy, they will, the outlandish tatterdemalions.

Billy—where are you, Billy?—I 'm as hoarse as a crow, with screaming for ye, you young sorrow!

And shan't have half a voice, no more I shan't, for crying fresh herrings to-morrow.

O Billy, you 're bursting my heart in two, and my life won't be of no more vally,

If I 'm to see other folks darlins, and none of mine, playing like angels in our alley,

And what shall I do but cry out my eyes, when I looks at the old three-legged chair
As Billy used to make coach and horses of, and there a'n't no Billy there!
I would run all the wide world over to find him, if I only knowed where to run;
Little Murphy, now I remember, was once lost for a month through stealing a penny-bun—
The Lord forbid of any child of mine! I think it would kill me raily
To find my Bill holdin' up his little innocent hand at the Old Bailey.
For though I say it as ought n't, yet I will say, you may search for miles and mileses
And not find one better brought up, and more pretty behaved, from one end to t' other of St. Giles's.
And if I called him a beauty, it's no lie, but only as a Mother ought to speak;
You never set eyes on a more handsomer face, only it has n't been washed for a week;
As for hair, tho' its red, its the most nicest hair when I've time to just show it the comb;
I'll owe 'em five pounds, and a blessing besides, as will only bring him safe and sound home.
He 's blue eyes, and not to be called a squint, though a little cast he 's certainly got;
And his nose is still a good un, tho' the bridge is broke, by his falling on a pewter pint pot;
He 's got the most elegant wide mouth in the world, and very large teeth for his age;
And quite as fit as Mrs. Murdockson's child to play Cupid on the Drury Lane Stage.
And then he has got such dear winning ways—but O I never never shall see him no more!

O dear! to think of losing him just after nussing him back from death's door!

Only the very last month when the windfalls, hang 'em, was at twenty a penny!

And the threepence he 'd got by grottoing was spent in plums, and sixty for a child is too many.

And the Cholera man came and whitewashed us all and, drat him, made a seize of our hog.—

It 's no use to send the Cryer to cry him about, he 's such a blunderin' drunken old dog;

The last time he was fetched to find a lost child, he was guzzling with his bell at the Crown,

And went and cried a boy instead of a girl, for a distracted Mother and Father about Town.

Billy—where are you, Billy, I say? come Billy, come home, to your best of Mothers!

I 'm scared when I think of them Cabroleys, they drive so, they 'd run over their own Sisters and Brothers.

Or may be he 's stole by some chimbly sweeping wretch, to stick fast in narrow flues and what not,

And be poked up behind with a picked pointed pole, when the soot has ketched, and the chimbly's red hot.

Oh I 'd give the whole wide world, if the world was mine, to clap my two longin' eyes on his face.

For he 's my darlin of darlins, and if he don't soon come back, you 'll see me drop stone dead on the place.

I only wish I 'd got him safe in these two Motherly arms, and would n't I hug him and kiss him!

Lauk! I never knew what a precious he was—but a child don't not feel like a child till you miss him.

Why there he is! Punch and Judy hunting, the young wretch, it 's that Billy as sartin as sin!

But let me get him home, with a good grip of his hair, and I 'm blest if he shall have a whole bone in his skin!

A SINGULAR EXHIBITION AT SOMERSET HOUSE.

"Our Crummie is a dainty cow."—Scotch Song.

On that first Saturday in May,
When Lords and Ladies, great and grand,
Repair to see what each R. A.
Has done since last they sought the Strand,
In red, brown, yellow, green, or blue,
In short, what 's called the private view,
Amongst the guests—the deuce knows how
She got in there without a row—
There came a large and vulgar dame
With arms deep red, and face the same,
Showing in temper not a Saint;
No one could guess for why she came,
Unless perchance to "scour the Paint."

From wall to wall she forced her way,
Elbowed Lord Durham—poked Lord Grey—
Stamped Stafford's toes to make him move,
And Devonshire's Duke received a shove;
The great Lord Chancellor felt her nudge,
She made the Vice, his Honor, budge,
And gave a pinch to Park the Judge.
As for the ladies, in this stir,
The highest rank gave way to her.

From number one and number two,
She searched the pictures through and through,
On benches stood, to inspect the high ones,
And squatted down to scan the shy ones.
And as she went from part to part,
A deeper red each cheek became,

Her very eyes lit up in flame,
That made each looker-on exclaim,
"Really an ardent love of art!"
Alas, amidst her inquisition,
Fate brought her to a sad condition;
She might have run against Lord Milton,
And still have stared at deeds in oil,
But ah! her picture-joy to spoil,
She came full butt on Mr. Hilton.

The Keeper mute, with staring eyes,
Like a lay-figure for surprise,
At last thus stammered out "How now?
Woman—where, woman, is your ticket,
That ought to let you through our wicket?"
Says woman, "Where is David's Cow?"
Said Mr. H——, with expedition,
There 's no Cow in the Exhibition.
"No Cow!"—but here her tongue in verity,
Set off with steam and rail celerity—

"No Cow! there an't no Cow, then the more 's the shame and pity
Hang you and the R. A.'s, and all the Hanging Committee!
No cow—but hold your tongue, for you needn't talk to me—
You can't talk up the Cow, you can't, to where it ought to be—
I have n't seen a picture high or low, or any how,
Or in any of the rooms to be compared with David's Cow?
You may talk of your Landseers, and of your Coopers, and your Wards,
Why hanging is too good for them, and yet here they are on cords!

They 're only fit for window frames, and shutters, and street doors,
David will paint 'em any day at Red Lions or Blue Boars—
Why Morland was a fool to him, at a little pig or sow—
It 's really hard it an't hung up—I could cry about the Cow!
But I know well what it is, and why—they 're jealous of David's fame,
But to vent it on the Cow, poor thing, is a cruelty and a shame.
Do you think it might hang by and by, if you cannot hang it now?
David has made a party up to come and see his Cow.
If it only hung three days a week, for an example to the learners,
Why can't it hang up, turn about, with that picture of Mr. Turner's?
Or do you think from Mr. Etty, you need apprehend a row?
If now and then you cut him down to hang up David's Cow?
I can't think where their tastes have been, to not have such a creature,
Although I say, that should not say, it was prettier than Nature;
It must be hung—and shall be hung, for Mr. H——, I vow,
I dare n't take home the catalogue, unless it 's got the Cow!
As we only want it to be seen, I should not so much care,
If it was only round the stone man's neck, a-coming up the stair.
Or down there in the marble room where all the figures stand,
Where one of them three Graces might just hold it in her hand—

Or maybe Bailey's Charity the favor would allow,
It would really be a charity to hang up David's cow.
We have n't no where else to go if you don't hang it here,
The Water-Color place allows no oilman to appear—
And the British Gallery sticks to Dutch, Teniers, and Gerrard Douw,
And the Suffolk Gallery will not do—it 's not a Suffolk Cow:
I wish you 'd see him painting her, he hardly took his meals
Till she was painted on the board correct from head to heels;
His heart and soul was in his Cow, and almost made him shabby,
He hardly whipped the boys at all, or helped to nurse the babby.
And when he had her all complete and painted over red,
He got so grand, I really thought him going off his head.
Now hang it, Mr. Hilton, do just hang it any how,
Poor David, he will hang himself, unless you hang his Cow—
And if it 's unconvenient and drawn too big by half—
David shan't send next year except a very little calf.

I'M GOING TO BOMBAY.

"Nothing venture, nothing have."—Old Proverb.
"Every Indiaman has at least two mates."—
Falconer's Marine Guide.

My hair is brown, my eyes are blue,
And reckoned rather bright;
I 'm shapely, if they tell me true,
And just the proper height;

My skin has been admired in verse,
And called as fair as day—
If I *am* fair, so much the worse,
I'm going to Bombay!

At school I passed with some éclât;
I learned my French in France;
De Wint gave lessons how to draw,
And D'Egville how to dance—
Crevelli taught me how to sing,
And Cramer how to play—
It really is the strangest thing—
I'm going to Bombay!

I've been to Bath and Cheltenham Wells,
But not their springs to sip—
To Ramsgate—not to pick up shells—
To Brighton—not to dip,
I've toured the Lakes, and scoured the coast
From Scarboro' to Torquay—
But tho' of time I've made the most,
I'm going to Bombay!

By Pa and Ma I'm daily told
To marry now's my time,
For though I'm very far from old,
I'm rather in my prime.
They say while we have any sun
We ought to make our hay—
And India has so hot an one,
I'm going to Bombay!

My cousin writes from Hyderapot,
My only chance to snatch,

And says the climate is so hot,
It 's sure to light a match—
She 's married to a son of Mars
With very handsome pay,
And swears I ought to thank my stars
I 'm going to Bombay!

She says that I shall much delight
To taste their Indian treats,
But what she likes may turn me quite,
Their strange outlandish meats—.
If I can eat rupees, who knows?
Or dine, the Indian way,
On doolies and on bungalows—
I 'm going to Bombay!

She says that I shall much enjoy—
I don't know what she means—
To take the air and buy some toy
In my own palankeens—
I like to drive my pony-chair,
Or ride our dapple gray—
But elephants are horses there—
I 'm going to Bombay!

Farewell, farewell, my parents dear,
My friends, farewell to them!
And oh, what costs a sadder tear
Good-bye, to Mr. M.!—
If I should find an Indian vault,
Or fall a tiger's prey,
Or steep in salt, it 's all *his* fault,
I 'm going to Bombay!

That fine new teak-built ship, the Fox,
A. 1.—Commander Bird,
Now lying in the London Docks,
Will sail on May the Third;
Apply for passage or for freight,
To Nichol, Scott, and Gray—
Pa has applied and sealed my fate—
I 'm going to Bombay!

My heart is full—my trunks as well;
My mind and caps made up,
My corsets, shaped by Mrs. Bell,
Are promised ere I sup;
With boots and shoes, Rivarta's best,
And Dresses by Ducé,
And a special license in my chest—
I 'm going to Bombay!

SONNET TO A DECAYED SEAMAN.

Hail! seventy-four cut down! Hail, Top and Lop!
Unless I 'm much mistaken in my notion,
Thou wast a stirring Tar, before that hop
Became so fatal to thy locomotion;—
Now, thrown on shore, like a mere weed of ocean,
Thou readest still to men a lesson good,
To King and Country showing thy devotion
By kneeling thus upon a stump of wood!
Still is thy spirit strong as alcohol;
Spite of that limb, begot of acorn-egg—
Methinks—thou Naval History in one Vol.—
A virtue shines, e'en in that timber leg,
For unlike others that desert their Poll,
Thou walkest ever with thy "Constant Peg!"

A BLOW-UP.

"Here we go up, up, up."—The Lay of the First Minstrel.

Near Battle, Mr. Peter Baker
Was Powder-maker,
Not Alderman Flower's flour—the white that puffs
And primes and loads heads bald, or grey, or chowder,
Figgins and Higgins, Fippins, Filby—Crowder,
Not vile apothecary's pounded stuffs,
But something blacker, bloodier and louder—
Gun-powder!

This stuff, as people know, is *semper*
Eadem; very hasty in its temper—
Like Honor that resents the gentlest taps,
Mere semblances of blows, however slight;
So powder fires, although you only p'rhaps
Strike light.
To make it, therefore, is a ticklish business,
And sometimes gives both head and heart a dizziness,
For as all human flash and fancy minders,
Frequenting fights and Powder-works well know,
There seldom is a mill without a blow
Sometimes upon the grinders.
But then—the melancholy phrase to soften,
Mr. B.'s mill *transpired* so very often!
And advertised—then all Price Currents louder,
"Fragments look up—there is a rise in Powder,"
So frequently, it caused the neighbors' wonder—
And certain people had the inhumanity
To lay it all to Mr. Baker's vanity,
That he might have to say—"That was *my* thunder!"

One day—so goes the tale,
Whether, with iron hoof
Not sparkle-proof,
Some ninny-hammer struck upon a nail—
Whether some glow-worm of the Guy Faux stamp,
Crept in the building, with Unsafety Lamp—
One day this mill that had by water ground,
Became a sort of windmill and blew round.
With bounce that went in sound as far as Dover, it
Sent half the workmen sprawling to the sky;
Besides some visitors who gained thereby
What they had asked—permission "to go over it!"
Of course it was a very hard and high blow,
And somewhat differed from what 's called a flyblow.
At Cowes' Regatta, as I once observed,
A pistol-shot made twenty vessels start;
If such a sound could terrify oak's heart,
Think how this crash the human nerve unnerved.
In fact, it was a very awful thing—
As people know that have been used to battle,
In springing either mine or mill, you spring
A precious rattle!
The dunniest heard it—poor old Mr. F.
Doubted for once if he was ever deaf;
Through Tunbridge town it caused most strange alarms,
Mr. and Mrs. Fogg,
Who lived like cat and dog,
Were shocked for once into each other's arms.
Miss M. the milliner, her fright so strong,
Made a great gobble-stitch six inches long;
The veriest quakers quaked against their wish:
The "Best of Sons" was taken unawares,
And kicked the "Best of Parents" down the stairs:

The steadiest servant dropped the China dish;
A thousand started, though there was but one
Fated to win, and that was Mister Dunn,
Who struck convulsively, and hooked a fish!

Miss Wiggins, with some grass upon her fork,
Tossed it just like a hay-maker at work;
Her sister not in any better case,
For taking wine,
With nervous Mr. Pyne,
He jerked his glass of Sherry in her face.
Poor Mistress Davy,
Bobbed off her bran-new turban in the gravy;
While Mr. Davy at the lower end,
Preparing for a Goose a carver's labor,
Darted his two-pronged weapon in his neighbor,
As if for once he meant to help a friend.

The nurse-maid telling little "Jack-a-Norey,"
"Bo-peep" and "Blue-cap" at the house's top,
Screamed, and let Master Jeremiah drop
From a fourth story!
Nor yet did matters any better go
With Cook and Housemaid in the realms below;
As for the Laundress, timid Martha Gunning,
Expressing faintness and her fear by fits
And starts—she came at last but to her wits
By falling in the ale that John left running.

Grave Mr. Miles, the meekest of mankind,
Struck all at once, deaf, stupid, dumb, and blind,
Sat in his chaise some moments like a corse,
Then coming to his mind,
Was shocked to find

Only a pair of shafts without a horse.
Out scrambled all the Misses from Miss Joy's!
From Prospect House, for urchins small and big,
Hearing the awful noise,
Out rushed a flood of boys,
Floating a man in black, without a wig;—
Some carried out one treasure, some another—
Some caught their tops and taws up in a hurry,
Same saved Chambaud, some rescued Lindley Murray—
But little Tiddy carried his big brother!

Sick of such terrors,
The Tunbridge folks resolved that truth should dwell
No longer secret in a Tunbridge Well,
But to warn Baker of his dangerous errors;
Accordingly, to bring the point to pass,
They called a meeting of the broken glass,
The shattered chimney-pots, and scattered tiles,
The damage of each part,
And packed it in a cart
Drawn by the horse that ran from Mr. Miles;
While Doctor Babblethorpe, the worthy Rector,
And Mr. Gammage, cutler to George Rex,
And some few more, whose names would only vex,
Went as a deputation to the Ex-
Powder-proprietor and Mill-director.

Now Mr. Baker's dwelling-house had pleased
Along with mill-materials to roam,
And for a time the deputies were teased
To find the noisy gentleman at home;
At last they found him with undamaged skin,
Safe at the Tunbridge Arms—not out—but Inn.

The worthy Rector, with uncommon zeal,
Soon put his spoke in for the common weal—
A grave old gentlemanly kind of Urban—
The piteous tale of Jeremiah moulded,
And then unfolded,
By way of climax, Mrs. Davy's turban;
He told how auctioneering Mr. Pidding
Knocked down a lot without a bidding—
How Mr. Miles, in a fright, had given his mare
The whip she would n't bear—
At Prospect House, how Doctor Oates, not Titus,
Danced like St. Vitus—
And Mr. Beak, thro' Powder's misbehaving,
Cut off his nose whilst shaving;—
When suddenly, with words that seemed like swearing,
Beyond a Licenser's belief or bearing—
Broke in the stuttering, sputtering Mr. Gammage—
Who is to pay us, Sir—he argued thus,
"For loss of cus-cus-cus-cus-cus-cus-cus—
Cus-custom, and the dam-dam-dam-dam-damage?"

Now many a person had been fairly puzzled
By such assailants, and completely muzzled;
Baker, however, was not dashed with ease—
But proved he practised after their own system,
And with small ceremony soon dismissed 'em,
Putting these words into their ears like fleas;
"If I do have a blow, well, where 's the oddity?
I merely do as other tradesmen do,
You, Sir—and you—and you!
I 'm only puffing off my own commodity!"

A TRUE STORY.

WHOE'ER has seen upon the human face
The yellow jaundice and the jaundice black,
May form a notion of old Colonel Case
With nigger Pompey waiting at his back.

Case—as the case is, many times with folks
From hot Bengal, Calcutta, or Bombay,
Had tint his tint, as Scottish tongues would say,
And showed two cheeks as yellow as eggs' yolks.
Pompey, the chip of some old ebon block,
In hue was like his master's stiff cravat,
And might indeed have claimed akin to *that*,
Coming, as *he* did, of an old *black stock*.

Case wore the liver's livery that such
Must wear, their past excesses to denote,
Like Greenwich pensioners that take too much,
And then do penance in a yellow coat.
Pompey's, a deep and permanent jet dye,
A stain of nature's staining—one of those
We call *fast* colors—merely, I suppose,
Because such colors never *go* or *fly*.

Pray mark this difference of dark and sallow,
Pompey's black husk, and the old Colonel's yellow.

The Colonel, once a pennyless beginner,
From a long Indian rubber rose a winner,
With plenty of pagodas in his pocket,
And homeward turning his Hibernian thought,
Deemed *Wicklow* was the very place that ought
To harbor one whose *wick* was in the socket.

Unhappily for Case's scheme of quiet,
Wicklow just then was in a pretty riot,
A fact recorded in each day's diurnals,
Things Case was not accustomed to peruse,
Careless of news;
But Pompey always read these bloody journals,
Full of Killmany and of Killmore work,
The freaks of some O'Shaunessy's shillaly,
Of mornings frays by some O'Brien Burke,
Or horrid nightly outrage by some Daly;
How scums deserving of the Devil's ladle,
Would fall upon the harmless scull and knock it,
And if he found an infant in the cradle,
Stern Rock would hardly hesitate to rock it;—
In fact, he read of burner and of killer,
And Irish ravage, day after day,
Till, haunting in his dreams, he used to say
That "Pompey could not sleep on *Pompey's Pillar*."

Judge then the horror of the nigger's face
To find—with such impressions of that dire land—
That Case—his master—was a packing case
For Ireland!
He saw, in fearful reveries arise,
Phantasmagorias of those dreadful men
Whose fame associate with Irish plots is,
Fitzgeralds—Tones—O'Connors—Hares—and then
"Those *Emmets*," not so "little in his eyes"
As Doctor Watts's!
He felt himself piked, roasted—carved and hacked,
His big black burly body seemed in fact
A pincushion for Terror's pins and needles—
Oh, how he wished himself beneath the sun

Of Afric—or in far Barbadoes—one
Of Bishop Coleridge's new *black beadles.*

Full of his fright,
With broken peace and broken English choking,
As black as any raven, and as croaking,
Pompey rushed in upon his master's sight,
Plumped on his knees, and clasped his sable digits,
Thus stirring Curiosity's sharp fidgets—
"O Massa!—Massa!—Colonel!—Massa Case:—
Not go to Ireland!—Ireland dam bad place;
Dem take our bloods—dem Irish—every drop—
Oh why for Massa go so far a distance
To have him life?"——Here Pompey made a stop
Putting an awful period to existence.

"Not go to Ireland—not to Ireland, fellow,
And murdered—why should I be murdered, Sirrah?"
Cried Case, with anger's tinge upon his yellow—;
Pompey, for answer, pointing in a mirror
The Colonel's saffron, and his own japan,—
"Well, what has that to do—quick—speak outright, boy?"
"O Massa"—(so the explanation ran)
"Massa be killed—'cause Massa *Orange Man*,
And Pompey killed—'cause Pompey not a *White Boy!*"

THERE'S NO ROMANCE IN THAT!

"So while I fondly imagined we were deceiving my relations, and flattered myself that I should outwit and incense them all; behold, my hopes are to be crushed at once, by my aunt's consent and approbation, and I am myself the only dupe. But here, Sir, —here is the picture!"—LYDIA LANGUISH.

O DAYS of old, O days of Knights,
Of tourneys and of tilts,
When love was balked and valor stalked
On high heroic stilts—
Where are ye gone?—adventures cease,
The world gets tame and flat—
We 've nothing now but New Police—
There 's no Romance in that!

I wish I ne'er had learned to read,
Or Radcliffe how to write;
That Scott had been a boor on Tweed,
And Lewis cloistered quite!
Would I had never drank so deep
Of dear Miss Porter's vat;
I only turn to life, and weep—
There's no Romance in that!

No Bandits lurk—no turbaned Turk
To Tunis bears me off—
I hear no noises in the night
Except my mother's cough—
No Bleeding Spectre haunts the house,
No shape—but owl or bat,
Come flitting after moth or mouse—
There's no Romance in that!

I have not any grief profound,
Or secrets to confess,
My story would not fetch a pound
For A. K. Newman's press;
Instead of looking thin and pale,
I 'm growing red and fat,
As if I lived on beef and ale—
There 's no Romance in that!

It 's very hard, by land or sea
Some strange event I court,
But nothing ever comes to me
That 's worth a pen's report:
It really made my temper chafe,
Each coast that I was at,
I vowed, and railed, and came home safe—
There 's no Romance in that!

The only time I had a chance
At Brighton one fine day,
My chestnut mare began to prance,
Took fright, and ran away;
Alas! no Captain of the Tenth
To stop my steed came pat;
A Butcher caught the rein at length—
There 's no Romance in that!

Love—even love—goes smoothly on
A railway sort of track—
No flinty sire, no jealous Don!
No hearts upon the rack;
No Polydore, no Theodore—
His ugly name is Mat,
Plain Matthew Pratt and nothing more—
There 's no Romance in that!

He is not dark, he is not tall—
His forehead 's rather low,
He is not pensive—not at all,
But smiles his teeth to show;
He comes from Wales and yet in size
Is really but a sprat;
With sandy hair and greyish eyes—
There's no Romance in that!

He wears no plumes or Spanish cloaks,
Or long sword hanging down;
He dresses much like other folks,
And commonly in brown;
His collar he will not discard,
Or give up his cravat,
Lord Byron-like—he 's not a Bard—
There 's no Romance in that!

He 's rather bald, his sight is weak,
He 's deaf in either drum;
Without a lisp he cannot speak,
But then—he 's worth a plum.
He talks of stocks and three per cents,
By way of private chat,
Of Spanish Bonds, and shares, and rents—
There 's no Romance in that!

I sing—no matter what I sing,
Di Tanti—or Crudel,
Tom Bowling, or God save the King,
Di piacer—All's well;
He knows no more about a voice
For singing than a gnat—
And as to Music "has no choice"—
There's no Romance in that!

Of light guitar I cannot boast,
He never serenades;
He writes, and sends it by the post,
He does n't bribe the maids:
No stealth, no hempen ladder—no!
He comes with loud rat-tat
That startles half of Bedford Row—
There 's no Romance in that!

He comes at nine in time to choose
His coffee—just two cups,
And talks with Pa about the news,
Repeats debates, and sups.
John helps him with his coat aright,
And Jenkins hands his hat;
My lover bows and says good night—
There 's no Romance in that!

I 've long had Pa's and Ma's consent,
My aunt she quite approves,
My Brother wishes joy from Kent,
None try to thwart our loves;
On Tuesday reverend Mr. Mace
Will make me Mrs. Pratt,
Of Number Twenty, Sussex Place—
There 's no Romance in that."

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S MOTTO.

"The Admiral compelled them all to strike."—LIFE OF NELSON.

HUSH! silence in School—not a noise!
You shall soon see there 's nothing to jeer at,
Master Marsh, most audacious of boys!
Come!—"Palmam qui meruit ferat!"

So this morn, in the midst of the Psalm,
The Miss Siffkins's school you must leer at,
You 're complained of—Sir! hold out your palm—
There!—"Palmam qui meruit ferat!"

You wilful young rebel, and dunce!
This offence all your sins shall appear at,
You shall have a good caning at once—
There!—"Palmam qui meruit ferat!"

You are backward, you know, in each verb,
And your pronouns you are not more clear at,
But you 're forward enough to disturb—
There!—"Palmam qui meruit ferat!"

You said Master Twigg stole the plums,
When the orchard he never was near at,
I'll not punish wrong fingers or thumbs—
There!—"Palmam qui meruit ferat!"

You make Master Taylor your butt,
And this morning his face you threw beer at,
And you struck him—do *you* like a cut?
There!—"Palmam qui meruit ferat!"

Little Biddle you likewise distress,
You are always his hair, or his ear at—
He 's my *Opt*, Sir, and you are my *Pess:*
There!—"Palmam qui meruit ferat!"

Then you had a pitcht fight with young Rous,
An offence I am always severe at!
You discredit to Cicero-House!
There!—"Palmam qui meruit ferat!"

You have made, too, a plot in the night
To run off from the school that you rear at!
Come, your other hand, now, Sir—the right,
There!—"Palmam qui meruit ferat!"

I'll teach you to draw, you young dog!
Such pictures as I 'm looking here at!
"Old Mounseer making soup of a frog,"
There!—"Palmam qui meruit ferat!"

You have run up a bill at a shop
That in paying you 'll be a whole year at—
You 've but twopence a week, Sir, to stop!
There!—"Palmam qui meruit ferat!"

Then at dinner you 're quite cock-a-hoop,
And the soup you are certain to sneer at—
I have sipped it—it 's very good soup—
There!—"Palmam qui meruit ferat!"

T' other day, when I fell o'er the form,
Was my tumble a thing, Sir, to cheer at?
Well for you that my temper 's not warm—
There!—"Palmam qui meruit ferat!"

Why, you rascal! you insolent brat!
All my talking you don't shed a tear at,
There—take that, Sir! and that! that! and that!
There!—"Palmam qui meruit ferat!"

HUGGINS AND DUGGINS.

A PASTORAL AFTER POPE.

Two swains or clowns—but call them swains—
While keeping flocks on Salisbury Plains,
For all that tend on sheep as drovers
Are turned to songsters, or to lovers,
Each of the lass he called his dear
Began to carol loud and clear.
First Huggins sang, and Duggins then,
In the way of ancient shepherd men:
Who thus alternate hitched in song,
"All things by turns, and nothing long."

HUGGINS.

Of all the girls about our place,
There's one beats all in form and face;
Search through all Great and Little Bumpstead,
You 'll only find one Peggy Plumstead.

DUGGINS.

To groves and streams I tell my flame,
I make the cliffs repeat her name:
When I 'm inspired by gills and noggins,
The rocks re-echo Sally Hoggins!

HUGGINS.

When I am walking in the grove,
I think of Peggy as I rove.
I 'd carve her name on every tree,
But I don't know my A, B, C.

DUGGINS.

Whether I walk in hill or valley,
I think of nothing else but Sally.
I 'd sing her praise, but I can sing
No song, except " God save the King."

HUGGINS.

My Peggy does all nymphs excel,
And all confess she bears the bell;—
Where'er she goes swains flock together,
Like sheep that follow the bellwether.

DUGGINS.

Sally is tall and not too straight—
Those very poplar shapes I hate;
But something twisted like an S—
A crook becomes a shepherdess.

HUGGINS.

When Peggy's dog her arms emprison,
I often wish my lot was hisn;
How often I should stand and turn,
To get a pat from hands like hern.

DUGGINS.

I tell Sall's lambs how blest they be,
To stand about and stare at she;
But when I look, she turns and shies,
And won't bear none but their sheep's-eyes!

HUGGINS.

Love goes with Peggy where she goes—
Beneath her smile the garden grows;
Potatoes spring, and cabbage starts,
'Tatoes have eyes, and cabbage hearts!

DUGGINS.

Where Sally goes it 's always Spring,
Her presence brightens every thing;
The sun smiles bright, but where her grin is,
It makes brass farthings look like guineas.

HUGGINS.

For Peggy I can have no joy,
She 's sometimes kind, and sometimes coy,
And keeps me, by her wayward tricks,
As comfortless as sheep with ticks.

DUGGINS.

Sally is ripe as June or May,
And yet as cold as Christmas day;
For when she 's asked to change her lot,
Lamb's wool—but Sally, she wool not.

HUGGINS.

Only with Peggy and with health,
I 'd never wish for state or wealth;
Talking of having health and more pence,
I 'd drink her health if I had fourpence.

DUGGINS.

Oh, how that day would seem to shine,
If Sally's banns were read with mine;
She cries, when such a wish I carry,
"Marry come up!" but will not marry.

A STORM AT HASTINGS,

AND THE LITTLE UNKNOWN.

'T WAS August—Hastings every day was filling—
Hastings, that "greenest spot on memory's waste!'
With crowds of idlers willing or unwilling
To be bedipped—be noticed—or be braced,
And all things rose a penny in a shilling.
Meanwhile, from window and from door, in haste
"Accommodation bills" kept coming down,
Gladding "the world of letters" in that town.

Each day poured in new coach-fulls of new cits,
Flying from London smoke and dust annoying,
Unmarried Misses hoping to make hits,
And new-wed couples fresh from Tunbridge toying.
Lacemen and placemen, ministers and wits,
And quakers of both sexes, much enjoying
A morning's reading by the ocean's rim,
That sect delighting in the sea's broad brim.

And lo! amongst all these appeared a creature
So small, he almost might a twin have been
With Miss Crachami—dwarfish quite in stature,
Yet well proportioned—neither fat nor lean,

His face of marvellously pleasant feature,
So short and sweet a man was never seen—
All thought him charming at the first beginning—
Alas, ere long they found him far too winning!

He seemed in love with chance—and chance repaid
His ardent passion with her fondest smile,
The sunshine of good luck, without a shade,
He staked and won—and won and staked—the bile
It stirred of many a man and many a maid,
To see at every venture how that vile
Small gambler snatched—and how he won them too—
A living Pam, omnipotent at loo!

Miss Wiggins set her heart upon a box,
'T was handsome, rosewood, and inlaid with brass,
And dreamt three times she garnished it with stocks
Of needles, silks, and cottons—but alas!
She lost it wide awake.—We thought Miss Cox
Was lucky—but she saw three caddies pass
To that small imp;—no living luck could loo him!
Sir Stamford would have lost his Raffles to him!

And so he climbed—and rode, and won—and walked
The wondrous topic of the curious swarm
That haunted the Parade. Many were balked
Of notoriety by that small form
Pacing it up and down:—some even talked
Of ducking him—when lo! a dismal storm
Stepped in—one Friday, at the close of day—
And every head was turned another way—

Watching the grander guest. It seemed to rise
Bulky and slow upon the southern brink

Of the horizon—fanned by sultry sighs—
So black and threatening, I cannot think
Of any simile, except the skies
Miss Wiggins sometime *shades* in Indian ink—
Miss-shapen blotches of such heavy vapor,
They seem a deal more solid than her paper.

As for the sea, it did not fret, and rave,
And tear its waves to tatters, and so dash on
The stony-hearted beach;—some bards would have
It always rampant, in that idle fashion—
Whereas the waves rolled in, subdued and grave,
Like schoolboys, when the master's in a passion,
Who meekly settle in and take their places,
With a very quiet awe on all their faces.

Some love to draw the ocean with a head,
Like troubled table-beer—and make it bounce,
And froth, and roar, and fling—but this, I've said,
Surged in scarce rougher than a lady's flounce:—
But then, a grander contrast thus it bred
With the wild welkin, seeming to pronounce
Something more awful in the serious ear,
As one would whisper that a lion's near—

Who just begins to roar: so the hoarse thunder
Growled long—but low—a prelude note of death,
As if the stifling clouds yet kept it under;
But still it muttered to the sea beneath
Such a continued peal, as made us wonder
It did not pause more oft to take its breath,
Whilst we were panting with the sultry weather,
And hardly cared to wed two words together,

But watched the surly advent of the storm,
Much as the brown-cheeked planters of Barbadoes
Must watch a rising of the Negro swarm:—
Meantime it steered, like Odin's old Armadas,
Right on our coast;—a dismal, coal-black form;—
Many proud gaits were quelled—and all bravadoes
Of folly ceased—and sundry idle jokers
Went home to cover up their tongs and pokers.

So fierce the lightning flashed.—In all their days
The oldest smugglers had not seen such flashing,
And they are used to many a pretty blaze,
To keep their Hollands from an awkward clashing
With hostile cutters in our creeks and bays:—
And truly one could think, without much lashing
The fancy, that those coasting clouds so awful
And black, were fraught with spirits as unlawful.

The gay Parade grew thin—all the fair crowd
Vanished—as if they knew their own attractions—
For now the lightning through a near hand cloud
Began to make some very crooked fractions—
Only some few remained that were not cowed,
A few rough sailors, who had been in actions,
And sundry boatmen, that with quick yeo's,
Lest it should *blow*—were pulling up the *Rose:*

(No flower, but a boat)—some more hauling
The *Regent* by the head:—another crew
With that same cry peculiar to their *calling*—
Were heaving up the *Hope:*—and as they knew
The very gods themselves oft get a mauling
In their own realms, the seamen wisely drew
The *Neptune* rather higher on the beach,
That he might lie beyond his billows' reach.

And now the storm, with its despotic power,
Had all usurped the azure of the skies,
Making our daylight darker by an hour,
And some few drops—of an unusual size—
Few and distinct—scarce twenty to the shower,
Fell like huge tear-drops from a Giant's eyes—
But then this sprinkle thickened in a trice
And rained much *harder*—in good solid ice.

Oh! for a very storm of words to show
How this fierce crash of hail came rushing o'er us!
Handel would make the gusty organs blow
Grandly, and a rich storm in music score us;—
But even his music seemed composed and low
When we were *handled* by this Hailstone Chorus;
Whilst thunder rumbled, with its awful sound,
And frozen comfits rolled along the ground—

As big as bullets:—Lord! how they did batter
Our crazy tiles:—And now the lightning flashed
Alternate with the dark, until the latter
Was rarest of the two:—the gust too dashed
So terribly, I thought the hail must shatter
Some panes—and so it did—and first it smashed
The very square where I had chose my station
To watch the general illumination.

Another, and another, still came in,
And fell in jingling ruin at my feet,
Making transparent holes that let me win
Some samples of the storm:—Oh! it was sweet
To think I had a shelter for my skin,
Culling them through these "loopholes of retreat"—
Which in a little we began to glaze—
Chiefly with a jacktowel and some baize!

By which, the cloud had passed o'erhead, but played
Its crooked fires in constant flashes still,
Just in our rear, as though it had arrayed
Its heavy batteries at Fairlight Mill,
So that it lit the town, and grandly made
The rugged features of the Castle Hill
Leap, like a birth, from chaos, into light,
And then relapse into the gloomy night—

As parcel of the cloud :—the clouds themselves,
Like monstrous crags and summits everlasting,
Piled each on each in most gigantic shelves,
That Milton's devils were engaged in blasting.—
We could e'en fancy Satan and his elves
Busy upon those crags, and ever casting
Huge fragments loose—and that we *felt* the sound
They made in falling to the startled ground.

And so the tempest scowled away—and soon
Timidly shining through its skirts of jet,
We saw the rim of the pacific moon,
Like a bright fish entangled in a net,
Flashing its silver sides—how sweet a boon
Seemed her sweet light, as though it would beget,
With that fair smile, a calm upon the seas—
Peace in the sky—and coolness in the breeze !

Meantime the hail had ceased :—and all the brood
Of glaziers stole abroad to count their gains ;—
At every window, there were maids who stood
Lamenting o'er the glass's small remains—
Or with coarse linens made the fractions good,
Stanching the wind in all the wounded panes—
Or, holding candles to the panes, in doubt :
The wind resolved—blowing the candles out.

No house was whole that had a southern front—
No green-house but the same mishap befell;—
Bow-windows and *bell*-glasses bore the brunt—
No sex in glass was spared!——For those who dwell
On each hill-side, you might have swam a punt
In any of their parlors;—Mrs. Snell
Was slopped out of her seat; and Mr. Hitchin
Had a *flower*-garden washed into a *Kitchen.*

But still the sea was mild, and quite disclaimed
The recent violence.—Each after each
The gentle waves a gentle murmur framed,
Tapping, like Woodpeckers, the hollow beach.
Howbeit his *weather eye* the seaman aimed
Across the calm, and hinted by his speech
A gale next morning—and when morning broke
There was a gale—"quite equal to bespoke."

Before high water—(it were better far
To christen it not *water* then, but *waiter*,
For then the tide is *serving at the bar*)
Rose such a swell—I never saw one greater!
Black, jagged billows rearing up in war
Like ragged, roaring bears against the baiter,
With lots of froth upon the shingle shed,
Like stout poured out with a fine *beachy head.*

No open boat was open to a fare,
Or launched that morn on seven-shilling trips,
No bathing-woman waded—none would dare
A dipping in the wave—but waived their dips,
No sea-gull ventured on the stormy air,
And all the dreary coast was clear of ships;
For two *lea shores* upon the river Lea
Are not so perilous as one at sea.

Awe-struck we sat, and gazed upon the scene
Before us in such horrid hurly-burly—
A boiling ocean of mixed black and green,
A sky of copper-color, grim and surly—
When lo, in that vast hollow scooped between
Two rolling Alps of water—white and curly!
We saw a pair of little arms a-skimming,
Much like a first or last attempt at swimming!

Sometimes a hand—sometimes a little shoe—
Sometimes a skirt—sometimes a hank of hair
Just like a dabbled seaweed rose to view;
Sometimes a knee, sometimes a back was bare—
At last a frightful summerset he threw
Right on the shingles. Any one could swear
The lad was dead—without a chance of perjury,
And battered by the surge beyond all surgery!

However, we snatched up the corse thus thrown,
Intending, Christian-like, to sod and turf it,
And after venting Pity's sigh and groan,
Then Curiosity began with *her* fit;
And lo! the features of the Small Unknown!
'Twas he that of the surf had had this surfeit!—
And in his fob, the cause of late monopolies,
We found a contract signéd Mephistophiles!

A bond of blood, whereby the sinner gave
His forfeit soul to Satan in reversion,
Providing in this world he was to have
A lordship over luck, by whose exertion
He might control the course of cards, and brave
All throws of dice—but on a sea excursion
The juggling Demon, in his usual vein,
Seized the last cast—and *Nicked* him in the *main!*

LINES.

TO A LADY ON HER DEPARTURE FOR INDIA.

Go where the waves run rather Holborn-hilly,
And tempests make a soda-water sea,
Almost as rough as our rough Piccadilly,
And think of me!

Go where the mild Madeira ripens *her* juice—
A wine more praised than it deserves to be!
Go pass the Cape, just capable of ver-juice,
And think of me!

Go where the Tiger in the darkness prowleth,
Making a midnight meal of he and she;
Go where the Lion in his hunger howleth,
And think of me!

Go where the serpent dangerously coileth,
Or lies along at full length like a tree,
Go where the Suttee in her own soot broileth,
And think of me!

Go where with human notes the Parrot dealeth
In mono-*polly*-logue with tongue as free,
And like a woman, all she can revealeth,
And think of me!

Go to the land of muslin and nankeening,
And parasols of straw where hats should be,
Go to the land of slaves and palankeening,
And think of me!

Go to the land of Jungles and of vast hills,
And tall bamboos—may none *bamboozle* thee!
Go gaze upon their Elephants and Castles,
And think of me!

Go where a cook must always be a currier,
And parch the pepper'd palate like a pea,
Go where the fierce musquito is a worrier,
And think of me!

Go where the maiden on a marriage plan goes,
Consigned for wedlock to Calcutta's quay,
Where woman goes for mart, the same as mangoes,
And think of me!

Go where the sun is very hot and fervent,
Go to the land of pagod and rupee,
Where every black will be your slave and servant,
And think of me!

SONNET.

Along the Woodford road there comes a noise
Of wheels, and Mr. Rounding's neat postchaise
Struggles along, drawn by a pair of bays,
With Rev. Mr. Crow and six small Boys;
Who ever and anon declare their joys,
With trumping horns and juvenile huzzas,
At going home to spend their Christmas days,
At changing Learning's pains for Pleasure's toys.
Six weeks elapse, and down the Woodford way,
A heavy coach drags six more heavy souls,
But no glad urchins shout, no trumpets bray;
The carriage makes a halt, the gate-bell tolls,
And little Boys walk in as dull and mum
As six new scholars to the Deaf and Dumb.

DECEMBER AND MAY.

"Crabbed Age and Youth cannot live together."
SHAKSPEARE.

SAID Nestor, to his pretty wife, quite sorrowful one day,
"Why, dearest, will you shed in pearls those lovely eyes
away?
You ought to be more fortified;"—"Ah, brute, be quiet,
do,
I know I'm not so fortyfied, nor fiftyfied, as you!

"Oh, men are vile deceivers all, as I have ever heard,
You'd die for me, you swore, and I—I took you at your
word.
I was a tradesman's widow then—a pretty change I've
made;
To live, and die the wife of one, a widower by trade!"

"Come, come, my dear, these flighty airs declare, in sober
truth,
You want as much in age, indeed, as I can want in youth;
Besides, you said you liked old men, though now at me you
huff."
"Why, yes," she said, "and so I do—but you're not old
enough!"

"Come, come, my dear, let's make it up, and have a quiet
hive;
I'll be the best of men—I mean—I'll be the best *alive!*
Your grieving so will kill me, for it cuts me to the core."—
"I thank ye, sir, for telling me—for now I'll grieve the
more!"

MORAL REFLECTIONS ON THE CROSS OF ST. PAUL'S.

THE man that pays his pence, and goes
Up to thy lofty cross, St. Paul,
Looks over London's naked nose,
Women and men:
The world is all beneath his ken,
He sits above the *Ball*.
He seems on Mount Olympus' top,
Among the Gods, by Jupiter! and lets drop
His eyes from the empyreal clouds
On mortal crowds.
Seen from these skies,
How small those emmets in our eyes!
Some carry little sticks—and one
His eggs—to warm them in the sun:
Dear! what a hustle,
And bustle!
And there 's my aunt. I know her by her waist,
So long and thin,
And so pinched in,
Just in the pismire taste.
Oh! what are men?—Beings so small,
That, should I fall
Upon their little heads, I must
Crush them by hundreds into dust!
And what is life? and all its ages—
There 's seven stages!
Turnham Green! Chelsea! Putney! Fulham!
Brentford! and Kew!
And Tooting, too!
And oh! what very little nags to pull 'em.

Yet each would seem a horse indeed,
If here at Paul's tip-top we 'd got 'em;
Although, like Cinderella's breed,
They 're mice at bottom.
Then let me not despise a horse,
Though he looks small from Paul's high-cross!
Since he would be—as near the sky—
Fourteen hands high.
What is this world with London in its lap?
Mogg's Map.
The Thames, that ebbs and flows in its broad channel?
A *tidy* kennel.
The bridges stretching from its banks?
Stone planks.
Oh me! hence could I read an admonition
To mad Ambition!
But that he would not listen to my call,
Though I should stand upon the cross, and *bawl!*

A VALENTINE.

Oh! cruel heart! ere these posthumous papers
Have met thine eyes, I shall be out of breath;
Those cruel eyes, like two funereal tapers,
Have only lighted me the way to death.
Perchance, thou wilt extinguish them in vapors,
When I am gone, and green grass covereth
Thy lover, lost; but it will be in vain—
It will not bring the vital spark again.

Ah! when those eyes, like tapers, burned so blue,
It seemed an omen that we must expect
The sprites of lovers: and it boded true,
For I am half a sprite—a ghost elect;

Wherefore I write to thee this last adieu,
With my last pen—before that I effect
My exit from the stage; just stopped before
The tombstone steps that lead us to death's door.

Full soon these living eyes, now liquid bright,
Will turn dead dull, and wear no radiance, save
They shed a dreary and inhuman light,
Illumed within by glow-worms of the grave;
These ruddy cheeks, so pleasant to the sight,
These lusty legs, and all the limbs I have,
Will keep Death's carnival, and, foul or fresh,
Must bid farewell, a long farewell to flesh!

Yea, and this very heart, that dies for thee,
As broken victuals to the worms will go;
And all the world will dine again but me—
For I shall have no stomach;—and I know,
When I am ghostly, thou wilt sprightly be
As now thou art: but will not tears of woe
Water thy spirits with remorse adjunct,
When thou dost pause, and think of the defunct?

And when thy soul is buried in a sleep,
In midnight solitude, and little dreaming
Of such a spectre—what, if I should creep,
Within thy presence in such dismal seeming?
Thine eyes will stare themselves awake, and weep,
And thou wilt cross thyself with treble screaming
And pray with mingled penitence and dread
That I were less alive—or not so dead.

Then will thy heart confess thee, and reprove
This wilful homicide which thou hast done:

And the sad epitaph of so much love
Will eat into my heart, as if in stone:
And all the lovers that around thee move,
Will read my fate and tremble for their own;
And strike upon their heartless breasts, and sigh,
"Man, born of woman, must of woman die!"

Mine eyes grow dropsical—I can no more—
And what is written thou may'st scorn to read,
Shutting thy tearless eyes.—'Tis done—'tis o'er—
My hand is destined for another deed.
But one last word wrung from its aching core,
And my lone heart in silentness will bleed;
Alas! it ought to take a life to tell
That one last word—that fare—fare—fare thee well!

SONNET ON STEAM.

BY AN UNDER-OSTLER.

I WISH I livd a Thowsen year Ago
Wurking for Sober six and Seven milers
And dubble Stages runnen safe and slo
The Orsis cum in Them days to the Bilers
But Now by meens of Powers of Steem forces
A-turning Coches into Smoakey Kettels
The Bilers seam a Cumming to the Orses
And Helps and naggs Will sune be out of Vittels
Poor Bruits I wunder How we bee to Liv
When sutch a change of Orses is our Faits
No nothink need Be sifted in a Siv
May them Blowd ingins all Blow up their Grates
And Theaves of Oslers crib the Coles and Giv
Their blackgard Hannimuls a Feed of Slaits!

A RECIPE—FOR CIVILIZATION.

The following Poem—is from the pen of DOCTOR KITCHENER!—the most heterogeneous of authors, but at the same time—in the Sporting Latin of Mr. Egan—a real Homo-*genius*, or a Genius of a Man! In the Poem, his CULINARY ENTHUSIASM, as usual—*boils over!* and makes it seem written, as he describes himself (see The Cook's Oracle,—with the Spit in one hand!—and the Frying Pan in the other—while in the style of the rhymes it is Hudibrastic—as if in the ingredients of Versification he had been assisted by his BUTLER!

As a Head Cook, Optician—Physician, Music Master—Domestic Economist and Death-bed Attorney!—I have celebrated The Author elsewhere with approbation;—and cannot now place him upon the Table *as a Poet*—without st ll being his LAUDER, a phrase which those persons whose course of classical reading recalls the INFAMOUS FORGERY on *the Immortal Bard of Avon!*—will find easy to understand.

SURELY, those sages err who teach
That man is known from brutes by speech,
Which hardly severs man from woman,
But not th' inhuman from the human—
Or else might parrots claim affinity,
And dogs be doctors by latinity—
Not t' insist (as might be shown)
That beasts have gibberish of their own,
Which once was no dead tongue, tho' we
Since Esop's days have lost the key;
Nor yet to hint dumb men—and, still, not
Beasts that could gossip though they will not,
But play at dummy like the monkeys,
For fear mankind should make them flunkies.
Neither can man be known by feature
Or form, because so like a creature,
That some grave men could never shape
Which is the aped and which the ape,
Nor by his gait, nor by his height,
Nor yet because he 's black or white,
But *rational*—for so we call
The only COOKING ANIMAL!

The only one who brings his bit
Of dinner to the pot or spit;
For where 's the lion e'er was hasty
To put his ven'son in a pasty?
Ergo, by logic, we repute
That he who cooks is not a brute—
But Equus brutum est, which means,
If a horse had sense he 'd boil his beans,
Nay, no one but a horse would forage
On naked oats instead of porridge,
Which proves, if brutes and Scotchmen vary,
The difference is culinary.
Further, as man is known by feeding
From brutes—so men from men, in breeding
Are still distinguished as they eat,
And raw in manners, raw in meat—
Look at the polished nations, hight
The civilized—the most polite
Is that which bears the praise of nations
For dressing eggs two hundred fashions,
Whereas, at savage feeders look—
The less refined the less they cook;
From Tartar grooms that merely straddle
Across a steak and warm their saddle,
Down to the Abyssinian squaw
That bolts her chops and collops raw,
And, like a wild beast, cares as little
To dress her person as her victual—
For gowns, and gloves, and caps, and tippets,
Are beauty's sauces, spice, and sippets,
And not by shamble bodies put on,
But those who roast and boil their mutton;
So Eve and Adam wore no dresses

Because they lived on water cresses,
And till they learned to cook their crudities,
Went blind as beetles to their nudities.
For niceness comes from th' inner side,
(As an ox is drest before his hide,)
And when the entrail loathes vulgarity
The outward man will soon cull rarity,
For 'tis th' effect of what we eat
To make a man look like his meat,
As insects show their food's complexions;
Thus fopling clothes are like confections.
But who, to feed a jaunty coxcomb,
Would have an Abyssinian ox come?
Or serve a dish of fricassees,
To clodpoles in a coat of frize?
Whereas a black would call for buffalo
Alive—and, no doubt, eat the offal too.
Now (this premised), it follows then
That certain culinary men
Should first go forth with pans and spits
To bring the heathens to their wits,
(For all wise Scotchmen of our century
Know that first steps are alimentary;
And, as we have proved, flesh pots and saucepans
Must pave the way for Wilberforce plans;)
But Bunyan erred to think the near gate
To take man's soul, was battering Ear gate,
When reason should have worked her course
As men of war do—when their force
Can't take a town by open courage,
They steal an entry with its forage.
What reverend bishop, for example,
Could preach horned Apis from his temple?

Whereas a cook would soon unseat him,
And make his own churchwardens eat him.
Not Irving could convert those vermin
Th' Anthropophages, by a sermon;
Whereas your Osborne,* in a trice,
Would "take a shin of beef and spice,"—
And raise them such a savory smother,
No negro would devour his brother,
But turn his stomach round as loth
As Persians, to the old black broth—
For knowledge oftenest makes an entry,
As well as true love, thro' the pantry,
Where beaux that came at first for feeding
Grow gallant men and get good breeding;—
Exempli gratia—in the West,
Ship-traders say there swims a nest
Lined with black natives, like a rookery,
But coarse as carrion crows at cookery.—
This race, though now called O. Y. E. men,
(To show they are more than A. B. C. men,)
Was once so ignorant of our knacks
They laid their mats upon their backs,
And grew their quartern loaves for luncheon
On trees that baked them in the sunshine.
As for their bodies, they were coated,
(For painted things are so denoted;)
But, the naked truth is stark primevals,
That said their prayers to timber devils,
Allowed polygamy—dwelt in wig-wams—
And, when they meant a feast, ate big yams.—
And why?—because their savage nook

* Cook to the late Sir John Banks.

Had ne'er been visited by Cook—
And so they fared till our great chief,
Brought them, not Methodists, but beef
In tubs—and taught them how to live,
Knowing it was too soon to give,
Just then, a homily on their sins,
(For cooking ends ere grace begins,)
Or hand his tracts to the untractable
Till they could keep a more exact table—
For nature has her proper courses,
And wild men must be backed like horses,
Which, jockeys know, are never fit
For riding till they 've had a bit
I' the mouth; but then, with proper tackle,
You may trot them to a tabernacle,
Ergo (I say) he first made changes
In the heathen modes, by kitchen ranges,
And taught the king's cook, by convincing
Process, that chewing was not mincing,
And in her black fist thrust a bundle
Of tracts abridged from Glasse and Rundell,
Where, ere she had read beyond Welsh rabbits,
She saw the spareness of her habits,
And round her loins put on a striped
Towel, where fingers might be wiped,
And then her breast clothed like her ribs,
(For aprons lead of course to bibs,)
And, by the time she had got a meat-
Screen, veiled her back, too, from the heat—
As for her gravies and her sauces,
(Tho' they reformed the royal fauces,)
Her forcemeats and ragouts—I praise not,
Because the legend further says not,

Except, she kept each Christian high-day,
And once upon a fat good Fry-day
Ran short of logs, and told the Pagan,
That turned the spit, to chop up Dagon!—

LINES

TO A FRIEND AT COBHAM.

'Tis pleasant, when we 've absent friends,
Sometimes to hob and nob 'em
With Memory's glass—at such a pass
Remember me at Cobham!

Have pigs you will, and sometimes kill,
But if you sigh and sob 'em,
And cannot eat your home-grown meat,
Remember me at Cobham!

Of hen and cock, you 'll have a stock,
And death will oft unthrob 'em—
A country chick is good to pick—
Remember me at Cobham!

Some orchard trees of course you 'll lease,
And boys will sometimes rob 'em,
A friend (you know) before a foe—
Remember me at Cobham!

You 'll sometimes have wax-lighted rooms,
And friends of course to mob 'em,
Should you be short of such a sort,
Remember me at Cobham!

A GOOD DIRECTION.

A CERTAIN gentleman, whose yellow cheek
Proclaimed he had not been in living quite
An Anchorite—
Indeed, he scarcely ever knew a well day;
At last, by friends' advice, was led to seek
A surgeon of great note—named Aberfeldie.

A very famous Author upon Diet,
Who, better starred than Alchemists of old,
By dint of turning mercury to gold,
Had settled at his country house in quiet.

Our Patient, after some impatient rambles
Thro' Enfield roads, and Enfield lanes of brambles,
At last, to make inquiry had the *nous*—
"Here, my good man,
Just tell me if you can,
Pray which is Mr. Aberfeldie's house?"
The man thus stopped—perusing for a while
The yellow visage of the man of bile,
At last made answer, with a broadish grin:
"Why, turn to right—and left—and right agin,
The road's direct—you cannot fail to go it."

"But stop! my worthy fellow!—one word more—
From other houses how am I to know it!"

'How!—why you 'll see *blue pillars* at the door!"

SONNET.

Allegory—A moral vehicle.—Dictionary.

I had a Gig-Horse, and I called him Pleasure,
Because on Sundays, for a little jaunt,
He was so fast and showy, quite a treasure;
Although he sometimes kicked, and shied aslant.
I had a Chaise, and christened it Enjoyment,
With yellow body, and the wheels of red,
Because 't was only used for one employment,
Namely, to go wherever Pleasure led.
I had a wife, her nickname was Delight;
A son called Frolic, who was never still:
Alas! how often dark succeeds to bright?
Delight was thrown, and Frolic had a spill,
Enjoyment was upset and shattered quite,
And Pleasure fell a splitter on *Paine's Hill!*

TO * * * * *

WITH A FLASK OF RHINE WATER.

The old Catholic City was still
In the Minster the vespers were sung,
And, re-echoed in cadences shrill,
The last call of the trumpet had rung;
While across the broad stream of the Rhine,
The full Moon cast a silvery zone;
And, methought, as I gazed on its shine,
"Surely, that is the Eau de Cologne."

I inquired the place of its source,
If it ran to the east or the west;
But my heart took a note of its course,
That it flowed towards Her I love best—
That it flowed towards Her I love best,
Like those wandering thoughts of my own,
And the fancy such sweetness possessed,
That the Rhine seemed all Eau de Cologne!

SONNET.

TO LORD WHARNCLIFFE, ON HIS GAME-BILL.

I'm fond of partridges, I'm fond of snipes,
I'm fond of black cocks, for they're very good cocks—
I'm fond of wild ducks, and I'm fond of woodcocks,
And grouse that set up such strange moorish pipes.
I'm fond of pheasants with their splendid stripes—
I'm fond of hares, whether from Whig or Tory—
I'm fond of capercailzies in their glory—
Teal, widgeons, plovers, birds in all their types:
All these are in your care, Law-giving Peer,
And when you next address your Lordly Babel,
Some clause put in your Bill, precise and clear,
With due and fit provision to enable
A man that holds all kinds of game so dear
To keep, like Crockford, a good Gaming Table.

A TRUE STORY.

Of all our pains, since man was curst,
I mean of body, not the mental,
To name the worst, among the worst,
The dental sure is transcendental;
Some bit of masticating bone,
That ought to help to clear a shelf,
But let its proper work alone,
And only seems to gnaw itself:
In fact, of any grave attack
On victuals there is little danger,
'Tis so like coming to the *rack*,
As well as going to the manger.

Old Hunks—it seemed a fit retort
Of justice on his grinding ways—
Possessed a grinder of the sort,
That troubled all his latter days.
The best of friends fall out, and so
His teeth had done some years ago,
Save some old stumps, with ragged root,
And they took turn about to shoot;
If he drank any chilly liquor
They made it quite a point to throb;
But if he warmed it on the hob,
Why then they only twitched the quicker.

One tooth—I wonder such a tooth
Had never killed him in his youth—
One tooth he had with many fangs,
That shot at once as many pangs,

It had an universal sting;
One touch of that extatic stump
Could jerk his limbs, and make him jump,
Just like a puppet on a string;
And what was worse than all, it had
A way of making others bad.
There is, as many know, a knack,
With certain farming undertakers,
And this same tooth pursued their track,
By adding *achers* still to *achers!*

One way there is, that has been judged
A certain cure, but Hunks was loth
To pay the fee, and quite begrudged
To lose his tooth and money both;
In fact, a dentist and the wheel
Of Fortune are a kindred cast,
For after all is drawn, you feel
It 's paying for a blank at last;
So Hunks went on from week to week,
And kept his torment in his cheek;
Oh! how it sometimes set him rocking,
With that perpetual gnaw—gnaw—gnaw,
His moans and groans were truly shocking
And loud—altho' he held his jaw.
Many a tug he gave his gum,
And tooth, but still it would not come,
Tho' tied by string to some firm thing,
He could not draw it, do his best,
By draw'rs, altho' he tried a chest.

At last, but after much debating,
He joined a score of mouths in waiting,

Like his, to have their troubles out.
And sight it was to look about
At twenty faces making faces,
With many a rampant trick and antic,
For all were very horrid cases,
And made their owners nearly frantic.
A little wicket now and then
Took one of these unhappy men,
And out again the victim rushed,
While eyes and mouth together gushed;
At last arrived our hero's turn,
Who plunged his hands in both his pockets,
And down he sat, prepared to learn
How teeth are charmed to quit their sockets.

Those who have felt such operations,
Alone can guess the sort of ache,
When his old tooth began to break
The thread of old associations;
It touched a string in every part,
It had so many tender ties;
One chord seemed wrenching at his heart,
And two were tugging at his eyes;
"Bone of his bone," he felt of course,
As husbands do in such divorce;
At last the fangs gave way a little,
Hunks gave his head a backward jerk,
And lo! the cause of all this work,
Went—where it used to send his victual!

The monstrous pain of this proceeding
Had not so numb'd his miser wit,
But in this slip he saw a hit
To save, at least, his purse from bleeding;

So when the dentist sought his fees,
Quoth Hunks, "Let 's finish, if you please."
"How finish? why it 's out!"—"Oh! no—
I 'm none of your beforehand tippers,
'Tis you are out, to argue so;
My tooth is in my head no doubt,
But as you say you pulled it out,
Of course it 's there—between your nippers."
"Zounds! sir, d' ye think I 'd sell the truth
To get a fee? no, wretch, I scorn it."
But Hunks still asked to see the tooth,
And swore by gum! he had not drawn it.
His end obtained, he took his leave,
A secret chuckle in his sleeve;
The joke was worthy to produce one,
To think, by favor of his wit,
How well a dentist had been bit
By one old stump, and that a loose one!

The thing was worth a laugh, but mirth
Is still the frailest thing on earth:
Alas! how often when a joke
Seems in our sleeve, and safe enough,
There comes some unexpected stroke,
And hangs a weeper on the cuff!
Hunks had not whistled half a mile,
When, planted right against a stile,
There stood his foeman, Mike Mahoney.
A vagrant reaper, Irish-born,
That helped to reap our miser's corn,
But had not helped to reap his money,
A fact that Hunks remembered quickly;
His whistle all at once was quelled,

And when he saw how Michael held
His sickle, he felt rather sickly.

Nine souls in ten, with half his fright,
Would soon have paid the bill at sight,
But misers (let observers watch it)
Will never part with their delight
Till well demanded by a hatchet—
They live hard—and they die to match it.
Thus Hunks prepared for Mike's attacking,
Resolved not yet to pay the debt,
But let him take it out in hacking;
However, Mike began to stickle
In word before he used the sickle;
But mercy was not long attendant:
From words at last he took to blows
And aimed a cut at Hunks's nose;
That made it what some folks are not—
A member very independent.

Heaven knows how far this cruel trick
Might still have led, but for a tramper
That came in danger's very nick,
To put Mahoney to the scamper.
But still compassion met a damper;
There lay the severed nose, alas!
Beside the daisies on the grass,
"Wee, crimson-tipt" as well as they,
According to the poet's lay:
And there stood Hunks, no sight for laughter!
Away ran Hodge to get assistance,
With nose in hand, which Hunks ran after,
But somewhat at unusual distance.
In many a little country place

It is a very common case
To have but one residing doctor,
Whose practice rather seems to be
No practice, but a rule of three,
Physician—surgeon—drug-decoctor;
Thus Hunks was forced to go once more
Where he had ta'en his tooth before.
His mere name made the learned man hot—
"What! Hunks again within my door!
I'll pull his nose;" quoth Hunks, "You cannot."

The doctor looked and saw the case
Plain as the nose *not* on his face.
"O! hum—ha—yes—I understand."
But then arose a long demur,
For not a finger would he stir
Till he was paid his fee in hand;
That matter settled, there they were,
With Hunks well strapped upon his chair.

The opening of a surgeon's job—
His tools, a chestful or a drawerful—
Are always something very awful,
And give the heart the strangest throb;
But never patient in his funks
Looked half so like a ghost as Hunks,
Or surgeon half so like a devil
Prepared for some infernal revel:
His huge black eye kept rolling, rolling,
Just like a bolus in a box,
His fury seemed above controling,
He bellowed like a hunted ox:
"Now, swindling wretch, I 'll show thee how
We treat such cheating knaves as thou;

Oh! sweet is this revenge to sup;
I have thee by the nose—it 's now
My turn—and I will turn it up."

Guess how the miser liked the scurvy
And cruel way of venting passion;
The snubbing folks in this new fashion
Seemed quite to turn him topsy-turvy;
He uttered pray'rs, and groans, and curses,
For things had often gone amiss
And wrong with him before, but this
Would be the worst of all *reverses!*
In fancy he beheld his snout
Turned upward like a pitcher's spout;
There was another grievance yet,
And fancy did not fail to show it,
That he must throw a summerset,
Or stand upon his head to blow it.
And was there then no argument
To change the doctor's vile intent,
And move his pity?—yes, in truth,
And that was—paying for the tooth.
"Zounds! pay for such a stump! I 'd rather—"
But here the menace went no farther,
For with his other ways of pinching,
Hunks had a miser's love of snuff,
A recollection strong enough
To cause a very serious flinching;
In short, he paid and had the feature
Replaced as it was meant by nature;
For tho' by this 't was cold to handle,
(No corpse's could have felt more horrid,)
And white just like an end of candle.

The doctor deemed and proved it too,
That noses from the nose will do
As well as noses from the forehead;
So, fixed by dint of rag and lint,
The part was bandaged up and muffled.
The chair unfastened, Hunks arose,
And shuffled out, for once unshuffled;
And as he went these words he snuffled—
"Well, this *is* 'paying through the nose.'"

EPIGRAMS

COMPOSED ON READING A DIARY LATELY PUBLISHED.

THAT flesh is grass is now as clear as day,
To any but the merest purblind pup,
Death cuts it down, and then, to make her hay,
My Lady B—— comes and rakes it up.

THE LAST WISH.

WHEN I resign this world so briary,
To have across the Styx my ferrying,
O, may I die without a DIARY!
And be interred without a BURY-ing!

THE poor dear dead have been laid out in vain,
Turned into cash, they are laid out again!

THE MONKEY-MARTYR.

A FABLE.

"God help thee, said I, but I'll let thee out, cost what it will: so I turned about the cage to get to the door."—STERNE.

'Tis strange, what awkward figures and odd capers
Folks cut, who seek their doctrine from the papers;
But there are many shallow politicians
Who take their bias from bewildered journals—
Turn state-physicians,
And make themselves fools'-cap of the diurnals.

One of this kind, not human, but a monkey,
Had read himself at last to this sour creed—
That he was nothing but Oppression's flunkey,
And man a tyrant over all his breed.
He could not read
Of niggers whipt, or over-trampled weavers,
But he applied their wrongs to his own seed,
And nourished thoughts that threw him into fevers.
His very dreams were full of martial beavers,
And drilling Pugs, for liberty pugnacious,
To sever chains vexatious:
In fact, he thought that all his injured line
Should take up pikes in hand, and never drop 'em
Till they had cleared a road to Freedom's shrine—
Unless perchance the turnpike men should stop 'em.

Full of this rancor,
Pacing one day beside St. Clement Danes,
It came into his brains
To give a look in at the Crown and Anchor;

Where certain solemn sages of the nation
Were at that moment in deliberation
How to relieve the wide world of its chains,
Pluck despots down,
And thereby crown
Whitee-as well as blackee-man-cipation.
Pug heard the speeches with great approbation,
And gazed with pride upon the Liberators;
To see mere coal-heavers
Such perfect Bolivars—
Waiters of inns sublimed to innovators,
And slaters dignified as legislators—
Small publicans demanding (such their high sense
Of liberty) an universal license—
And pattern-makers easing Freedom's clogs—
The whole thing seemed
So fine, he deemed
The smallest demagogues as great as Gogs!

Pug, with some curious notions in his noddle,
Walked out at last, and turned into the Strand,
To the left hand,
Conning some portion of the previous twaddle,
And striding with a step that seemed designed
To represent the mighty March of Mind,
Instead of that slow waddle
Of thought, to which our ancestors inclined—
No wonder, then, that he should quickly find
He stood in front of that intrusive pile,
Where Cross keeps many a kind
Of bird confined,
And free-born animal, in durance vile—
A thought that stirred up all the monkey-bile!

The window stood ajar—
It was not far,
Nor, like Parnassus, very hard to climb—
The hour was verging on the supper-time,
And many a growl was sent through many a bar.
Meanwhile Pug scrambled upward like a tar,
And soon crept in,
Unnoticed in the din
Of tuneless throats, that made the attics ring
With all the harshest notes that they could bring;
For like the Jews,
Wild beasts refuse
In midst of their captivity—to sing.

Lord! how it made him chafe,
Full of his new emancipating zeal,
To look around upon this brute-bastille,
And see the king of creatures in—a safe!
The desert's denizen in one small den,
Swallowing slavery's most bitter pills—
A bear in bars unbearable. And then
The fretful porcupine, with all its quills,
Imprisoned in a pen!
A tiger limited to four feet ten;
And, still worse lot,
A leopard to one spot,
An elephant enlarged,
But not discharged;
(It was before the elephant was shot;)
A doleful wanderow, that wandered not;
An ounce much disproportioned to his pound.
Pug's wrath waxed hot
To gaze upon these captive creatures round;

Whose claws—all scratching—gave him full assurance
They found their durance vile of vile endurance.

He went above—a solitary mounter
Up gloomy stairs—and saw a pensive group
Of hapless fowls—
Cranes, vultures, owls,
In fact, it was a sort of Poultry-Compter,
Where feathered prisoners were doomed to droop:
Here sat an eagle, forced to make a stoop,
Not from the skies, but his impending roof;
And there aloof,
A pining ostrich, moping in a coop;
With other samples of the bird creation,
All caged against their powers and their wills,
And cramped in such a space, the longest bills
Were plainly bills of least accommodation.
In truth, it was a very ugly scene
To fall to any liberator's share,
To see those winged fowls, that once had been
Free as the wind, no freer than fixed air.

His temper little mended,
Pug from this Bird-cage Walk at last descended
Unto the lion and the elephant,
His bosom in a pant
To see all nature's Free List thus suspended,
And beasts deprived of what she had intended.
They could not even prey
In their own way;
A hardship always reckoned quite prodigious.
Thus he revolved—
And soon resolved
To give them freedom, civil and religious.

That night, there were no country cousins, raw
From Wales to view the lion and his kin:
The keeper's eyes were fixed upon a saw;
The saw was fixed upon a bullock's shin:
Meanwhile with stealthy paw,
Pug hastened to withdraw
The bolt that kept the king of brutes within.
Now, monarch of the forest! thou shalt win
Precious enfranchisement—thy bolts are undone;
Thou art no longer a degraded creature,
But loose to roam with liberty and nature;
And free of all the jungles about London—
All Hampstead's healthy desert lies before thee!
Methinks I see thee bound from Cross's ark,
Full of the native instinct that comes o'er thee,
And turn a ranger
Of Hounslow Forest, and the Regent's Park—
Thin Rhodes's cows—the mail-coach steeds endanger—
And gobble parish watchmen after dark:—
Methinks I see thee, with the early lark,
Stealing to Merlin's cave—(*thy* cave)—Alas,
That such bright visions should not come to pass!
Alas for freedom, and for freedom's hero!
Alas, for liberty of life and limb!
For Pug had only half unbolted Nero,
When Nero *bolted him!*

CRANIOLOGY.

'Tis strange how like a very dunce,
Man—with his bumps upon his sconce,
Has lived so long, and yet no knowledge he
Has had, till lately, of Phrenology—
A science that by simple dint of
Head-combing he should find a hint of,
When scratching o'er those little pole-hills,
The faculties throw up like mole-hills;—
A science that, in very spite
Of all his teeth, ne'er came to light,
For tho' he knew his skull had *grinders*,
Still there turned up no *organ* finders,
Still sages wrote, and ages fled,
And no man's head came in his head—
Not even the pate of Erra Pater,
Knew aught about its pia mater.
At last great Dr. Gall bestirs him—
I don't know but it might be Spurzheim—
Tho' native of a dull and slow land,
And makes partition of our Poll-land;
At our Acquisitiveness guesses,
And all those necessary *nesses*
Indicative of human habits,
All burrowing in the head like rabbits.
Thus Veneration he made known,
Had got a lodging at the Crown:
And Music (see Deville's example)
A set of chambers in the Temple:
That Language taught the tongues close by,
And took in pupils thro' the eye,

Close by his neighbor Computation,
Who taught the eyebrows numeration.

The science thus—to speak in fit
Terms—having struggled from its nit,
Was seized on by a swarm of Scotchmen,
Those scientifical hotch-potch men,
Who have at least a penny dip
And wallop in all doctorship,
Just as in making broth they smatter
By bobbing twenty things in water;
These men, I say, made quick appliance
And close, to phrenologic science:
For of all learned themes whatever
That schools and colleges deliver,
There 's none they love so near the bodles,
As analyzing their own noddles,
Thus in a trice each northern blockhead
Had got his fingers in his shock head,
And of his bumps was babbling yet worse
Than poor Miss Capulet's dry wet-nurse;
Till having been sufficient rangers
Of their own heads, they took to strangers',
And found in Presbyterians' polls
The things they hated in their souls;
For Presbyterians hear with passion
Of organs joined with veneration.
No kind there was of human pumpkin
But at its bumps it had a bumpkin;
Down to the very lowest gullion,
And oiliest scull of oily scullion.
No great man died but this they *did* do,
They begged his cranium of his widow:

No murderer died by law disaster,
But they took off his sconce in plaster;
For thereon they could show depending
"The head and front of his offending,"
How that his philanthropic bump
Was mastered by a baser lump;
For every bump (these wags insist)
Has its direct antagonist,
Each striving stoutly to prevail,
Like horses knotted tail to tail;
And many a stiff and sturdy battle
Occurs between these adverse cattle,
The secret cause, beyond all question,
Of aches ascribed to indigestion—
Whereas 'tis but two knobby rivals
Tugging together like sheer devils,
Till one gets mastery, good or sinister,
And comes in like a new prime-minister.

Each bias in some master node is:—
What takes M'Adam where a road is,
To hammer little pebbles less?
His organ of Destructiveness.
What makes great Joseph so encumber
Debate? a lumping lump of Number:
Or Malthus rail at babies so?
The smallness of his Philopro—
What severs man and wife? a simple
Defect of the Adhesive pimple:
Or makes weak women go astray?
Their bumps are more in fault than they.
These facts being found and set in order
By grave M.D.'s beyond the Border.

To make them for some few months eternal,
Were entered monthly in a journal,
That many a northern sage still writes in,
And throws his little Northern Lights in,
And proves and proves about the phrenos,
A great deal more than I or he knows.
How Music suffers, *par exemple*,
By wearing tight hats round the temple;
What ills great boxers have to fear
From blisters put behind the ear:
And how a porter's Veneration
Is hurt by porter's occupation:
Whether shillelahs in reality
May deaden Individuality:
Or tongs and poker be creative
Of alterations in the Amative:
If falls from scaffolds make us less
Inclined to all Constructiveness:
With more such matters, all applying
To heads—and therefore *head*ifying.

A PARTHIAN GLANCE.

"Sweet Memory, wafted by thy gentle gale,
Oft up the stream of time I turn my sail."
ROGERS.

COME, my Crony, let 's think upon far-away days,
And lift up a little Oblivion's veil;
Let 's consider the past with a lingering gaze,
Like a peacock whose eyes are inclined to his tail.

Ay, come, let us turn our attention behind,
Like those critics whose heads are so heavy, I fear,
That they can not keep up with the march of the mind,
And so turn face about for reviewing the rear.

Looking over Time's crupper and over his tail,
Oh, what ages and pages there are to revise!
And as farther our back-searching glances prevail,
Like the emmets, "how little we are in our eyes!"

What a sweet pretty innocent, half-a-yard long,
On a dimity lap of true nursery make!
I can fancy I hear the old lullaby song
That was meant to compose me, but kept me awake.

Methinks I still suffer the infantine throes,
When my flesh was a cushion for any long pin—
Whilst they patted my body to comfort my woes,
Oh! how little they dreamt they were driving them in!

Infant sorrows are strong—infant pleasures as weak—
But no grief was allowed to indulge in its note;
Did you ever attempt a small "bubble and squeak,"
Thro' the Dalby's Carminative down in your throat?

Did you ever go up to the roof with a bounce?
Did you ever come down to the floor with the same?
Oh! I can't but agree with both ends, and pronounce
"Head or tails," with a child, an unpleasantish game!

Then an urchin—I see myself urchin, indeed,
With a smooth Sunday face for a mother's delight;
Why should weeks have an end?—I am sure there was need
Of a Sabbath, to follow each Saturday-night.

Was your face ever sent to the housemaid to scrub?
Have you ever felt huckaback softened with sand?
Had you ever your nose towelled up to a snub,
And your eyes knuckled out with the back of the hand?

Then a school-boy—my tailor was nothing in fault,
For an urchin will grow to a lad by degrees—
But how well I remember that "pepper and salt"
That was down to the elbows, and up to the knees!

What a figure it cut when as Norval I spoke!
With a lanky right leg duly planted before;
Whilst I told of the chief that was killed by my stroke,
And extended *my* arms as "the arms that he wore!"

Next a Lover—Oh! say, were you ever in love?
With a lady too cold—and your bosom too hot?
Have you bowed to a shoe-tie, and knelt to a glove?
Like a *beau* that desired to be tied in a knot?

With the Bride all in white, and your body in blue,
Did you walk up the aisle—the genteelest of men?
When I think of that beautiful vision anew,
Oh! I seem but the *biffin* of what I was then!

I am withered and worn by a premature care,
And my wrinkles confess the decline of my days;
Old Time's busy hand has made free with my hair,
And I'm seeking to hide it—by writing for bays!

"DON'T YOU SMELL FIRE?"

Run!—run for St. Clement's engine!
For the Pawnbroker's all in a blaze,
And the pledges are frying and singing—
Oh! how the poor pawners will craze!
Now where can the turncock be drinking?
Was there ever so thirsty an elf?—
But he still may tope on, for I'm thinking
That the plugs are as dry as himself.

The engines!—I hear them come rumbling;
There's the Phœnix! the Globe! and the Sun!
What a row there will be, and a grumbling,
When the water don't start for a run!
See! there they come racing and tearing,
All the street with loud voices is filled;
Oh! it's only the firemen a-swearing
At a man they've run over and killed!

How sweetly the sparks fly away now,
And twinkle like stars in the sky;
It's a wonder the engines don't play now,
But I never saw water so shy!
Why there is n't enough for a snipe,
And the fire it is fiercer, alas!
Oh! instead of the New River Pipe,
They have gone—that they have—to the gas.

Only look at the poor little P——'s
On the roof—is there any thing sadder?
My dears, keep fast hold, if you please,
And they won't be an hour with the ladder!

But if any one 's hot in their feet,
And in very great haste to be saved,
Here 's a nice easy bit in the street,
That M'Adam has lately unpaved!

There is some one—I see a dark shape
At that window, the hottest of all—
My good woman, why don't you escape?
Never think of your bonnet and shawl:
If your dress is n't perfect, what is it
For once in a way to your hurt?
When your husband is paying a visit
There, at Number Fourteen, in his shirt!

Only see how she throws out her *chaney!*
Her basins, and tea-pots, and all
The most brittle of *her* goods—or any,
But they all break in breaking their fall:
Such things are not surely the best
From a two-story window to throw—
She might save a good iron-bound chest,
For there 's plenty of people below!

O dear! what a beautiful flash!
How it shone thro' the window and door;
We shall soon hear a scream and a crash,
When the woman falls thro' with the floor!
There! there! what a volley of flame,
And then suddenly all is obscured!—
Well—I 'm glad in my heart that I came;—
But I hope the poor man is insured!

THE WIDOW.

One widow at a grave will sob
A little while, and weep, and sigh!
If two should meet on such a job,
They 'll have a gossip by and by.
If three should come together—why,
Three widows are good company!
If four should meet by any chance,
Four is a number very nice,
To have a rubber in a trice—
But five will up and have a dance!

Poor Mrs. C—— (why should I not
Declare her name?—her name was Cross)
Was one of those the "common lot"
Had left to weep "no common loss:"—
For she had lately buried then
A man, the "very best of men,"
A lingering truth, discovered first
Whenever men "are at the worst."
To take the measure of her woe,
It was some dozen inches deep—
I mean in crape, and hung so low,
It hid the drops she did *not* weep;
In fact, what human life appears,
It was a perfect "veil of tears."
Though ever since she lost "her prop
And stay"—alas! he would n't stay—
She never had a tear to mop,
Except one little angry drop,
From Passion's eye, as Moore would say;

Because, when Mister Cross took flight,
It looked so very like a spite—
He died upon a washing-day!
Still Widow Cross went twice a week,
As if "to wet a widow's cheek,"
And soothe his grave with sorrow's gravy—
'T was nothing but a make-believe,
She might as well have hoped to grieve
Enough of brine to float a navy;
And yet she often seemed to raise
A cambric kerchief to her eye—
A *duster* ought to be the phrase,
Its work was all so very dry.
The springs were locked that ought to flow—
In England or in widow-woman—
As those that watch the weather know,
Such "backward Springs" are not uncommon.

But why did Widow Cross take pains,
To call upon the "dear remains"—
Remains that could not tell a jot,
Whether she ever wept or not,
Or how his relict took her losses?
Oh! my black ink turns red for shame–
But still the naughty world must learn,
There was a little German came
To shed a tear in "Anna's Urn,"
At the next grave to Mr. Cross's!
For there an angel's virtues slept,
"Too soon did Heaven assert its claim!"
But still her painted face he kept,
"Encompassed in an angel's frame."

He looked quite sad and quite deprived,
His head was nothing but a hat-band;
He looked so lone and so *un*wived,
That soon the Widow Cross contrived
To fall in love with even *that* band;
And all at once the brackish juices
Came gushing out through sorrow's sluices—
Tear after tear too fast to wipe,
Tho' sopped, and sopped, and sopped again–
No leak in sorrow's private pipe,
But like a bursting on the main!
Whoe'er has watched the window-pane—
I mean to say in showery weather—
Has seen two little drops of rain,
Like lovers very fond and fain,
At one another creeping, creeping,
Till both, at last, embrace together:
So fared it with that couple's weeping,
The principle was quite as active—
Tear unto tear
Kept drawing near,
Their very blacks became attractive.
To cut a shortish story shorter,
Conceive them sitting tête-à-tête—
Two cups—hot muffins on a plate—
With "Anna's Urn" to hold hot water!
The brazen vessel for a while
Had lectured in an easy song,
Like Abernethy—on the bile—
The scalded herb was getting strong;
All seemed as smooth as smooth could be,
To have a cosy cup of tea;
Alas! how often human sippers

With unexpected bitters meet,
And buds, the sweetest of the sweet,
Like sugar, only meet the nippers!

The Widow Cross, I should have told,
Had seen three husbands to the mould;
She never sought an Indian pyre,
Like Hindoo wives that lose their loves,
But with a proper sense of fire,
Put up, instead, with "three removes:"
Thus, when with any tender words
Or tears she spoke about her loss,
The dear departed, Mr. Cross,
Came in for nothing but his thirds;
For, as all widows love too well,
She liked upon the list to dwell,
And oft ripped up the old disasters—
She might, indeed, have been supposed
A great *ship*-owner, for she prosed
Eternally of her Three Masters!
Thus, foolish woman! while she nursed
Her mild souchong, she talked and reckoned
What had been left her by her first,
And by her last, and by her second.
Alas! not all her annual rents
Could then entice the little German—
Not Mr. Cross's Three Per Cents,
Or Consols, ever make him *her* man;
He liked her cash, he liked her houses,
But not that dismal bit of land
She always settled on her spouses.
So taking up his hat and band,

Said he, "You 'll think my conduct odd—
But here my hopes no more may linger;
I thought you had a wedding-finger,
But oh!—it is a curtain-rod!"

RHYME AND REASON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE COMIC ANNUAL:—

SIR.—In one of your Annuals you have given insertion to "A Plan for Writing Blank Verse in Rhyme;" but as I have seen no regular long poem constructed on its principles, I suppose the scheme did not take with the literary world. Under these circumstances I feel encouraged to bring forward a novelty of my own, and I can only regret that such poets as Chaucer and Cottle, Spenser and Hayley, Milton and Pratt, Pope and Pye, Byron and Batterbee, should have died before it was invented.

The great difficulty in verse is avowedly the rhyme. Dean Swift says somewhere in his letters, "that a rhyme is as hard to find with him as a guinea,"—and we all know that guineas are proverbially scarce among poets. The merest versifier that ever attempted a Valentine must have met with this Orson, some untameable savage syllable that refused to chime in with society. For instance, what poetical Foxhunter—a contributor to the Sporting Magazine—has not drawn all the covers of Beynard, Ceynard, Deynard, Feynard, Geynard, Heynard, Keynard, Leynard, Meynard, Neynard, Peynard, Queynard, to find a rhyme for Reynard? The spirit of the times is decidedly against Tithe; and I know of no tithe more oppressive than that poetical one, in heroic measure, which requires that every tenth syllable shall pay a sound in kind. How often the Poet goes up a line, only to be stopped at the end by an impracticable rhyme, like a bull in a blind alley! I have an ingenious

medical friend, who might have been an eminent poet by this time, but the first line he wrote ended in ipecacuana, and with all his physical and mental power, he has never yet been able to find a rhyme for it.

The plan I propose aims to obviate this hardship. My system is, to take the bull by the horns; in short, to try at first what words will chime, before you go further and fare worse. To say nothing of other advantages, it will at least have one good effect—and that is, to correct the erroneous notion of the would-be poets and poetesses of the present day, that the great end of poetry is rhyme. I beg leave to present a specimen of verse, which proves quite the reverse, and am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,
JOHN DRYDEN GRUBB.

THE DOUBLE KNOCK.

RAT-TAT it went upon the lion's chin,
"That hat, I know it!" cried the joyful girl;
"Summer's it is, I know him by his knock,
Comers like him are welcome as the day!
Lizzy! go down and open the street-door,
Busy I am to any one but *him*.
Know him you must—he has been often here;
Show him up stairs, and tell him I 'm alone."

Quickly the maid went tripping down the stair;
Thickly the heart of Rose Matilda beat;
"Sure he has brought me tickets for the play—
Drury—or Covent Garden—darling man!—
Kemble will play—or Kean who makes the soul
Tremble; in Richard or the frenzied Moor—
Farren, the stay and prop of many a farce
Barren beside—or Liston, Laughter's Child—
Kelly the natural, to witness whom

Jelly is nothing in the public's jam—
Cooper, the sensible—and Walter Knowles
Super, in William Tell—now rightly told.
Better—perchance, from Andrews, brings a box,
Letter of boxes for the Italian stage—
Brocard! Donzelli! Taglioni! Paul!
No card—thank heaven—engages me to-night!
Feathers, of course, no turban, and no toque—
Weather 's against it, but I 'll go in curls.
Dearly I dote on white—my satin dress,
Merely one night—it won't be much the worse—
Cupid—the New Ballet I long to see—
Stupid! why don't she go and ope the door!"

Glistened her eye as the impatient girl
Listened, low bending o'er the topmost stair.
Vainly, alas! she listens and she bends,
Plainly she hears this question and reply:
"Axes your pardon, Sir, but what d' ye want?"
"Taxes," says he, "and shall not call again!"

THE DEVIL'S ALBUM.

It will seem an odd whim
For a Spirit so grim
As the Devil to take a delight in;
But by common renown
He has come up to town
With an Album for people to write in!

On a handsomer book
Mortal never did look,
Of a flame-color silk is the binding,

With a border superb,
Where, through floweret and herb,
The old Serpent goes brilliantly winding!

By gilded grotesques,
And embossed arabesques,
The whole cover, in fact, is pervaded;
But, alas! in a taste
That betrays they were traced
At the will of a Spirit degraded!

As for paper—the best,
But extremely hot-pressed,
Courts the pen to luxuriate upon it,
And against every blank
There 's a note on the Bank,
As a bribe for a sketch or a sonnet.

Who will care to appear
In the Fiend's Souvenir,
Is a question to morals most vital;
But the very first leaf,
It 's the public belief,
Will be filled by a Lady of Title!

EPIGRAM

ON A LATE CATTLE-SHOW IN SMITHFIELD.

Old Farmer Bull is taken sick,
Yet not with any sudden trick
Of fever, or his old dyspepsy;
But having seen the foreign stock,
It gave his system such a shock
He 's had a fit of cattle-epsy!

A REPORT FROM BELOW.

"Blow high, blow low."—Sea Song.

As Mister B. and Mistress B.
One night were sitting down to tea,
With toast and muffins hot—
They heard a loud and sudden bounce,
That made the very china flounce,
They could not for a time pronounce
If they were safe or shot—
For Memory brought a deed to match
At Deptford done by night—
Before one eye appeared a Patch
In t'other eye a Blight!

To be belabored out of life,
Without some small attempt at strife,
Our nature will not grovel;
One impulse moved both man and dame,
He seized the tongs—she did the same,
Leaving the ruffian, if he came,
The poker and the shovel.
Suppose the couple standing so,
When rushing footsteps from below
Made pulses fast and fervent;
And first burst in the frantic cat,
All steaming like a brewer's rat,
And then—as white as my cravat—
Poor Mary May, the servant!

Lord, how the couple's teeth did chatter,
Master and Mistress both flew at her,
"Speak! Fire? or Murder? What's the matter?"

Till Mary getting breath,
Upon her tale began to touch
With rapid tongue, full trotting, such
As if she thought she had too much
To tell before her death :—
"We was both, Ma'am, in the wash-house, Ma'am, a-standing at our tubs,
And Mrs. Round was seconding what little things I rubs;
'Mary,' says she to me, 'I say'—and there she stops for coughin,'
'That dratted copper flue has took to smokin' very often,
But please the pigs,'—for that 's her way of swearing in a passion,
'I 'll blow it up, and not be set a coughin' in this fashion!'
Well, down she takes my master's horn—I mean his horn for loading,
And empties every grain alive for to set the flue exploding.
Lawk, Mrs. Round! says I, and stares, that quantum is unproper.
I 'm sartin sure it can't not take a pound to sky a copper;
You 'll powder both our heads off, so I tells you, with its puff,
But she only dried her fingers, and she takes a pinch of snuff.
Well, when the pinch is over—'Teach your grandmother to suck
A powder horn,' says she—Well, says I, I wish you luck.
Them words sets up her back, so with her hands upon her hips,
'Come,' says she, quite in a huff, 'come, keep your tongue inside your lips;
Afore ever you was born, I was well used to things like these;

I shall put it in the grate, and let it burn up by degrees.
So in it goes, and Bounce—O Lord! it gives us such a rattle,
I thought we both were cannonized, like Sogers in a battle!
Up goes the copper like a squib, and us on both our backs,
And bless the tubs, they bundled off, and split all into cracks.
Well, there I fainted dead away, and might have been cut shorter,
But Providence was kind, and brought me to with scalding water.
I first looks round for Mrs. Round, and sees her at a distance,
As stiff as starch, and looked as dead as any thing in existence;
All scorched and grimed, and more than that, I sees the copper slap
Right on her head, for all the world like a percussion copper cap.
Well, I crooks her little fingers, and crumps them well up together,
As humanity pints out, and burnt her nostrums with a feather.
But for all as I can do, to restore her to her mortality,
She never gives a sign of a return to sensuality.
Thinks I, well there she lies, as dead as my own late departed mother,
Well, she 'll wash no more in this world, whatever she does in t' other.
So I gives myself to scramble up the linens for a minute,
Lawk, sich a shirt! thinks I, it 's well my master wasn't in it;
Oh! I never, never, never, never, never, see a sight so shockin';

Here lays a leg, and there a leg—I mean, you know, a stocking—
Bodies all slit and torn to rags, and many a tattered skirt,
And arms burnt off, and sides and backs all scotched and black with dirt;
But as nobody was in 'em—none but—nobody was hurt!
Well, there I am, a-scrambling up the things, all in a lump,
When, mercy on us! such a groan as makes my heart to jump.
And there she is, a-lying with a crazy sort of eye,
A-staring at the wash-house roof, laid open to the sky:
Then she beckons with a finger, and so down to her I reaches,
And puts my ear agin her mouth to hear her dying speeches,
For, poor soul! she has a husband and young orphans, as I knew;
Well, Ma'am, you won't believe it, but it 's Gospel fact and true,
But these words is all she whispered—'Why, where *is* the powder blew?'"

EPIGRAM

ON THE DEPRECIATED MONEY.

They may talk of the plugging and sweating
Of our coinage that 's minted of gold,
But to me it produces no fretting
Of its shortness of weight to be told:
All the sov'reigns I 'm able to levy
As to lightness can never be wrong,
But must surely be some of them heavy,
For I never can carry them long.

AN ANCIENT CONCERT.

BY A VENERABLE DIRECTOR.

"Give me *old* music—let me hear
The songs of *days* gone by!"—H. F. CHORLEY.

O! COME, all ye who love to hear
An ancient song in ancient taste,
To whom all bygone Music's dear
As verdant spots in Memory's waste!
Its name "The Ancient Concert" wrongs,
And has not hit the proper clef,
To wit, Old Folks to sing Old Songs,
To Old Subscribers rather deaf.

Away, then, Hawes! with all your band
Ye beardless boys, this room desert!
One youthful voice, or youthful hand,
Our concert-pitch would disconcert!
No Bird must join our "vocal throng,"
The present age beheld at font:
Away, then, all ye "Sons of Song,"
Your Fathers are the men we want!

Away, Miss Birch, you 're in your prime!
Miss Romer, seek some other door!
Go, Mrs. Shaw! till, counting time,
You count you 're nearly fifty-four!
Go, Miss Novello, sadly young!
Go, thou composing Chevalier,
And roam the county towns among,
No Newcome will be welcome here!

Our Concert aims to give at *night*
The music that has had its *day!*
So, Rooke, for us you can not write
Till time has made you Raven grey.
Your score may charm a modern ear,
Nay, ours, when three or fourscore old,
But in this Ancient atmosphere,
Fresh airs like yours would give us cold!

Go, Hawes, and Cawse, and Woodyat go!
Hence, Shirreff, with those native curls;
And Master Coward ought to know
This is no place for boys and girls!
No Massons here we wish to see;
Nor is it Mrs. Seguin's sphere,
And Mrs. B——! Oh! Mrs. B——,
Such Bishops are not reverend here!

What! Grisi, bright and beaming thus!
To sing the songs gone grey with age!
No, Grisi, no—but come to us
And welcome, when you leave the stage!
Off, Ivanhoff!—till weak and harsh!—
Rubini, hence! with all the clan!
But come, Lablache, years hence, Lablache
A little shrivelled thin old man.

Go, Mr. Phillips, where you please!
Away, Tom Cooke, and all your batch;
You 'd run us out of breath with Glees,
And Catches that we could not catch.
Away, ye Leaders all, who lead
With violins, quite modern things;
To guide our Ancient band we need
Old fiddles out of leading strings!

But come, ye Songsters, over-ripe,
That into "childish trebles break!"
And bring, Miss Winter, bring the pipe
That can not sing without a shake!
Nay, come, ye Spinsters all, that spin
A slender thread of ancient voice,
Old notes that almost seem called in;
At such as you we *shall* rejoice!

No thundering Thalbergs here shall baulk,
Or ride your pet *D-cadence* o'er,
But fingers with a little chalk
Shall, moderato, keep the score!
No Broadwoods here, so full of tone,
But Harpsichords assist the strain:
No Lincoln's pipes, we have our own
Bird-Organ, built by Tubal-Cain.

And welcome! St. Cecilians, now
Ye willy-nilly, ex-good fellows,
Who will strike up, no matter how,
With organs that survive their bellows!
And bring, O bring, your ancient styles
In which our elders loved to roam,
Those flourishes that strayed for miles,
Till some good fiddle led them home!

O come, ye ancient London Cries,
When Christmas Carols erst were sung!
Come, Nurse, who droned the lullabies,
"When Music, heavenly Maid, was young!"
No matter how the critics treat,
What modern sins and faults detect,
The Copy-Book shall still repeat,
These Concerts must "Command respect!"

THE DROWNING DUCKS.

Amongst the sights that Mrs. Bond
  Enjoyed yet grieved at more than others,
Were little ducklings in a pond,
  Swimming about beside their mothers—
Small things like living water lilies,
But yellow as the daffo-*dillies*.

"It 's very hard," she used to moan,
  "That other people have their ducklings
To grace their waters—mine alone
  Have never any pretty chucklings."
For why!—each little yellow navy
Went down—all downy—to old Davy!

She had a lake—a pond I mean—
  Its wave was rather thick than pearly—
She had two ducks, their napes were green—
  She had a drake, his tail was curly—
Yet spite of drake, and ducks, and pond,
No little ducks had Mrs. Bond!

The birds were both the best of mothers—
  The nests had eggs—the eggs had luck—
The infant D.'s came forth like others—
  But there, alas! the matter stuck!
They might as well have all died addle
As die when they began to paddle!

For when, as native instinct taught her,
  The mother set her brood afloat,

They sank ere long right under water,
Like any over-loaded boat;
They were web-footed too to see,
As ducks and spiders ought to be!

No peccant humor in a gander
Brought havoc on her little folks—
No poaching cooks—a frying pander
To appetite—destroyed their yolks—
Beneath her very eyes, Od' rot 'em!
They went, like plummets, to the bottom,

The thing was strange—a contradiction
It seemed of nature and her works!
For little ducks, beyond conviction,
Should float without the help of corks:
Great Johnson it bewildered him!
To hear of ducks that could not swim.

Poor Mrs. Bond! what could she do
But change the breed—and she tried divers
Which dived as all seemed born to do;
No little ones were e'er survivors—
Like those that copy gems, I'm thinking,
They all were given to die-sinking!

In vain their downy coats were shorn;
They floundered still!—Batch after batch went!
The little fools seemed only born
And hatched for nothing but a hatchment!
Whene'er they launched—O sight of wonder!
Like fires the water "got them under!"

No woman ever gave their lucks
A better chance than Mrs. Bond did;

At last quite out of heart and ducks,
She gave her pond up, and desponded;
For Death among the water-lilies,
Cried "*Duc* ad me" to all her dillies!

But though resolved to breed no more,
She brooded often on this riddle—
Alas! 't was darker than before!
At last about the summer's middle,
What Johnson, Mrs. Bond, or none did,
To clear the matter up the Sun did!

The thirsty Sirius, dog-like drank
So deep, his furious tongue to cool,
The shallow waters sank and sank,
And lo, from out the wasted pool,
Too hot to hold them any longer,
There crawled some eels as big as conger!

I wish all folks would look a bit,
In such a case below the surface;
But when the eels were caught and split
By Mrs. Bond, just think of *her* face,
In each inside at once to spy
A duckling turned to giblet-pie!

The sight at once explained the case,
Making the Dame look rather silly,
The tenants of that *Eely Place*
Had found the way to *Pick a dilly*,
And so by under-water suction,
Had wrought the little ducks' abduction.

THE FALL.

"Down, down, down, ten thousand fathoms deep."—Count Fathom.

Who does not know that dreadful gulf, where Niagara falls,
Where eagle unto eagle screams, to vulture vulture calls;
Where down beneath, Despair and Death in liquid darkness grope,
And upward, on the foam there shines a rainbow without Hope;
While, hung with clouds of Fear and Doubt, the unreturning wave
Suddenly gives an awful plunge, like life into the grave;
And many a hapless mortal there hath dived to bale or bliss;
One—only one—hath ever lived to rise from that abyss!
Oh, Heav'n! it turns me now to ice with chill of fear extreme,
To think of my frail bark adrift on that tumultuous stream!
In vain with desperate sinews, strung by love of life and and light,
I urged that coffin, my canoe, against the current's might:
On—on—still on—direct for doom, the river rushed in force,
And fearfully the stream of Time raced with it in its course.
My eyes I closed—I dared not look the way towards the goal;
But still I viewed the horrid close, and dreamt it in my soul.
Plainly, as through transparent lids, I saw the fleeting shore,
And lofty trees, like winged things, flit by for evermore;

Plainly—but with no prophet sense—I heard the sullen sound,
The torrent's voice—and felt the mist, like death-sweat gathering round.
O agony! O life! My home! and those that made it sweet:
Ere I could pray, the torrent lay beneath my very feet.
With frightful whirl, more swift than thought, I passed the dizzy edge,
Bound after bound, with hideous bruise, I dashed from ledge to ledge,
From crag to crag—in speechless pain—from midnight deep to deep;
I did not die—but anguish stunned my senses into sleep.
How long entranced, or whither dived, no clue I have to find:
At last the gradual light of life came dawning o'er my mind;
And through my brain there thrilled a cry—a cry as shrill as birds'
Of vulture or of eagle kind, but this was set to words:—
"It's Edgar Huntley in his cap and night-gown, I declares!
He 's been a walking in his sleep, and pitched all down the stairs!"

THE STEAM SERVICE

"Life is but a *kittle* cast."—BURNS.

THE time is not yet come—but come it will—when the masts of our Royal Navy shall be unshipped, and huge unsightly chimneys be erected in their place. The trident will be taken out of the hand of Neptune, and replaced by the effigy of a red-hot poker; the Union Jack will look like a smoke-jack; and Lambtons, Russels, and Adairs will be made Admirals of the Black; the forecastle will be called the Newcastle, and the cock-pit will be termed the coal-pit; a man-of-war's tender will be nothing but a Shields' collier; first-lieutenants will have to attend lectures on the steam-engine, and mid-shipmen must take lessons as climbing-boys in the art of sweeping flues. In short, the good old tune of "Rule Britannia" will give way to "Polly put the Kettle on;" while the Victory, the Majestic, and the Thunderer of Great Britain will "paddle in the burn," like the Harlequin, the Dart, and the Magnet of Margate.

It will be well for our song-writers to bear a wary eye to the Fleet, if they would prosper as Marine Poets. Some sea Gurney may get a seat at the Admiralty Board, and then farewell, a long farewell, to the old ocean imagery: marine metaphor will require a new figure-head. Flowing

sheets, snowy wings, and the old comparison of a ship to a bird, will become obsolete and out of date! Poetical top-sails will be taken aback, and all such things as reefs and double-reefs will be shaken out of song. For my own part, I cannot be sufficiently thankful that I have not sought a Helicon of salt water; or canvassed the Nine Muses as a writer for their Marine Library; or made Pegasus a sea-horse, when sea-horses as well as land-horses are equally likely to be superseded by steam. After such a consummation, when the sea service, like the tea service, will depend chiefly on boiling water, it is very doubtful whether the Fleet will be worthy of any thing but plain prose. I have tried to adapt some of our popular blue ballads to the boiler, and Dibdin certainly does not steam quite so well as a potatoe. However, if his Sea Songs are to be in immortal use, they will have to be revised and corrected in future editions thus :—

I *steamed* from the Downs in the Nancy,
My jib how she *smoked* through the breeze.
She 's a vessel as tight to my fancy
As ever *boiled* through the salt seas.
* * * * *
When up the *flue* the sailor goes
And ventures on the *pot*,
The landsman, he no better knows,
But thinks hard is his lot.

Bold Jack with smiles each danger meets,
Weighs anchor, lights the log;
Trims up the fire, picks out the slates,
And drinks his can of grog.
* * * * *

Go patter to lubbers and swabs do you see,
'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;
But a *Boulton and Watt* and good *Wall's-end* give me;
And it ain't to a little I'll strike.

Though the tempest our *chimney* smack smooth shall down smite,
And shiver each *bundle* of wood;
Clear the wreck, *stir the fire*, and stow every thing tight,
And *boiling a gallop* we'll scud.

I have cooked Stevens's, or rather Incledon's Storm in the same way; but the pathos does not seem any the tenderer for stewing.

Hark, the boatswain hoarsely bawling,
By shovel, tongs, and poker, stand;
Down the scuttle quick be hauling,
Down your bellows, hand, boys, hand.
Now it freshens—blow like blazes;
Now unto the coal-hole go;
Stir, boys, stir, don't mind black faces,
Up your ashes nimbly throw.

Ply your bellows, raise the wind, boys,
See the valve is clear, of course;
Let the paddles spin, don't mind, boys,
Though the weather should be worse.
Fore and aft a proper draft get,
Oil the engines, see all clear;
Hands up, each a sack of coal get,
Man the boiler, cheer, lads, cheer.

Now the dreadful thunder 's roaring,
Peal on peal contending clash;

On our heads fierce rain falls pouring,
In our eyes the paddles splash.
One wide water all around us,
All above one smoke-black sky:
Different deaths at once surround us;
Hark! what means that dreadful cry?

The funnel 's gone! cries ev'ry tongue out,
The engineer 's washed off the deck;
A leak beneath the coal-hole 's sprung out,
Call all hands to clear the wreck.
Quick, some coal, some nubbly pieces;
Come, my hearts, be stout and bold;
Plumb the boiler, speed decreases,
Four feet water getting cold.

While o'er the ship wild waves are beating,
We for wives or children mourn;
Alas! from hence there 's no retreating;
Alas! to them there 's no return.
The fire is out—we 've burst the bellows,
The tinder-box is swamped below;
Heaven have mercy on poor fellows,
For only that can serve us now!

Devoutly do I hope that the kettle, though a great vocalist, will never thus appropriate the old Sea Songs of England. In the words of an old Greenwich pensioner—"Steaming and biling does very well for *Urn* Bay, and the likes;" but the craft does not look regular and shipshape to the eye of a tar who has sailed with Duncan, Howe, and Jarvis—and who would rather even go without *port* than have it through a *funnel*.

A LAY OF REAL LIFE.

"Some are born with a wooden spoon in their mouths, and some with a golden ladle."—GOLDSMITH.

"Some are born with tin rings in their noses, and some with silver ones."—SILVERSMITH.

WHO ruined me ere I was born,
Sold every acre, grass or corn,
And left the next heir all forlorn?
My Grandfather.

Who said my mother was no nurse,
And physicked me and made me worse,
Till infancy became a curse?
My Grandmother.

Who left me in my seventh year,
A comfort to my mother dear,
And Mr. Pope, the overseer?
My Father.

Who let me starve to buy her gin,
Till all my bones came through my skin,
Then called me "ugly little sin?"
My Mother.

Who said my mother was a Turk
And took me home—and made me work,
But managed half my meals to shirk?
My Aunt.

Who "of all earthly things" would boast,
"He hated others' brats the most,"
And therefore made me feel my post?
My Uncle.

Who got in scrapes, an endless score,
And always laid them at my door,
Till many a bitter bang I bore?
My Cousin.

Who took me home when mother died,
Again with father to reside,
Black shoes, clean knives, run far and wide?
My Stepmother.

Who marred my stealthy urchin joys,
And when I played cried "What a noise!"—
Girls always hector over boys—
My Sister.

Who used to share in what was mine,
Or took it all, did he incline,
'Cause I was eight, and he was nine?
My Brother.

Who stroked my head, and said "Good lad,"
And gave me sixpence, "all he had;"
But at the stall the coin was bad?
My Godfather.

Who, gratis, shared my social glass,
But when misfortune came to pass
Referred me to the pump? Alas!
My Friend.

Through all this weary world, in brief,
Who ever sympathized with grief,
Or shared my joy—my sole relief?
Myself.

THE ANGLER'S FAREWELL.

"Resigned, I kissed the rod."

WELL! I think it is time to put up!
For it does not accord with my notions,
  Wrist, elbow, and chine,
  Stiff from throwing the line,
To take nothing at last by my motions!

I ground-bait my way as I go,
And dip at each watery dimple;
  But however I wish
  To inveigle the fish,
To my *gentle* they will not play *simple!*

Though my float goes so swimmingly on,
My bad luck never seems to diminish;
  It would seem that the Bream
  Must be scarce in the stream,
And the *Chub*, tho' it 's chubby, be *thinnish!*

Not a Trout there can be in the place,
Not a Grayling or Rud worth the mention,
  And although at my hook
  With *attention* I look,
I can ne'er see my hook with *a Tench on!*

At a brandling once Gudgeon would gape,
But they seem upon different terms now;
  Have they taken advice
  Of the "*Council of Nice*,"
And rejected their "*Diet of Worms*," now?

In vain my live minnow I spin,
Not a Pike seems to think it worth snatching;
For the gut I have brought,
I had better have bought
A good *rope* that was used to *Jack-ketching!*

Not a nibble has ruffled my cork,
It is vain in this river to search then;
I may wait till it 's night,
Without any bite,
And at *roost-time* have never a *Perch* then!

No Roach can I meet with—no Bleak,
Save what in the air is so sharp now;
Not a Dace have I got,
And I fear it is not
"Carpe diem," a day for the Carp now.

Oh! there is not a one pound prize
To be got in this fresh-water lottery!
What then can I deem
Of so fishless a stream
But that 'tis—like St. Mary's—*Ottery!*

For an Eel I have learned how to try,
By a method of Walton's own showing—
But a fisherman feels
Little prospect of Eels,
In a path that 's devoted to towing!

I have tried all the water for miles,
Till I 'm weary of dipping and casting
And hungry and faint—
Let the Fancy just paint
What it is, *without Fish*, to be *Fasting!*

And the rain drizzles down very fast,
While my dinner-time sounds from a far-bell—
So, wet to the skin,
I 'll e'en back to my Inn,
Where at least I am sure of a *Bar-bell!*

SEA SONG.

AFTER DIBDIN.

PURE water it plays a good part in
The swabbing the decks and all that—
And it finds its own level for sartin—
For it sartinly drinks very flat:—
For my part a drop of the creatur
I never could think was a fault,
For if Tars should swig water by natur,
The sea would have never been salt!-
Then off with it into a jorum
And make it strong, sharpish, or sweet,
For if I 've any sense of decorum
It never was meant to be neat!—

One day when I was but half sober—
Half measures I always disdain—
I walked into a shop that sold Soda,
And ax'd for some Water Champagne:—
Well, the lubber he drew and he drew, boys.
Till I 'd shipped my six bottles or more,
And blow off my last limb but it 's true, boys,
Why, I warn't half so drunk as afore!—
Then off with it into a jorum,
And make it strong, sharpish, or sweet,
For if I 've any sense of decorum,
It never was meant to be neat.

THE APPARITION.

In the dead of the night, when from beds that are turfy,
The spirits rise up on old cronies to call,
Came a shade from the Shades on a visit to Murphy,
Who had not foreseen such a visit at all.

"Don't shiver and shake," said the mild Apparition,
"I 'm come to your bed with no evil design;
I 'm the Spirit of Moore, Francis Moore the Physician,
Once great like yourself in the Almanack line.

"Like you I was once a great prophet on weather,
And deemed to possess a more prescient knack
Than dogs, frogs, pigs, cattle, or cats, all together,
The donkeys that bray, and the dillies that quack.

"With joy, then, as ashes retain former passion,
I saw my old mantle lugged out from the shelf,
Turned, trimmed, and brushed up, and again brought in fashion,
I seemed to be almost reviving myself!

"But, oh! from my joys there was soon a sad cantle—
As too many cooks make a mull of the broth—
To find that two Prophets were under my mantle,
And pulling two ways at the risk of the cloth.

"Unless you would meet with an awkwardish tumble,
Oh! join like the Siamese twins in your jumps;
Just fancy if Faith on her Prophets should stumble,
The one in his clogs, and the other in pumps!

"But think how the people would worship and wonder,
To find you 'hail fellows, well met,' in your hail,
In one tune with your rain, and your wind, and your thunder,
'Fore God,' they would cry, 'they are both in a tale'!"

LITTLE O'P.—AN AFRICAN FACT.

It was July the First, and the great hill of Howth
Was bearing by compass sow-west and by south,
And the name of the ship was the Peggy of Cork,
Well freighted with bacon and butter and pork.
Now, this ship had a captain, Macmorris by name,
And little O'Patrick was mate of the same;
For Bristol they sailed, but by nautical scope,
They contrived to be lost by the Cape of Good Hope.
Of all the Cork boys that the vessel could boast,
Only little O'P. made a swim to the coast;
And when he revived from a sort of a trance,
He saw a big Black with a very long lance.
Says the savage, says he, in some Hottentot tongue
"Bash Kuku my gimmel bo gomborry bung!"
Then blew a long shell, to the fright of our elf,
And down came a hundred as black as himself.
They brought with them *guattul*, and pieces of *klam*,
The first was like beef, and the second like lamb;
"Don't I know," said O'P., "what the wretches are at?
"They 're intending to eat me as soon as I 'm fat!"
In terror of coming to pan, spit, or pot,
His rations of *jarbul* he suffered to rot;
He would not touch *purry* or *doolberry-lik*,
But kept himself *growing* as thin as a stick.

Though broiling the climate, and parching with drouth,
He would not let *chobbery* enter his mouth,
But kicked down the *krug* shell, tho' sweetened with *natt*-
"I an't to be pisoned the likes of a rat!"
At last the great *Joddry* got quite in a rage,
And cried, "O mi pitticum dambally nage!
The *chobbery* take, and put back on the shelf,
Or give me the *krug* shell, I'll drink it myself!
The *doolberry-lik* is the best to be had,
And the *purry* (I chewed it myself) is not bad;
The *jarbul* is fresh, for I saw it cut out,
And the *Bok* that it came from is grazing about.
My *jumbo!* but run off to Billery Nang,
And tell her to put on her *jigger* and *tang*,
And go with the *Bloss* to the man of the sea,
And say that she comes as his *Wulwul* from me."
Now Billery Nang was as Black as a sweep,
With thick curly hair like the wool of a sheep,
And the moment he spied her, said little O'P.,
"Sure the Divil is dead, and his Widow 's at me!"
But when, in the blaze of her Hottentot charms,
She came to accept him for life in her arms,
And stretched her thick lips to a broad grin of love,
A Raven preparing to bill like a Dove,
With a soul full of dread he declined the grim bliss,
Stopped her Molyneux arms, and eluded her kiss;
At last fairly foiled, she gave up the attack,
And *Jeddry* began to look blacker than black;
"By Mumbo! by Jumbo!—why here is a man,
That won't be made happy do all that I can;
He will not be married, lodged, clad, and well fed,
Let the *Rham* take his *shangwang* and chop off his head!"

CONVEYANCING.

O, LONDON is the place for all
In love with loco-motion!
Still to and fro the people go
Like billows of the ocean;
Machine or man, or caravan,
Can all be had for paying,
When great estates, or heavy weights,
Or bodies want conveying.

There 's always hacks about in packs,
Wherein you may be shaken,
And Jarvis is not always *drunk*,
Tho' always *overtaken;*
In racing tricks he 'll never mix,
His nags are in their last days,
And *slow* to go, altho' they show
As if they had their *fast days!*

Then if you like a single horse,
This age is quite a *cab-age*,
A car not quite so small and light
As those of our Queen *Mab* age;
The horses have been *broken well*,
All danger is rescinded,
For some have *broken both their knees*
And some are *broken winded.*

If you 've a friend at Chelsea end,
The stages are worth knowing—
There is a sort, we call 'em short,
Although the longest going—

For some will stop at Hatchett's shop,
Till you grow faint and sicky,
Perched up behind, at last to find,
Your dinner is all *dickey!*

Long stages run from every yard;
But if you 're wise and frugal,
You 'll never go with any Guard
That plays upon the bugle,
"Ye banks and braes," and other lays
And ditties everlasting,
Like miners going all your way,
With *boring* and with *blasting.*

Instead of *journeys*, people now
May go upon a *Gurney*,
With steam to do the horses' work,
By *powers of attorney;*
Tho' with a load it may explode,
And you may all be *un*-done!
And find you 're going *up to Heaven,*
Instead of *up to London!*

To speak of every kind of coach
It is not my intention;
But there is still one vehicle
Deserves a little mention;
The world a sage has called a stage,
With all its living lumber,
And Malthus swears it always bears
Above the proper number.

The law will transfer house or land
For ever and a day hence,

For lighter things, watch, brooches, rings,
You 'll never want conveyance;
Ho! stop the thief! my handkerchief!
It is no sight for laughter—
Away it goes, and leaves my nose
To join in running after!

THE BURNING OF THE LOVE LETTER.

"Sometimes they were put to the proof, by what was called the Fiery Ordeal."—
HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

No morning ever seemed so long!—
I tried to read with all my might!
In my left hand "My Landlord's Tales,"
And threepence ready in my right.

'T was twelve at last—my heart beat high!—
The Postman rattled at the door!—
And just upon her road to church,
I dropt the "Bride of Lammermoor!"

I seized the note—I flew up stairs—
Flung-to the door, and locked me in—
With panting haste I tore the seal—
And kissed the B in Benjamin!

'T was full of love—to rhyme with dove—
And all that tender sort of thing—
Of sweet and meet—and heart and dart—
But not a word about a ring!—

In doubt I cast it in the flame,
And stood to watch the latest spark—
And saw the love all end in smoke—
Without a Parson and a Clerk!

POEM—FROM THE POLISH.

Some months since a young lady was much surprised at receiving from the Captain of a Whaler, a blank sheet of paper, folded in the form of a letter, and duly sealed. At last, recollecting the nature of the sympathetic ink, she placed the missive on a toasting-fork, and after holding it to the fire for a minute or two succeeded in thawing out the following verses:

FROM seventy-two North latitude,
Dear Kitty, I indite;
But first I 'd have you understand
How hard it is to write.

Of thoughts that breathe and words that burn,
My Kitty, do not think—
Before I wrote these very lines,
I had to melt my ink.

Of mutual flames and lover's warmth,
You must not be too nice;
The sheet that I am writing on
Was once a sheet of ice!

The Polar cold is sharp enough
To freeze with icy gloss
The genial current of the soul,
E'en in a "Man of Ross."

Pope says that letters waft a sigh
From Indus to the Pole;
But here I really wish the post
Would only "post the *coal*."

So chilly is the Northern blast,
It blows me through and through;
A ton of Wallsend in a note
Would be a billet-doux!

In such a frigid latitude
It scarce can be a sin,
Should Passion cool a little, where
A Fury was iced in.

I 'm rather tired of endless snow,
And long for coals again;
And would give up a Sea of Ice,
For some of Lambton's Main.

I 'm sick of dazzling ice and snow,
The sun itself I hate;
So very bright, so very cold,
Just like a summer grate.

For opodeldoc I would kneel,
My chilblains to anoint;
O Kate, the needle of the north
Has got a freezing point.

Our food *is* solids—ere we put
Our meat into our crops,
We take sledge-hammers to our steaks
And hatchets to our chops.

So very bitter is the blast,
So cutting is the air,
I never have been warm but once,
When hugging with a bear.

One thing I know you 'll like to hear,
Th' effect of Polar snows,
I 've left off snuff—one pinching day—
From leaving off my nose.

I have no ear for music now;
My ears both left together;
And as for dancing, I have cut
My toes—it 's cutting weather.

I 've said that you should have my hand,
Some happy day to come;
But, Kate, you only now can wed
A finger and a thumb.

Don't fear that any Esquimaux
Can wean me from my own;
The Girdle of the Queen of Love
Is not the Frozen Zone.

At wives with large estates of snow
My fancy does not bite;
I like to see a Bride—but not
In such a deal of white.

Give me for home a house of brick,
The Kate I love at Kew!
A hand unchopped—a merry eye,
And not a nose, of blue!

To think upon the Bridge of Kew,
To me a bridge of sighs;
Oh, Kate, a pair of icicles
Are standing in my eyes!

God knows if I shall e'er return,
In comfort to be lulled;
But if I do get back to port,
Pray let me have it mulled.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH.

"Good heaven! Why even the little children in France speak French!"
ADDISON.

NEVER go to France
Unless you know the lingo,
If you do, like me,
You will repent by jingo.
Staring like a fool,
And silent as a mummy,
There I stood alone,
A nation with a dummy:

Chaises stand for chairs,
They christen letters *Billies*,
They call their mothers *mares*,
And all their daughters *fillies;*
Strange it was to hear,
I'll tell you what's a good 'un,
They call their leather *queer*,
And half their shoes are wooden.

Signs I had to make,
For every little notion,
Limbs all going like
A telegraph in motion,
For wine I reeled about,
To show my meaning fully
And made a pair of horns,
To ask for "beef and bully."

Moo! I cried for milk;
I got my sweet things snugger,

When I kissed Jeannette,
'T was understood for sugar.
If I wanted bread,
My jaws I set a-going,
And asked for new-laid eggs,
By clapping hands and crowing!

If I wished a ride,
I'll tell you how I got it;
On my stick astride,
I made believe to trot it;
Then their cash was strange,
It bored me every minute,
Now here 's a *hog* to change,
How many *sows* are in it!

Never go to France,
Unless you know the lingo;
If you do, like me,
You will repent, by jingo;
Staring like a fool,
And silent as a mummy,
There I stood alone,
A nation with a dummy!

OUR VILLAGE.

"Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain."—GOLDSMITH.

I HAVE a great anxiety to become a topographer, and I do not know that I can make an easier commencement of the character, than by attempting a description of our village. It will be found, as my friend the landlord over the way says, that "things are drawn *mild*."

I live opposite the Green Man. I know that to be the sign, in spite of the picture, because I am told of the fact in large gilt letters, in three several places. The whole-length portrait of "*l'homme verd*" is rather imposing. He stands plump before you, in a sort of wrestling attitude, the legs standing distinctly apart, in a brace of decided boots, with dun tops, joined to a pair of creole-colored leather breeches. The rest of his dress is peculiar; the coat, a two-flapper, green and brown, or, as they say at the tap, *half-and-half;* a cocked hat on the half cock; a short belt crossing the breast like a flat gas-pipe. The one hand stuck on the greeny-brown hip of my friend, in the other a gun with a barrel like an entire butt, and the butt like a brewer's whole stock. On one side, looking up at the vanished vision of his master, is all that remains of a liver-and-white pointer—seeming now to be some old dog from India, for his white complexion is turned yellow, and his liver is more than half gone!

The inn is really a very quiet, cozy, comfortable inn, though the landlord announces a fact in larger letters, methinks, than his information warrants, viz., that he is "*Licensed to deal in Foreign Wines and Spirits.*" All innkeepers, I trust, are so licensed; there is no occasion to make so brazen a brag of this sinecure permit.

* * * * * *

I had written thus far, when the tarnished gold letters of the Green Man seemed to be suddenly re-gilt; and on looking upwards, I perceived that a sort of sky-light had been opened in the clouds, giving entrance to a bright gleam of sunshine, which glowed with remarkable effect on a yellow post-chaise in the stable-yard, and brought the ducks out beautifully white from the black horse-pond. Tempted by the appearance of the weather, I put down my pen, and strolled out for a quarter of an hour before dinner to inhale that air, without which, like the chameleon, I cannot feed. On my return, I found, with some surprise, that my papers were a good deal discomposed; but, before I had time for much wonder, my landlady entered with one of her most obliging curtesys, and observed that she had seen me writing in the morning, and it had occurred to her by chance, that I might by possibility have been writing a description of the village. I told her that I had actually been engaged on that very subject. "If that is the case, of course, sir, you would begin, no doubt, about the Green Man, being so close by; and I dare say, you would say something about the sign, and the Green Man with his top boots, and his gun, and his Indian liver-and-white pointer, though his white to be sure is turned yellow, and his liver is more than half gone." "You are perfectly right, Mrs. Ledger," I replied, "and in one part of the description, I think I have used almost your own very words." "Well that *is* curious,

sir," exclaimed Mrs. L., and physically, not arithmetically, casting up all her hands and eyes. "Moreover, what I mean to say, is this; and I only say that to save trouble. There 's a young man lodges at the Green Grocer's over the way, who has writ an account of the village already to your hand. The people about the place call him the Poet, but, anyhow, he studies a good deal, and writes beautiful; and, as I said before, has made the whole village out of his own head. Now, it might save trouble, sir, if you was to write it out, and I am sure I have a copy, that, as far as the loan goes, is at your service, sir." My curiosity induced me to take the offer; and as the poem really forestalled what I had to say of the Hamlet, I took my landlady's advice and transcribed it—and here it is:

OUR VILLAGE.—BY A VILLAGER.

Our village, that 's to say not Miss Mitford's village, but
our village of Bullock Smithy,
Is come into by an avenue of trees, three oak pollards, two
elders, and a withy;
And in the middle, there 's a green of about not exceeding
an acre and a half;
It's common to all, and fed off by nineteen cows, six ponies,
three horses, five asses, two foals, seven pigs, and a calf!
Besides a pond in the middle, as is held by a similar sort of
common law lease,
And contains twenty ducks, six drakes, three ganders, two
dead dogs, four drowned kittens, and twelve geese.
Of course the green's cropt very close, and does famous for
bowling when the little village-boys play at cricket;
Only some horse, or pig, or cow, or great jackass, is sure
to come and stand right before the wicket.

There's fifty-five private houses, let alone barns and workshops,
and pig-styes, and poultry-huts, and such like sheds;
With plenty of public houses—two Foxes, one Green Man,
three Bunch of Grapes, one Crown, and six King's Heads.
The Green Man is reckoned the best, as the only one that
for love or money can raise
A postilion, a blue jacket, two deplorable lame white horses,
and a ramshackled "neat post-chaise."
There's one parish-church for all the people, whatsoever
may be their ranks in life or their degrees,
Except one very damp, small, dark, freezing-cold, little
Methodist chapel of Ease;
And close by the church-yard, there's a stone-mason's yard,
that when the time is seasonable
Will furnish with afflictions sore and marble urns and
cherubims very low and reasonable.
There's a cage, comfortable enough; I've been in it with
Old Jack Jeffrey and Tom Pike;
For the Green Man next door will send you in ale, gin, or
any thing else you like.
I can't speak of the stocks, as nothing remains of them but
the upright post;
But the pound is kept in repairs for the sake of Cob's horse,
as is always there almost.
There's a smithy of course, where that queer sort of a chap
in his way, Old Joe Bradley,
Perpetually hammers and stammers, for he stutters and
shoes horses very badly.
There's a shop of all sorts, that sells every thing, kept by
the widow of Mr. Task;
But when you go there, it's ten to one she's out of every
thing you ask.

You 'll know her house by the swarm of boys, like flies, about the old sugary cask :
There are six empty houses, and not so well papered inside as out,
For bill-stickers won't beware, but sticks notices of sales and election placards all about.
That 's the Doctor's with a green door, where the garden pots in the windows is seen ;
A weakly monthly rose that don't blow, and a dead geranium, and a tea-plant with five black leaves and one green.
As for hollyhocks at the cottage-doors, and honeysuckles and jasmines, you may go and whistle ;
But the tailor's front garden grow two cabbages, a dock, a ha'porth of pennyroyal, two dandelions, and a thistle.
There are three small orchards—Mr. Busby's the schoolmaster's is the chief—
With two pear-trees that don't bear ; one plum and an apple, that every year is stripped by a thief.
There 's another small day-school too, kept by the respectable Mrs. Gaby ;
A select establishment, for six little boys and one big, and four little girls and a baby.
There 's a rectory, with pointed gables and strange odd chimneys that never smokes,
For the rector don't live on his living like other Christian sort of folks ;
There 's a barber's, once a-week well filled with rough black-bearded, shock-headed churls,
And a window with two feminine men's heads, and two masculine ladies in false curls ;
There 's a butcher's, and a carpenter's, and a plumber's, and a small green-grocer's, and a baker,

But he won't bake on a Sunday, and there 's a sexton that 's a coal-merchant besides, and an undertaker;
And a toy-shop, but not a whole one, for a village can't compare with the London shops;
One window sells drums, dolls, kites, carts, batts, Clout's balls, and the other sells malt and hops.
And Mrs. Brown, in domestic economy not to be a bit behind her betters,
Lets her house to a milliner, a watchmaker, a rat-catcher, a cobler, lives in it herself, and it 's the post-office for letters.
Now I 've gone through all the village—ay, from end to end, save and except one more house,
But I have n't come to that—and I hope I never shall—and that 's the Village Poor-House!

A VALENTINE.

THE WEATHER. To P. Murphy, Esq., M.N.S.

These, properly speaking, being esteemed the three arms of Meteoric action.

Dear Murphy, to improve her charms,
Your servant humbly begs;
She thanks you for her leash of arms,
But wants a brace of legs.

Moreover, as you promise folks,
On certain days a drizzle;
She thinks, in case she cannot rain,
She should have means to *mizzle.*

Some lightning too may just fall due,
When woods begin to moult;
And if she cannot "fork it out,"
She 'll wish to make a *bolt!*

TO FANNY.

"Gay being, born to flutter!"—Sale's Gleb.

Is this your faith, then, Fanny?
What, to chat with every Dun!
I 'm the one, then, but of many,
Not of many, but the *One!*

Last night you smiled on all, Ma'am,
That appeared in scarlet dress;
And your Regimental Ball, Ma'am,
Looked a little like a *Mess.*

I thought that of the Sogers
(As the Scotch say) one might do,
And that I, slight Ensign Rogers,
Was the chosen man and true.

But 'Sblood! your eye was busy
With that ragamuffin mob;—
Colonel Buddell—Colonel Dizzy—
And Lieutenant-Colonel Cobb.

General Joblin, General Jodkin,
Colonels—Kelly, Felly, with
Majors—Sturgeon, Truffle, Bodkin,
And the Quarter-master Smith.

Major Powderum—Major Dowdrum—
Major Chowdrum—Major Bye—
Captain Tawney—Captain Fawney,
Captain Any-one—but I!

Deuce take it! when the regiment
You so praised, I only thought
That you loved it in abridgment,
But I now am better taught!

I went, as loving man goes,
To admire thee in quadrilles;
But Fan, you dance fandangoes
With just any fop that wills?

I went with notes before us,
On the lay of Love to touch;
But with all the Corps in chorus,
Oh! it is indeed too much!

You once—ere you contracted
For the Army—seemed my own;
But now you laugh with all the Staff,
And I may sigh alone!—

I know not how it chances,
When my passion ever dares,
But the warmer my advances,
Then the cooler are your airs.

I am, I don't conceal it,
But I am a little hurt;
You 're a Fan, and I must feel it,
Fit for nothing but a *Flirt!*

I dreamt thy smiles of beauty
On myself alone did fall;
But alas! "Cosi Fan Tutti!"
It is thus, Fan, thus with all!

You have taken quite a mob in
Of new military flames;—
They would make a fine Round Robin
If I gave you all their names!

THE BOY AT THE NORE.

"Alone I did it!—Boy!"—Coriolanus.

I say, little Boy at the Nore,
Do you come from the small Isle of Man?
Why, your history a mystery must be—
Come tell us as much as you can,
Little Boy at the Nore!

You live it seems wholly on water,
Which your Gambier calls living in clover;—
But how comes it, if that is the case,
You 're eternally half seas over—
Little boy at the Nore?

While you ride—while you dance—while you float—
Never mind your imperfect orthography;—
But give us as well as you can,
Your watery auto-biography,
Little Boy at the Nore!

LITTLE BOY AT THE NORE LOQUITUR.

I 'm the tight little Boy at the Nore,
In a sort of sea negus I dwells;
Half and half 'twixt salt-water and Port,
I 'm reckoned the first of the swells—
I 'm the Boy at the Nore!

I lives with my toes to the flounders,
And watches through long days and nights;
Yet, cruelly eager, men look—
To catch the first glimpse of my lights—
I'm the Boy at the Nore.

I never gets cold in the head,
So my life on salt water is sweet—
I think I owes much of my health,
To being well used to wet feet—
As the Boy at the Nore.

There 's one thing, I 'm never in debt:
Nay!—I liquidates more than I *oughter*;*
So the man to beat Cits as goes by,
In keeping the head above water,
Is the Boy at the Nore.

I 've seen a good deal of distress
Lots of Breakers in Ocean's Gazette;
They should do as I do—rise o'er all;
Ay, a good floating capital get,
Like the Boy at the Nore!

I 'm a'ter the sailor's own heart,
And cheers him, in deep water rolling;
And the friend of all friends to Jack Junk,
Ben Backstay, Tom Pipes, and Tom Bowling,
Is the Boy at the Nore!

Could I e'er but grow up, I 'd be off
For a week to make love to my wheedles;
If the tight little Boy at the Nore
Could but catch a nice girl at the Needles,
We 'd have *two* at the Nore!

* A word caught from some American Trader in passing.

They thinks little of sizes on water,
On big waves the tiny one skulks—
While the river has Men of War on it—
Yes—the Thames is oppressed with Great Hulks,
And the Boy's at the Nore!

But I've done—for the water is heaving
Round my body, as though it would sink it!
And I've been so long pitching and tossing,
That sea-sick—you'd hardly now think it—
Is the Boy at the Nore!

SHOOTING PAINS.

"The charge is prepared."—Macheath.

If I shoot any more I'll be shot,
For ill-luck seems determined to star me,
I have marched the whole day
With a gun—for no pay—
Zounds, I'd better have been in the army!

What matters Sir Christopher's leave;
To his manor I'm sorry I came yet!
With confidence fraught,
My two pointers I brought,
But we are not a point towards game yet!

And that gamekeeper too, with advice!
Of my course he has been a nice chalker,
Not far, were his words,
I could go without birds:
If my legs could cry out, they'd cry "Walker!"

Not Hawker could find out a flaw—
My appointments are modern and Mantony,
And I 've brought my own man,
To mark down all he can,
But I can't find a mark for my Antony!

The partridges—where can they lie?
I have promised a leash to Miss Jervas,
As the least I could do;
But without even two
To brace me—I 'm getting quite nervous!

To the pheasants—how well they 're preserved!
My sport 's not a jot more beholden,
As the birds are so shy,
For my friends I must buy,
And so send "silver pheasants and golden."

I have tried ev'ry form for a hare,
Every patch, every furze, that could shroud her,
With toil unrelaxed,
Till my patience is taxed,
But I cannot be taxed for hare-powder,

I 've been roaming for hours in three flats
In the hope of a snipe for a snap at;
But still vainly I court
The percussioning sport,
I find nothing for "setting my cap at!"

A woodcock—this month is the time—
Right and left I 've made ready my lock for,
With well-loaded double,
But spite of my trouble,
Neither barrel can I find a cock for!

A rabbit I should not despise,
But they lurk in their burrows so lowly,
This day 's the eleventh,
It is not the seventh,
But they seem to be keeping it hole-y.

For a mallard I 've waded the marsh,
And haunted each pool, and each lake—oh!
Mine is not the luck,
To obtain thee, O Duck,
Or to doom thee, O Drake, like a Draco!

For a field-fare I 've fared far a-field,
Large or small I am never to sack bird,
Not a thrush is so kind
As to fly, and I find
I may whistle myself for a black-bird!

I am angry, I 'm hungry, I 'm dry,
Disappointed, and sullen, and goaded,
And so weary an elf,
I am sick of myself,
And with Number One seem overloaded.

As well one might beat round St. Paul's,
And look out for a cock or a hen there;
I have searched round and round
All the Baronet's ground,
But Sir Christopher has n't a wren there!

Joyce may talk of his excellent caps,
But for nightcaps they set me desiring,
And it 's really too bad,
Not a shot I have had
With Hall's Powder, renowned for "quick firing."

If this is what people call sport,
Oh! of sporting I can't have a high sense,
And there still remains one
More mischance on my gun—
"Fined for shooting without any license."

PAIRED *NOT* MATCHED.

Of wedded bliss
Bards sing amiss,
I cannot make a song of it;
For I am small,
My wife is tall,
And that 's the short and long of it;

When we debate
It is my fate
To always have the wrong of it;
For I am small
And she is tall,
And that 's the short and long of it!

And when I speak
My voice is weak,
But hers—she makes a gong of it;
For I am small,
And she is tall,
And that 's the short and long of it;

She has, in brief,
Command in Chief,
And I 'm but Aide-de-camp of it;
For I am small,
And she is tall,
And that 's the short and long of it!

She gives to me
The weakest tea,
And takes the whole Souchong of it;
For I am small,
And she is tall,
And that 's the short and long of it;

She 'll sometimes grip
My buggy whip,
And make me feel the thong of it;
For I am small,
And she is tall,
And that 's the short and long of it!

Against my life
She 'll take a knife,
Or fork, and dart the prong of it;
For I am small,
And she is tall,
And that 's the short and long of it!

I sometimes think
I 'll take to drink,
And hector when I 'm strong of it
For I am small,
And she is tall,
And that 's the short and long of it!

O, if the bell
Would ring her knell,
I 'd make a gay ding-dong of it;
For I am small,
And she is tall,
And that 's the short and long of it!

THE COMPASS, WITH VARIATIONS.

"The Needles have sometimes been fatal to Mariners."—Picture of Isle of Wight.

One close of day—'t was in the bay
Of Naples, bay of glory!
While light was hanging crowns of gold
On mountains high and hoary,
A gallant bark got under way,
And with her sails my story.

For Leghorn she was bound direct,
With wine and oil for cargo,
Her crew of men some nine or ten,
The captain's name was Iago;
A good and gallant bark she was,
La Donna (called) del Lago.

Bronzed mariners were her's to view,
With brown cheeks, clear or muddy,
Dark, shining eyes, and coal-black hair,
Meet heads for painter's study;
But 'midst their tan there stood one man,
Whose cheek was fair and ruddy;

His brow was high, a loftier brow
Ne'er shone in song or sonnet,
His hair a little scant, and when
He doffed his cap or bonnet,
One saw that Grey had gone beyond
A premiership upon it!

His eye—a passenger was he,
The cabin he had hired it—

His eye was grey, and when he looked
Around, the prospect fired it—
A fine poetic light, as if
The Apple-Nine inspired it.

His frame was stout, in height about
Six feet—well made and portly;
Of dress and manner just to give
A sketch, but very shortly,
His order seemed a composite
Of rustic with the courtly.

He ate and quaffed, and joked and laughed,
And chatted with the seamen,
And often tasked their skill and asked
"What weather is 't to be, man?"
No demonstration there appeared
That he was any demon.

No sort of sign there was that he
Could raise a stormy rumpus,
Like Prospero make breezes blow,
And rocks and billows thump us—
But little we supposed what he
Could with the needle compass!

Soon came a storm—the sea at first
Seemed lying almost fallow—
When lo! full crash, with billowy dash,
From clouds of black and yellow,
Came such a gale, as blows but once
A cent'ry, like the aloe!

Our stomachs we had just prepared
To vest a small amount in;

When, gush! a flood of brine came down
The skylight—quite a fountain,
And right on end the table reared,
Just like the Table Mountain.

Down rushed the soup, down gushed the wine,
Each roll, its rôle repeating,
Rolled down—the round of beef declared
For parting—not for meating!
Off flew the fowls, and all the game
Was "too far gone for eating!"

Down knife and fork—down went the pork,
The lamb too broke its tether;
Down mustard went—each condiment—
Salt—pepper—all together!
Down every thing, like craft that seek
The Downs in stormy weather.

Down plunged the Lady of the Lake,
Her timbers seemed to sever;
Down, down, a dreary derry down,
Such lurch she had gone never;
She almost seemed about to take
A bed of down forever!

Down dropped the captain's nether jaw,
Thus robbed of all its uses,
He thought he saw the Evil One
Beside Vesuvian sluices,
Playing at dice for soul and ship,
And throwing *Sink* and *Deuces*.

Down fell the steward on his face,
To all the Saints commending;

And candles to the Virgin vowed,
As save-alls 'gainst his ending.
Down fell the mate, he thought his fate,
Check-mate, was close impending!

Down fell the cook—the cabin boy,
Their beads with fervor telling,
While alps of serge, with snowy verge,
Above the yards came yelling.
Down fell the crew, and on their knees
Shuddered at each white swelling!

Down sunk the sun of bloody hue,
His crimson light a cleaver
To each red rover of a wave:
To eye of fancy-weaver,
Neptune, the God, seemed tossing in
A raging scarlet fever!

Sore, sore afraid, each papist prayed
To Saint and Virgin Mary;
But one there was that stood composed
Amid the waves' vagary;
As staunch as rock, a true game-cock
'Mid chicks of Mother Cary!

His ruddy cheek retained its streak,
No danger seemed to shrink him;
His step still bold—of mortal mould
The crew could hardly think him:
The Lady of the Lake, he seemed
To know, could never sink him.

Relaxed at last the furious gale
Quite out of breath with racing;

The boiling flood in milder mood,
With gentler billows chasing;
From stem to stern, with frequent turn,
The Stranger took to pacing.

And as he walked to self he talked,
Some ancient ditty thrumming,
In under tone, as not alone—
Now whistling, and now humming—
"You 're welcome, Charlie," "Cowdenknowes,"
"Kenmure," or "Campbells' Coming."

Down went the wind, down went the wave,
Fear quitted the most finical;
The Saints, I wot, were soon forgot,
And Hope was at the pinnacle:
When rose on high, a frightful cry—
"The Devil's in the binnacle!"

"The Saints be near," the helmsman cried,
His voice with quite a falter—
"Steady 's my helm, but every look
The needle seems to alter;
God only knows where China lies,
Jamaica, or Gibraltar!"

The captain stared aghast at mate,
The pilot at th' apprentice;
No fancy of the German Sea
Of Fiction the event is:
But when they at the compass looked,
It seemed non compass mentis.

Now north, now south, now east, now west,
The wavering point was shaken,

'T was past the whole philosophy
Of Newton, or of Bacon;
Never by compass, till that hour
Such latitudes were taken!

With fearful speech, each after each
Took turns in the inspection;
They found no gun—no iron—none
To vary its direction;
It seemed a new magnetic case
Of Poles in Insurrection!

Farewell to wives, farewell their lives,
And all their household riches;
Oh! while they thought of girl or boy,
And dear domestic niches,
All down the side which holds the heart,
That needle gave them stitches.

With deep amaze, the Stranger gazed
To see them so white-livered:
And walked abaft the binnacle,
To know at what they shivered;
But when he stood beside the card,
St. Josef! how it quivered!

No fancy-motion, brain-begot,
In eye of timid dreamer—
The nervous finger of a sot
Ne'er showed a plainer tremor;
To every brain it seemed too plain,
There stood th' Infernal Schemer!

Mixed brown and blue each visage grew,
Just like a pullet's gizzard;

Meanwhile the captain's wandering wit,
From tacking like an izzard,
Bore down in this plain course at last,
"It 's Michael Scott—the Wizard!"

A smile past o'er the ruddy face,
"To see the poles so falter
I 'm puzzled, friends, as much as you,
For with no fiends I palter;
Michael I 'm not—although a Scott—
My Christian name is Walter."

Like oil it fell, that name, a spell
On all the fearful faction;
The captain's head (for he had read)
Confessed the Needle's action,
And bowed to HIM in whom the North
Has lodged its main attraction!

"PLEASE TO RING THE BELLE."

I 'll tell you a story that 's not in Tom Moore:—
Young Love likes to knock at a pretty girl's door:
So he called upon Lucy—'t was just ten o'clock—
Like a spruce single man, with a smart double knock.

Now a hand-maid, whatever her fingers be at,
Will run like a puss when she hears a *rat*-tat:
So Lucy ran up—and in two seconds more
Had questioned the stranger and answered the door.

The meeting was bliss; but the parting was woe:
For the moment will come when such comers must go;
So she kissed him, and whispered—poor innocent thing—
"The next time you come, love, pray come with a ring."

THE LAMENT OF TOBY,

THE LEARNED PIG.

"A little learning is a dangerous thing."—POPE.

O HEAVY day! oh day of woe!
To misery a poster,
Why was I ever farrowed—why
Not spitted for a roaster?

In this world, pigs, as well as men,
Must dance to fortune's fiddlings,
But must I give the classics up,
For barley-meal and middlings?

Of what avail that I could spell
And read, just like my betters,
If I must come to this at last,
To litters, not to letters?

O, why are pigs made scholars of?
It baffles my discerning,
What griskins, fry, and chitterlings,
Can have to do with learning.

Alas! my learning once drew cash,
But public fame 's unstable,
So I must turn a pig again,
And fatten for the table.

To leave my literary line
My eyes get red and leaky;
But Giblett does n't want me *blue,*
But red and white, and streaky.

Old Mullins used to cultivate
My learning like a gard'ner;
But Giblett only thinks of lard,
And not of Dr. Lardner!

He does not care about my brain
The value of two coppers,
All that he thinks about my head
Is, how I'm off for choppers.

Of all my literary kin
A farewell must be taken,
Good-bye to the poetic Hogg!
The philosophic Bacon!

Day after day my lessons fade,
My intellect gets muddy;
A trough I have, and not a desk,
A sty—and not a study!

Another little month, and then
My progress ends, like Bunyan's;
The seven sages that I loved
Will be chopped up with onions!

Then over head and ears in brine
They'll souse me, like a salmon,
My mathematics turned to brawn,
My logic into gammon.

My Hebrew will all retrograde,
Now I'm put up to fatten;
My Greek, it will all go to grease;
The Dogs will have my Latin!

Farewell to Oxford!—and to Bliss!
To Milman, Crowe, and Glossop—
I now must be content with chats,
Instead of learned gossip!

Farewell to "Town!" farewell to "Gown!"
I've quite outgrown the latter—
Instead of Trencher-cap my head
Will soon be in a platter!

O why did I at Brazen-Nose
Rout up the roots of knowledge?
A butcher that can't read will kill
A pig that 's been to college!

For sorrow I could stick myself,
But conscience is a clasher;
A thing that would be rash in man,
In me would be a rasher!

One thing I ask—when I am dead
And past the Stygian ditches—
And that is, let my schoolmaster
Have one of my two flitches:

'T was he who taught my letters so
I ne'er mistook or missed 'em;
Simply by *ringing* at the nose,
According to *Bell's* system.

MY SON AND HEIR.

My mother bids me bind my heir,
  But not the trade where I should bind;
To place a boy—the how and where—
  It is the plague of parent-kind!

She does not hint the slightest plan,
  Nor what indentures to indorse;
Whether to bind him to a man—
  Or, like Mazeppa, to a horse.

What line to choose of likely rise,
  To something in the Stocks at last—
"Fast bind, fast find," the proverb cries
  I find I cannot bind so fast!

A Statesman James can never be;
  A Tailor?—there I only learn
His chief concern is cloth, and he
  Is always cutting his concern.

A Seedsman?—I'd not have him so;
  A Grocer's plum might disappoint;
A Butcher?—no, not that—although
  I hear "the times are out of joint!"

Too many of all trades there be,
  Like Pedlars, each has such a pack;
A merchant selling coals?—we see
  The buyer send to cellar back.

A Hardware dealer ?—that might please,
But if his trade's foundation leans
On spikes and nails, he won't have ease
When he retires upon his means.

A Soldier ?—there he has not nerves,
A Sailor seldom lays up pelf:
A Baker ?—no, a baker serves
His customer before himself.

Dresser of hair ?—that 's not the sort;
A joiner jars with his desire—
A Churchman ?—James is very short,
And cannot to a church aspire.

A Lawyer ?—that 's a hardish term !
A Publisher might give him ease,
If he could into Longman's firm,
Just plunge at once " in medias Rees."

A shop for pot, and pan, and cup,
Such brittle Stock I can't advise;
A Builder running houses up,
Their gains are stories—may be lies !

A Coppersmith I can't endure—
Nor petty Usher A, B, C-ing;
A Publican no father sure,
Would be the author of his being !

A Paper-maker ?—come he must
To rags before he sells a sheet—
A Miller ?—all his toil is just
To make a meal—he does not eat.

A Currier?—that by favor goes—
A Chandler gives me great misgiving—
An Undertaker?—one of those
That do not hope to get their living!

Three Golden Balls?—I like them not;
An Auctioneer I never did—
The victim of a slavish lot,
Obliged to do as he is bid!

A Broker watching fall and rise
Of Stock?—I'd rather deal in stone—
A Printer?—there his toils comprise
Another's work beside his own.

A Cooper?—neither I nor Jem
Have any taste or turn for that—
A Fish retailer?—but with him
One part of trade is always flat.

A Painter?—long he would not live—
An Artist's a precarious craft—
In trade Apothecaries give,
But very seldom take, a draught.

A Glazier?—what if he should smash!
A Crispin he shall not be made—
A Grazier may be losing cash,
Although he drives "a roaring trade."

Well, something must be done! to look
On all my little works around—
James is too big a boy, like book,
To leave upon the shelf unbound.

But what to do?—my temples ache
From evening's dew till morning's pearl,
What course to take my boy to make—
Oh could I make my boy—a girl!

THE FOX AND THE HEN.

A FABLE.

Speaking within *compass*, as to fabulousness I prefer *Southcote* to *Northcote*.
PIGROGROMITUS.

ONE day, or night, no matter where or when,
Sly Reynard, like a foot-pad, laid his pad
Right on the body of a speckled Hen,
Determined upon taking all she had;
And like a very bibber at his bottle,
Began to draw the claret from her throttle;
Of course it put her in a pretty pucker,
And with a scream as high
As she could cry,
She called for help—she had enough of sucker.

Dame Partlet's scream
Waked, luckily, the house-dog from his dream,
And, with a savage growl
In answer to the fowl,
He bounded forth against the prowling sinner,
And, uninvited, came to the Fox Dinner.

Sly Reynard, heedful of the coming doom,
Thought, self-deceived,
He should not be perceived,
Hiding his *brush* within a neighboring *broom*;
But quite unconscious of a Poacher's snare,

And caught in copper noose,
And looking like a goose,
Found that his fate had "hung upon a *hare*;"
His tricks and turns were rendered of no use to him,
And, worst of all, he saw old surly Tray
Coming to play
Tray-Deuce with him.

Tray, an old Mastiff bred at Dunstable,
Under his Master, a most special constable,
Instead of killing Reynard in a fury,
Seized him for legal trial by a Jury;
But Juries—Æsop was a sheriff then—
Consisted of twelve Brutes and not of Men.

But first the Elephant sat on the body—
I mean the Hen—and proved that she was dead,
To the veriest fool's head
Of the Booby and the Noddy.

Acordingly, the Stork brought in a bill
Quite true enough to kill;
And then the Owl was called—for, mark,
The Owl can witness in the dark.
To make the evidence more plain,
The Lynx connected all the chain.
In short there was no quirk or quibble
At which a legal Rat could nibble;
The Culprit was as far beyond hope's bounds
As if the Jury had been *packed*—of hounds,
Reynard, however, at the utmost nick,
Is seldom quite devoid of shift and trick;

Accordingly our cunning Fox,
Through certain influence, obscurely channeled,
A friendly Camel got into the box,
When 'gainst his life the Jury was impaneled.

Now, in the Silly Isles such is the law,
If Jurors should withdraw,
They are to have no eating and no drinking
Till all are starved into one way of thinking.

Thus Reynard's Jurors, who could not agree,
Were locked up strictly, without bit or mummock,
Till every Beast that only had *one* stomach,
Bent to the Camel, who was blest with *three*.
To do them justice, they debated
From four till ten, while dinner waited,
When thirst and hunger got the upper,
And each inclined to mercy, and hot supper:
"Not guilty" was the word, and Master Fox
Was freed to murder other hens and cocks.

MORAL.

What moral greets us by this tale's assistance
But that the Solon is a sorry Solon,
Who makes the full stop of a Man's existence
Depend upon a *Colon?*

THE COMET.

AN ASTRONOMICAL ANECDOTE.

"I cannot fill up a blank better than with a short history of this self-same *Star*ling."
STERNE'S SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

AMONGST professors of astronomy,
Adepts in the celestial economy,
The name of H******l 's very often cited,
And justly so, for he is hand and glove
With every bright intelligence above;
Indeed, it was his custom so to stop,
Watching the stars upon the house's top,
That once upon a time he got be-knighted.

In his observatory thus coquetting
With Venus—or with Juno gone astray,
All sublunary matters quite forgetting
In his flirtations with the winking stars,
Acting the spy—it might be upon Mars—
A new André;
Or, like a Tom of Coventry, sly peeping
At Dian sleeping;
Or ogling thro' his glass
Some heavenly lass
Tripping with pails along the Milky Way;
Or looking at that Wain of Charles the Martyr's:—
Thus he was sitting, watchman of the sky,
When lo! a something with a tail of flame
Made him exclaim,
"*My* stars!"—he always puts that stress on *my*—
"*My* stars and garters!"

"A comet, sure as I 'm alive!
A noble one as I should wish to view;
It can't be Halley's though, *that* is not due
Till eighteen thirty-five.
Magnificent!—how fine his fiery trail!
Zounds! 'tis a pity, though, he comes unsought—
Unasked—unreckoned—in no human thought—
He ought—he ought—he ought
To have been caught
With scientific salt upon his tail!

"I looked no more for it, I do declare,
Than the Great Bear!
As sure as Tycho-Brahe is dead,
It really entered in my head
No more than Berenice's Hair!"
Thus musing, Heaven's Grand Inquisitor
Sat gazing on the uninvited visitor
Till John, the serving-man, came to the upper
Regions, with "Please your Honor, come to supper."

"Supper! good John, to-night I shall not sup
Except on that phenomenon—look up!"
"Not sup!" cried John, thinking with consternation
That supping on a *star* must be *star*vation,
Or ev'n to batten
On Ignes Fatui would never fatten.
His visage seemed to say—that very odd is—
But still his master the same tune ran on,
"I can't come down—go to the parlor, John,
And say I 'm supping with the heavenly bodies.

"The heavenly bodies!" echoed John, "Ahem!"
His mind still full of famishing alarms,

"'Zooks, if your Honor sups with *them*,
In helping, somebody must make long arms!"
He thought his master's stomach was in danger,
But still in the same tone replied the Knight,
"Go down, John, go, I have no appetite,
Say I 'm engaged with a celestial stranger."—
Quoth John, not much au fait in such affairs,
"Would n't the stranger take a bit down stairs?"
"No," said the master, smiling, and no wonder,
At such a blunder,
"The stranger is not quite the thing you think,
He wants no meat or drink,
And one may doubt quite reasonably whether
He has a mouth,
Seeing his head and tail are joined together,
Behold him—there he is, John, in the South."

John looked up with his portentous eyes,
Each rolling like a marble in its socket,
At last the fiery tad-pole spies,
And, full of Vauxhall reminiscence, cries,
"A rare good rocket!"

"A what? A rocket, John! Far from it!
What you behold, John, is a comet;
One of those most eccentric things
That in all ages
Have puzzled sages
And frightened kings;
With fear of change that flaming meteor, John,
Perplexes sovereigns, throughout its range"—
"Do he?" cried John;
"Well, let him flare on,
I have n't got no sovereigns to change!"

I CANNOT BEAR A GUN.

"Timidity is generally reckoned an essential attribute of the fair sex, and this absurd notion gives rise to more false starts than a race for the Leger. Hence screams at mice, fits at spiders, faces at toads, jumps at lizards, flights from daddy longlegs, panics at wasps, *sauve qui peut* at the sight of a gun. Surely, when the military exercise is made a branch of education at so many ladies' academies, the use of the musket would only be a judicious step further in the march of mind. I should not despair, in a month's practice, of making the most timid British female fond of small-arms."

HINTS BY A CORPORAL.

It can't be minced, I'm quite convinced
All girls are full of flam,
Their feelings fine and feminine
Are nothing else but sham.
On all their tricks I need not fix,
I'll only mention one,
How many a Miss will tell you this,
"I cannot bear a gun!"

There's cousin Bell can't 'bide the smell
Of powder—horrid stuff!
A single pop will make her drop,
She shudders at a puff.
My Manton near, with aspen fear
Will make her scream and run;
"It's always so, you brute, you know
I cannot bear a gun!"

About my flask I must not ask,
I must not wear a belt,
I must not take a punch to make
My pellets, card or felt;
And if I just allude to dust,
Or speak of number one,
"I beg you 'll not—don't talk of shot,
I cannot bear a gun!"

Percussion cap I dare not snap,
I may not mention Hall,
Or raise my voice for Mr. Joyce,
His wadding to recall;
At Hawker's book I must not look,
All shooting I must shun,
Or else—"It 's hard, you 've no regard,
I cannot bear a gun!"

The very dress I wear no less
Must suit her timid mind,
A blue or black must clothe my back,
With swallow-tails behind;
By fustian, jean, or velveteen,
Her nerves are overdone;
"Oh do not, John, put gaiters on,
I cannot bear a gun!"

Even little James she snubs, and blames
His Lilliputian train,
Two inches each from mouth to breech,
And charged with half a grain—
His crackers stopped, his squibbing dropped,
He has no fiery fun,
And all thro' her "How dare you, sir?
I cannot bear a gun!"

Yet Major Flint—the Devil's in 't!
May talk from morn to night,
Of springing mines, and twelves and nines,
And volleys left and right,
Of voltigeurs and tirailleurs,
And bullets by the ton:
She never dies of fright, or cries
"I cannot bear a gun!"

It stirs my bile to see her smile
At all his bang and whiz,
But if I talk of morning walk,
And shots as good as his,
I must not name the fallen game:
As soon as I've begun,
She's in her pout, and crying out,
"I cannot bear a gun!"

Yet, underneath the rose, her teeth
Are false, to match her tongue:
Grouse, partridge, hares, she never spares,
Or pheasants, old or young—
On widgeon, teal, she makes a meal,
And yet objects to none;
"What have I got, it's full of shot!
I cannot bear a gun!"

At pigeon-pie she is not shy,
Her taste it never shocks,
Though they should be from Battersea,
So famous for blue rocks;
Yet when I bring the very thing
My marksmanship has won,
She cries "Lock up that horrid cup,
I cannot bear a gun!"

Like fool and dunce I got her once
A box at Drury Lane,
And by her side I felt a pride
I ne'er shall feel again;
To read the bill it made her ill,
And this excuse she spun,
"Der Freyschütz, oh, seven shots! you know,
I cannot bear a gun!"

Yet at a hint from Major Flint,
Her very hands she rubs,
And quickly drest in all her best,
Is off to Wormwood Scrubbs.
The whole review she sits it through,
With noise enough to stun,
And never winks, or even thinks,
"I cannot bear a gun!"

She thus may blind the Major's mind
In mock-heroic strife,
But let a bout at war break out,
And where 's the soldier's wife,
To take his kit and march a bit
Beneath a broiling sun?
Or will she cry, "My dear, good-bye,
I cannot bear a gun!"

If thus she doats on army coats,
And regimental cuffs,
The yeomanry might surely be
Secure from her rebuffs;
But when I don my trappings on,
To follow Captain Dunn,
My carbine's gleam provokes a scream,
"I cannot bear a gun."

It can't be minced, I 'm quite convinced,
All girls are full of flam,
Their feelings fine, and feminine,
Are nothing else but sham;
On all their tricks I need not fix,
I 'll only mention one,
How many a Miss will tell you this,
"I cannot bear a gun!"

TRIMMER'S EXERCISE,

FOR THE USE OF CHILDREN.

HERE, come, Master Timothy Todd,
Before we have done you 'll look grimmer;
You 've been spelling some time for the rod,
And your jacket shall know I 'm a Trimmer.

You don't know your A from your B,
So backward you are in your Primer:
Don't kneel—you shall go on *my* knee,
For I 'll have you to know I 'm a Trimmer.

This morning you hindered the cook,
By melting your dumps in the skimmer;
Instead of attending your book—
But I 'll have you to know I 'm a Trimmer.

To-day, too, you went to the pond,
And bathed, though you are not a swimmer;
And with parents so doting and fond—
But I 'll have you to know I 'm a Trimmer.

After dinner you went to the wine,
And helped yourself—yes, to a brimmer;
You could n't walk straight in a line,
But I 'll make you to know I 'm a Trimmer.

You kick little Tomkins about,
Because he is slighter and slimmer;
Are the weak to be thumped by the stout?
But I 'll have you to know I 'm a Trimmer.

Then you have a sly pilfering trick,
Your school-fellows call you the nimmer—
I will cut to the bone if you kick!
For I 'll have you to know I 'm a Trimmer.

To-day you made game at my back:
You think that my eyes are grown dimmer,
But I watched you, I 've got a sly knack!
And I 'll have you to know I 'm a Trimmer.

Don't think that my temper is hot,
It 's never beyond a slow simmer;
I 'll teach you to call me Dame Trot,
But I 'll have you to know I 'm a Trimmer.

Miss Edgeworth, or Mrs. Chapone,
Might melt to behold your tears glimmer;
Mrs. Barbauld would let you alone,
But I 'll have you to know I 'm a Trimmer.

TO A BAD RIDER.

Why, Mr. Rider, why
Your nag so ill endorse, man?
To make observers cry,
You 're mounted, but no horseman?

With elbows out so far
This thought you can't debar me—
Though no Dragoon—Hussar—
You 're surely of the army!

I hope to turn M.P.
You have not any notion,
How awkward you would be
At "seconding a motion!"

SYMPTOMS OF OSSIFICATION.

"An indifference to tears, and blood, and human suffering, that could only belong to *Boney-parte*."—*Life of Napoleon.*

TIME was, I always had a drop
For any tale or sigh of sorrow;
My handkerchief I used to sop
Till often I was forced to borrow;
I don't know how it is, but now
My eyelids seldom want a drying;
The doctors, p'rhaps, could tell me how—
I fear my heart is ossifying!

O'er Goethe how I used to weep,
With turnip cheeks and nose of scarlet,
When Werter put himself to sleep
With pistols kissed and cleaned by Charlotte;
Self-murder is an awful sin,
No joke there is in bullets flying,
But now at such a tale I grin—
I fear my heart is ossifying!

The Drama once could shake and thrill
My nerves, and set my tears a stealing,
The Siddons then could turn at will
Each plug upon the main of feeling;
At Belvidera now I smile,
And laugh while Mrs. Haller's crying;
'Tis odd, so great a change of style—
I fear my heart is ossifying!

That heart was such—some years ago,
To see a beggar quite would shock it,

And in his hat I used to throw
The quarter's savings of my pocket:
I never wish—as I did *then!*—
The means from my own purse supplying,
To turn them all to gentlemen—
I fear my heart is ossifying!

We 've had some serious things of late,
Our sympathies to beg or borrow,
New melo-drames, of tragic fate,
And acts, and songs, and tales of sorrow;
Miss Zouch's case, our eyes to melt,
And sundry actors sad good-bye-ing;
But Lord!—so little have I felt,
I 'm sure my heart is ossifying!

THOSE EVENING BELLS.

"I'D BE A PARODY."

Those Evening Bells, those Evening Bells,
How many a tale their music tells,
Of Yorkshire cakes and crumpets prime,
And letters only just in time!—

The Muffin-boy has passed away,
The Postman gone—and I must pay,
For down below Deaf Mary dwells,
And does not hear those Evening Bells.

And so 't will be when she is gone,
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
And other maids with timely yells
Forget to stay those Evening Bells.

RONDEAU.

[EXTRACTED FROM A WELL-KNOWN ANNUAL.]

O CURIOUS reader, didst thou ne'er
Behold a worshipful Lord May'r
Seated in his great civic chair
So dear?

Then cast thy longing eyes this way,
It is the ninth November day,
And in his new-born state survey
One here!

To rise from little into great
Is pleasant: but to sink in state
From high to lowly is a fate
Severe.

Too soon his shine is overcast,
Chilled by the next November blast;
His blushing honors only last
One year!

He casts his fur and sheds his chains,
And moults till not a plume remains—
The next impending May'r distrains
His gear.

He slips like water through a sieve—
Ah, could his little splendor live
Another twelvemonth—he would give
One ear!

DOG-GREL VERSES, BY A POOR BLIND.

"Hark! hark! the dogs do bark,
The beggars are coming . . ."—Old Ballad.

Oh what shall I do for a dog?
Of sight I have not got a particle,
Globe, Standard, or Sun,
Times, Chronicle—none
Can give *me* a good leading article.

A Mastiff once led me about,
But people appeared so to fear him—
I might have got pence
Without his defence,
But Charity would not come near him.

A Blood-hound was not much amiss,
But instinct at last got the upper;
And tracking Bill Soames,
And thieves to their homes,
I never could get home to supper.

A Fox-hound once served me as guide,
A good one at hill and at valley;
But day after day
He led me astray,
To follow a milk-woman's tally.

A turnspit once did me good turns
At going and crossing, and stopping;
Till one day his breed
Went off at full speed,
To spit at a great fire in Wapping.

A Pointer once pointed my way,
But did not turn out quite so pleasant,
Each hour I 'd a stop
At a Poulterer's shop
To point at a very high pheasant.

A Pug did not suit me at all,
The feature unluckily rose up;
And folks took offence
When offering pence,
Because of his turning his nose up.

A Butcher once gave me a dog,
That turned out the worse one of any;
A Bull dog's own pup,
I got a toss up
Before he had brought me a penny.

My next was a Westminster Dog,
From Aistrop the regular cadger;
But, sightless, I saw
He never would draw
A blind man so well as a badger.

A greyhound I got by a swop,
But, Lord! we soon came to divorces:
He treated my strip
Of cord like a slip,
And left me to go my own courses.

A poodle once towed me along,
But always we came to one harbor:
To keep his curls smart,
And shave his hind part,
He constantly called on a barber.

My next was a Newfoundland brute,
As big as a calf fit for slaughter;
But my old cataract
So truly he backed,
I always fell into the water.

I once had a sheep-dog for guide,
His worth did not value a button;
I found it no go,
A Smithfield Ducrow,
To stand on four saddles of mutton.

My next was an Esquimaux dog,
A dog that my bones ached to talk on,
For picking his ways
On cold frosty days
He picked out the slides for a walk on.

Bijou was a lady-like dog,
But vexed me at night not a little,
When tea-time was come
She would not go home,
Her tail had once trailed a tin kettle.

I once had a sort of a Shock,
And kissed a street post like a brother,
And lost every tooth
In learning this truth—
One blind cannot well lead another.

A terrier was far from a trump,
He had one defect, and a thorough,
I never could stir,
'Od rabbit the cur!
Without going into the Borough.

My next was Dalmatian, the dog!
And led me in danger, oh crikey!
By chasing horse heels,
Between carriage wheels,
Till I came upon boards that were spiky.

The next that I had was from Cross,
And once was a favorite spaniel
With Nero, now dead,
And so I was led
Right up to his den like a Daniel.

A mongrel I tried, and he did,
As far as the profit and lossing,
Except that the kind
Endangers the blind,
The breed is so fond of a crossing.

A setter was quite to my taste,
In alleys or streets broad or narrow,
Till one day I met
A very dead set,
At a very dead horse in a barrow.

I once had a dog that went mad,
And sorry I was that I got him;
It came to a run,
And a man with a gun
Peppered *me* when he ought to have shot him.

My profits have gone to the dogs,
My trade has been such a deceiver,
I fear that my aim
Is a mere losing game,
Unless I can find a Retriever.

THE KANGAROOS.

A FABLE.

A PAIR of married kangaroos
(The case is oft a human one too)
Were greatly puzzled once to choose
A trade to put their eldest son to:
A little brisk and busy chap,
As all the little K.'s just then are—
About some two months off the lap—
They 're not so long in arms as men are.

A twist in each parental muzzle
Betrayed the hardship of the puzzle—
So much the flavor of life's cup
Is framed by early wrong or right,
And Kangaroos we know are quite
Dependent on their "rearing up."
The question, with its ins and outs,
Is intricate and full of doubts;
And yet they had no squeamish carings
For trades unfit or fit for gentry,
Such notion never had an entry,
For they had no armorial bearings.
Howbeit they 're not the last on earth
That might indulge in pride of birth;
Whoe'er has seen their infant young
Bob in and out their mother's pokes,
Would own, with very ready tongue,
They are not born like common folks.
Well, thus the serious subject stood,
It kept the old pair watchful nightly

Debating for young hopeful's good,
That he might earn his livelihood,
  And go through life (like them) uprightly.
Arms would not do at all; no, marry,
In that line all his race miscarry;
  And agriculture was not proper,
Unless they meant the lad to tarry
  For ever as a mere clod-hopper.
He was not well cut out for preaching,
  At least in any striking style:
  And as for being mercantile—
He was not formed for over-reaching.
The law—why there still fate ill-starred him,
And plainly from the bar debarred him:
A doctor—who would ever fee him?
  In music he could scarce engage,
  And as for going on the stage
In tragic socks I think I see him!

He would not make a rigging-mounter;
  A haberdasher had some merit,
But there the counter still ran counter,
      For just suppose
      A lady chose
To ask him for a yard of ferret!

A gardener digging up his beds,
The puzzled parents shook their heads.

"A tailor would not do because—"
They paused and glanced upon his paws.

Some parish post—though fate should place it
Before him, how could he embrace it?

In short, each anxious Kangaroo
Discussed the matter through and through;
By day they seemed to get no nearer,
'T was posing quite—
And in the night
Of course they saw their way no clearer!
At last thus musing on their knees—
Or hinder elbows if you please—
It came—no thought was ever brighter!
In weighing every why and whether,
They jumped upon it both together—
"Let 's make the imp a *short-hand writer!*"

MORAL.

I wish all human parents so
Would argue what their sons are fit for;
Some would-be critics that I know
Would be in trades they have more wit for.

SONNET.

The sky is glowing in one ruddy sheet;—
A cry of fire! resounds from door to door;
And westward still the thronging people pour;—
The turncock hastens to F. P. 6 feet,
And quick unlocks the fountains of the street;
While rumbling engines, with increasing roar,
Thunder along to luckless Number Four,
Where Mr. Dough makes bread for folks to eat.
And now through blazing frames, and fiery beams,
The Globe, the Sun, the Phœnix, and what not,
With gushing pipes throw up abundant streams,
On burning bricks, and twists, on rolls—too hot—
And scorching loaves—as if there were no shorter
And cheaper way of making toast-and-water!

THE SUB-MARINE.

It was a brave and jolly wight,
His cheek was baked and brown,
For he had been in many climes
With captains of renown,
And fought with those who fought so well
At Nile and Camperdown.

His coat it was a soldier coat,
Of red with yellow faced,
But (merman-like) he looked marine
All downward from the waist;
His trowsers were so wide and blue,
And quite in sailor taste!

He put the rummer to his lips,
And drank a jolly draught;
He raised the rummer many times—
And ever as he quaffed,
The more he drank, the more the ship
Seemed pitching fore and aft!

The ship seemed pitching fore and aft,
As in a heavy squall;
It gave a lurch and down he went,
Head-foremost in his fall!
Three times he did not rise, alas!
He never rose at all!

But down he went, right down at once,
Like any stone he dived,

He could not see, or hear, or feel—
Of senses all deprived!
At last he gave a look around
To see where he arrived!

And all that he could see was green,
Sea-green on every hand!
And then he tried to sound beneath,
And all he felt was sand!
There he was fain to lie, for he
Could neither sit nor stand!

And lo! above his head there bent
A strange and staring lass!
One hand was in her yellow hair,
The other held a glass;
A mermaid she must surely be,
If ever mermaid was!

Her fish-like mouth was opened wide,
Her eyes were blue and pale,
Her dress was of the ocean green,
When ruffled by the gale;
Thought he "beneath that petticoat
She hides a salmon-tail!"

She looked as siren ought to look,
A sharp and bitter shrew,
To sing deceiving lullabies
For mariners to rue—
But when he saw her lips apart,
It chilled him through and through!

With either hand he stopped his ears
Against her evil cry;

Alas, alas, for all his care,
  His doom it seemed to die,
Her voice went ringing through his head
  It was so sharp and high!

He thrust his fingers farther in
  At each unwilling ear,
But still, in very spite of all,
  The words were plain and clear;
"I can't stand here the whole day long
  To hold your glass of beer!"

With opened mouth and opened eyes,
  Up rose the Sub-marine,
And gave a stare to find the sands
  And deeps where he had been:
There was no siren with her glass!
  No waters ocean-green!

The wet deception from his eyes
  Kept fading more and more,
He only saw the bar-maid stand
  With pouting lips before—
The small green parlor of The Ship,
  And little sanded floor!

THE SWEEP'S COMPLAINT.

"I like to meet a sweep—such as come forth with the dawn, or somewhat earlier, with their little professional notes, sounding like the *peep, peep*, of a young sparrow."
—ESSAYS OF ELIA.

——— "A voice cried Sweep no more!
Macbeth hath murdered sweep."—SHAKSPEARE.

ONE morning ere my usual time
I rose, about the seventh chime,
When little stunted boys that climb
Still linger in the street;
And as I walked, I saw indeed
A sample of the sooty breed,
Though he was rather run to seed,
In height above five feet.
A mongrel tint he seemed to take,
Poetic simile to make,
DAY through his MARTIN 'gan to break,
White overcoming jet.
From side to side he crossed oblique,
Like Frenchman who has friends to seek
And yet no English word can speak,
He walked upon the fret:
And while he sought the dingy job,
His laboring breast appeared to throb,
And half a hiccup half a sob
Betrayed internal woe.
To cry the cry he had by rote
He yearned, but law forbade the note,
Like Chanticleer with roupy throat,
He gaped—but not a crow!
I watched him, and the glimpse I snatched
Disclosed his sorry eyelids patched
With red, as if the soot had catched

That hung about the lid;
And soon I saw the tear-drop stray,
He did not care to brush away;
Thought I the cause he will betray—
And thus at last he did.

Well, here 's a pretty go! here 's a Gagging Act, if ever there was a gagging!
But I 'm bound the members as silenced us, in doing it had plenty of magging.
They had better send us all off, they had, to the School for the Deaf and Dumb,
To unlarn us our mother tongues, and to make signs and be regularly mum.
But they can't undo natur—as sure as ever the morning begins to peep,
Directly I open my eyes, I can't help calling out Sweep
As natural as the sparrows among the chimbley-pots that say Cheep!
For my own part I find my suppressed voice very uneasy,
And comparable to nothing but having your tissue stopt when you are sneezy.
Well, it 's all up with us! tho' I suppose we must n't cry all up.
Here 's a precious merry Christmas, I 'm blest if I can earn either bit or sup!
If crying Sweep, of mornings, is going beyond quietness's border,
Them as pretends to be fond of silence ought n't to cry hear, hear, and order, order.
I wonder Mr. Sutton, as we 've sut-on too, don't sympathise with us
As a Speaker what don't speak, and that 's exactly our own cus.

God help us if we don't not cry, how are we to pursue our callings?
I 'm sure we 're not half so bad as other businesses with their bawlings.
For instance, the general postmen, that at six o'clock go about ringing,
And wake up all the babbies that their mothers have just got to sleep with singing.
Greens ought n't to be cried no more than blacks—to do the unpartial job,
If they bring in a Sooty Bill, they ought to have brought in a Dusty Bob.
Is a dustman's voice more sweet than ourn, when he comes a seeking arter the cinders,
Instead of a little boy like a blackbird in spring, singing merrily under your windows?
There 's the omnibus cads as plies in Cheapside, and keeps calling out Bank and City;
Let his Worship, the Mayor, decide if our call of Sweep is not just as pretty.
I can't see why the Jews should be let go about crying Old Close thro' their hooky noses,
And Christian laws should be ten times more hard than the old stone laws of Moses,
Why is n't the mouths of the muffin-men compelled to be equally shut?
Why, because Parliament members eat muffins, but they never eat no sut.
Next year there won't be any May-day at all, we shan't have no heart to dance,
And Jack in the Green will go in black like mourning for our mischance;
If we live as long as May, that 's to say, through the hard winter and pinching weather,

For I don't see how we're to earn enough to keep body and soul together.
I only wish Mr. Wilberforce, or some of them that pities the niggers,
Would take a peep down in our cellars, and look at our miserable starving figures,
A-sitting idle on our empty sacks, and all ready to eat each other,
And a brood of little ones crying for bread to a heart-breaking Father and Mother.
They have n't a rag of clothes to mend, if their mothers had thread and needles,
But crawl naked about the cellars, poor things, like a swarm of common black beadles.
If they 'd only inquired before passing the Act and taken a few such peeps,
I don't think that any real gentleman would have set his face against sweeps.
Climbing 's an ancient respectable art, and if History 's of any vally,
Was recommended by Queen Elizabeth to the great Sir Walter Raleigh,
When he wrote on a pane of glass how I 'd climb, if the way I only knew,
And she writ beneath, if your heart 's afeared, don't venture up the flue.
As for me I was always loyal, and respected all powers that are higher,
But how can I now say God save the King, if I an't to be a Cryer?
There 's London milk, that 's one of the cries, even on Sunday the law allows,
But ought black sweeps, that are human beasts, to be worser off than black cows?

Do *we* go calling about, when it's church time, like the noisy Billingsgate vermin,
And disturb the parson with "All alive O!" in the middle of a funeral sermon?
But the fish won't keep, not the mackarel won't, is the cry of the Parliament elves,
Every thing, except the sweeps I think, is to be allowed to keep themselves!
Lord help us! what's to become of us if we must n't cry no more?
We shan't do for black mutes to go a standing at a death's door.
And we shan't do to emigrate, no not even to the Hottentot nations,
For as time wears on, our black will wear off, and then think of our situations!
And we should not do, in lieu of black-a-moor footmen, to serve ladies of quality nimbly,
For when we were drest in our sky-blue and silver, and large frills, all clean and neat, and white silk stockings, if they pleased to desire us to sweep the hearth, we could n't resist the chimbley.

COCKLE *vs.* CACKLE.

THOSE who much read advertisements and bills
Must have seen puffs of Cockle's Pills,
Called Anti-bilious—
Which some Physicians sneer at, supercilious,
But which we are assured, if timely taken,
May save your liver and bacon;
Whether or not they really give one ease,
I, who have never tried,
Will not decide;
But no two things in union go like these—
Viz.—Quacks and Pills—save Ducks and Peast.
Now Mrs. W. was getting sallow,
Her lilies not of the white kind, but yellow,
And friends portended was preparing for
A human Pâté Périgord;
She was, indeed, so very far from well,
Her Son, in filial fear, procured a box
Of those said pellets to resist Bile's shocks,
And—tho' upon the ear it strangely knocks—
To save her by a Cockle from a shell!
But Mrs. W., just like Macbeth,
Who very vehemently bids us "throw
Bark to the Bow-wows," hated physic so,
It seemed to share "the bitterness of Death:"
Rhubarb—Magnesia—Jalap, and the kind—
Senna—Steel—Assafœtida, and Squills—
Powder or Draught—but least her throat inclined
To give a course to Boluses or Pills;
No—not to save her life, in lung or lobe,

For all her lights's or all her liver's sake,
Would her convulsive thorax undertake,
Only one little uncelestial globe!

'Tis not to wonder at, in such a case,
If she put by the pill-box in a place
For linen rather than for drugs intended—
Yet for the credit of the pills let 's say
After they thus were stowed away,
Some of the linen mended;
But Mrs. W. by disease's dint,
Kept getting still more yellow in her tint,
When lo! her second son, like elder brother,
Marking the hue on the parental gills,
Brought a new charge of Anti-tumeric Pills,
To bleach the jaundiced visage of his Mother—
Who took them—in her cupboard—like the other.

"Deeper and deeper, still," of course,
The fatal color daily grew in force;
Till daughter W., newly come from Rome,
Acting the self-same filial, pilial, part,
To cure Mama, another dose brought home
Of Cockles;—not the Cockles of her heart!
These going where the others went before,
Of course she had a very pretty store;
And then—some hue of health her cheek adorning,
The Medicine so good must be,
They brought her dose on dose, which she
Gave to the up-stairs cupboard, "night and morning."
Till wanting room at last, for other stocks,
Out of the window one fine day she pitched
The pillage of each box, and quite enriched
The feed of Mr. Burrell's hens and cocks—

A little Barber of a by-gone day,
Over the way,
Whose stock in trade, to keep the least of shops,
Was one great head of Kemble—that is, John,
Staring in plaster, with a *Brutus* on,
And twenty little Bantam fowls—with *crops*.

Little Dame W. thought when through the sash
She gave the physic wings,
To find the very things
So good for bile, so bad for chicken rash,
For thoughtless cock, and unreflecting pullet!
But while they gathered up the nauseous nubbles,
Each pecked itself into a peck of troubles,
And brought the hand of Death upon its gullet.
They might as well have addled been, or ratted,
For long before the night—ah, woe betide
The Pills!—each suicidal Bantam died
Unfatted!

Think of poor Burrel's shock,
Of Nature's debt to see his hens all payers,
And laid in death as Everlasting Layers,
With Bantam's small Ex-Emperor, the Cock.
In ruffled plumage and funereal hackle,
Giving, undone by Cockle, a last Cackle!
To see as stiff as stone his unlive stock,
It really was enough to move his block.
Down on the floor he dashed, with horror big,
Mr. Bell's third wife's mother's coachman's wig;
And with a tragic stare like his own Kemble,
Burst out with natural emphasis enough,
And voice that grief made tremble,
Into that very speech of sad Macduff—

"What!—all my pretty chickens and their dam,
At one fell swoop!—
Just when I 'd bought a coop
To see the poor lamented creatures cram!"

After a little of this mood,
And brooding over the departed brood,
With razor he began to ope each craw,
Already turning black, as black as coals;
When lo! the undigested cause he saw—
"Pisoned by goles!"

To Mrs. W.'s luck a contradiction,
Her window still stood open to conviction;
And by short course of circumstantial labor,
He fixed the guilt upon his adverse neighbor;—
Lord! how he railed at her: declaring now,
He 'd bring an action ere next Term of Hilary,
Then, in another moment, swore a vow,
He 'd make her do pill-penance in the pillory!
She, meanwhile distant from the dimmest dream
Of combating with guilt, yard-arm or arm-yard,
Lapped in a paradise of tea and cream;
When up ran Betty with a dismal scream—
"Here 's Mr. Burrell, ma'am, with all his farm-yard!"
Straight in he came, unbowing and unbending,
With all the warmth that iron and a barber
Can harbor;
To dress the head and front of her offending,
The fuming phial of his wrath uncorking;
In short, he made her pay him altogether,
In hard cash, very *hard*, for ev'ry feather,
Charging of course, each Bantam as a Dorking;
Nothing could move him, nothing make him supple,

So the sad dame unpocketing her loss,
Had nothing left but to sit hands across,
And see her poultry "going down ten couple."

Now birds by poison slain,
As venomed dart from Indian's hollow cane,
Are edible; and Mrs. W.'s thrift—
    She had a thrifty vein—
Destined one pair for supper to make shift—
Supper as usual at the hour of ten:
But ten o'clock arrived and quickly passed,
Eleven—twelve—and one o'clock at last,
Without a sign of supper even then!
At length, the speed of cookery to quicken,
Betty was called, and with reluctant feet,
    Came up at a white heat—
"Well, never I see chicken like them chicken!
My saucepans, they have been a pretty while in 'em!
Enough to stew them, if it comes to that,
To flesh and bones, and perfect rags; but drat
Those Anti-biling Pills! there is no bile in 'em!"

ON A NATIVE SINGER.

AFTER HEARING MISS ADELAIDE KEMBLE.

As sweet as the Bird that by calm Bendemeer,
  Pours such rich modulations of tone—
As potent, as tender, as brilliant, as clear—
  Still her voice has a charm of its own.

For lo! like the skylark, when after its song
  It drops down to its nest from above,
She reminds us her home and her music belong
  To the very same soil that we love.

THE UNDYING ONE.

"He shall not die."—Uncle Toby.

Of all the verses, grave or gay,
That ever wiled an hour,
I never knew a mingled lay
At once so sweet and sour
As that by Ladye Norton spun,
And christened "The Undying One."

I 'm very certain that she drew
A portrait, when she penned
That picture of a perfect Jew,
Whose days will never end:
I 'm sure it means my Uncle Lunn,
For he is an Undying One.

These twenty years he 's been the same
And may be twenty more;
But Memory's Pleasures only claim
His features for a score;
Yet in that time the change is none—
The image of th' Undying One!

They say our climate's damp and cold,
And lungs are tender things;
My uncle's much abroad and old,
But when "King Cole" he sings,
A Stentor's voice, enough to stun,
Declares him an Undying One.

Others have died from needle-pricks,
And very slender blows;

From accidental slips or kicks,
Or bleeding at the nose;
Or choked by grape-stone, or a bun—
But he is the Undying One!

A soldier once, he once endured
A bullet in the breast—
It might have killed—but only cured
An asthma in the chest;
He was not to be slain with gun,
For he is the Undying One.

In water once too long he dived,
And all supposed him beat,
He seemed so cold—but he revived
To have another heat,
Just when we thought his race was run,
And came in fresh—th' Undying One!

To look at Meux's once he went,
And tumbled in the vat—
And greater Jobs their lives have spent
In lesser boils than that—
He left the beer quite underdone,
No bier to the Undying One!

He 's been from strangulation black,
From bile, of yellow hue,
Scarlet from fever's hot attack,
From cholera morbus blue;
Yet with these dyes—to use a pun—
He still is the Undying One.

He rolls in wealth, yet has no wife
His Three per Cents. to share;

He never married in his life,
Or flirted with the fair;
The sex he made a point to shun,
For beauty an Undying One.

To judge him by the present signs,
The future by the past,
So quick he lives, so slow declines,
The Last Man won't be last,
But buried underneath a ton
Of mould by the Undying One!

Next Friday week, his birth-day boast,
His ninetieth year he spends,
And I shall have his health to toast
Amongst expectant friends,
And wish—it really sounds like fun—
Long life to the Undying One!

A CUSTOM-HOUSE BREEZE.

One day—no matter for the month or year,
A Calais packet, just come over,
And safely moored within her pier,
Began to land her passengers at Dover;
All glad to end a voyage long and rough,
And during which
Through roll and pitch,
The Ocean-King had *sick*ophants enough!

Away, as fast as they could walk or run,
Eager for steady rooms and quiet meals,
With bundles, bags, and boxes at their heels,
Away the passengers all went, but one,

A female, who from some mysterious check,
Still lingered on the steamer's deck,
As if she did not care for land a tittle,
For horizontal rooms, and cleanly victual—
Or nervously afraid to put
Her foot
Into an Isle described as "tight and little."

In vain commissioner and touter,
Porter and waiter thronged about her;
Boring, as such officials only bore—
In spite of rope and barrow, knot, and truck,
Of plank and ladder, there she stuck,
She could n't, no she would n't go on shore.

"But, ma'am," the steward interfered,
"The wessel must be cleared.
You musn't stay aboard, ma'am, no one don't!
It 's quite agin the orders so to do—
And all the passengers is gone but you."
Says she, "I can not go ashore, and won't!"
"You ought to!"
"But I can't!"
"You must!"
"I shan't!"

At last, attracted by the racket
'Twixt gown and jacket,
The captain came himself, and, cap in hand,
Begged very civilly to understand
Wherefore the lady could not leave the packet.

"Why then," the lady whispered with a shiver,
That made the accents quiver,

"I've got some foreign silks about me pinned,
In short so many things, all contraband,
To tell the truth I am afraid to land,
In such a *searching* wind!"

PAIN IN A PLEASURE-BOAT.

A SEA ECLOGUE.

"I apprehend you!"—SCHOOL OF REFORM.

BOATMAN.

SHOVE off there!—ship the rudder, Bill—cast off—she 's under weigh!

MRS. F.

She 's under what?—I hope she 's not! good gracious, what a spray!

BOATMAN.

Run out the jib, and rig the boom! keep clear of those two brigs!

MRS. F.

I hope they don't intend some joke by running of their rigs!

BOATMAN.

Bill, shift them bags of ballast aft—she 's rather out of trim!

MRS. F.

Great bags of stones! they 're pretty things to help a boat to swim!

BOATMAN.

The wind is fresh—if she don't scud, it 's not the breeze's fault!

MRS. F.

Wind fresh, indeed, I never felt the air so full of salt!

BOATMAN.

That Schooner, Bill, harn't left the roads, with oranges and nuts!

MRS. F.

If seas have roads, they're very rough—I never felt such ruts!

BOATMAN.

It 's neap, ye see, she 's heavy lade, and could n't pass the bar.

MRS. F.

The bar! what! roads with turnpikes too? I wonder where they are!

BOATMAN.

Ho! brigh ahoy! hard up! hard up! that lubber cannot steer!

MRS. F.

Yes, yes—hard up upon a rock! I know some danger 's near!

Lord, there 's a wave! it 's coming in! and roaring like a bull!

BOATMAN.

Nothing, Ma'am, but a little slop! go large, Bill! keep her full!

MRS. F.

What, keep her full! what daring work! when full, she must do down!

BOATMAN.

Why, Bill, it lulls! ease off a bit—it 's coming off the town!

Steady your helm! we 'll clear the *Pint!* lay right for yonder pink!

MRS. F.

Be steady—well, I hope they can! but they 've got a pint of drink!

BOATMAN.

Bill, give that sheet another haul—she 'll fetch it up this reach.

MRS. F.

I 'm getting rather pale, I know, and they see it by that speech!

I wonder what it is, now, but——I never felt so queer!

BOATMAN.

Bill, mind your luff—why Bill, I say, she 's yawing—keep her near!

MRS. F.

Keep near! we 're going further off; the land 's behind our backs.

BOATMAN.

Be easy, Ma'am, it 's all correct, that 's only 'cause we tacks:

We shall have to beat about a bit—Bill, keep her out to sea.

MRS. F.

Beat who about? keep who at sea?—how black they look at me!

BOATMAN.

It 's veering round—I knew it would! off with her head! stand by!

MRS. F.

Off with her head! whose? where? with what!—an axe I seem to spy!

BOATMAN.

She can't not keep her own, you see; we shall have to pull her in!

MRS. F.

They 'll drown me, and take all I have! my life 's not worth a pin!

BOATMAN.

Look out, you know, be ready, Bill—just when she takes the sand!

MRS. F.

The sand—O Lord! to stop my mouth! how every thing is planned!

BOATMAN.

The handspike, Bill—quick, bear a hand! now Ma'am, just step ashore!

MRS. F.

What! an't I going to be killed—and weltered in my gore?
Well, Heaven be praised! but I'll not go a sailing any more!

QUAKER SONNET.

A GENUINE BROWN STUDY AFTER NATURE, BY R. M.

How sweet thus clad, in Autumn's mellow Tone,
With serious Eye, the russet Scene to view!
No Verdure decks the Forest, save alone
The sad green Holly, and the olive Yew.
The Skies, no longer of a garish Blue,
Subdued to Dove-like Tints, and soft as Wool,
Reflected show their slaty Shades anew
In the drab Waters of the clayey Pool.
Meanwhile yon Cottage Maiden wends to School,
In Garb of Chocolate so neatly drest,
And Bonnet puce, fit object for the Tool,
And chastened Pigments, of our Brother West;
Yea, all is silent, sober, calm, and cool,
Save gaudy Robin with his crimson Breast.

LITERARY AND LITERAL.

The March of Mind upon its mighty stilts,
(A spirit by no means to fasten mocks on,)
In travelling through Berks, Beds, Notts, and Wilts,
Hants—Bucks, Herts, Oxon,
Got up a thing our ancestors ne'er thought on,
A thing that, only in our proper youth,
We should have chuckled at—in sober truth,
A Conversazione at Hog's Norton!

A place whose native dialect, somehow,
Has always by an adage been affronted,
And that it is all *gutturals*, is now
Taken for grunted.

Conceive the snoring of a greedy swine,
The slobbering of a hungry Ursine Sloth—
If you have ever heard such creature dine—
And—for Hog's Norton, make a mix of both!—

O shades of Shakspeare! Chaucer! Spenser!
Milton! Pope! Gray! Warton!
O Coleman! Kenny! Planche! Poole! Peake!
Pocock! Reynolds! Morton!
O Grey! Peel! Sadler! Wilberforce! Burdett!
Hume! Wilmot! Horton!
Think of your prose and verse, and worse—delivered in
Hog's Norton!—

The founder of Hog's Norton Athenæum
Framed her society
With some variety
From Mr. Roscoe's Liverpool museum;

Not a mere pic-nic for the mind's repast,
But tempting to the solid knife-and-forker,
It held its sessions in a house that last
Had killed a porker.

It chanced one Friday,
One Farmer Grayley stuck a very big hog,
A perfect Gog or Magog of a pig-hog,
Which made of course a literary high day——
Not that our Farmer was a man to go
With literary tastes—so far from suiting 'em,
When he heard mention of Professor *Crowe*,
Or Lalla-*Rookh*, he always was for shooting 'em!
In fact in letters he was quite a log,
With him great Bacon
Was literally taken,
And Hogg—the Poet—nothing but a Hog!
As to all others on the list of Fame,
Although they were discussed and mentioned daily,
He only recognized one classic name,
And thought that *she* had hung herself—*Miss Baillie!*

To balance this, our Farmer's only daughter
Had a great taste for the Castalian water—
A Wordsworth worshipper—a Southey wooer—
(Though men that deal in water-color cakes
May disbelieve the fact—yet nothing 's truer)
She got the *bluer*
The more she dipped and dabbled in the *Lakes.*
The secret truth is, Hope, the old deceiver,
At future Authorship was apt to hint,
Producing what some call the *Type-us* Fever,
Which means a burning to be seen in print.

Of learning's laurels—Miss Joanna Baillie—
Of Mrs. Hemans—Mrs. Wilson—daily
Dreamt Anne Priscilla Isabella Grayley;
And Fancy hinting that she had the better
Of L.E.L. by one initial letter,
She thought the world would quite enraptured see

"Love Lays and Lyrics

BY

A. P. I. G."

Accordingly, with very great propriety,
She joined the H. N. B., and double S.,
That is—Hog's Norton Blue Stocking Society;
And saving when her Pa his pigs prohibited,
Contributed
Her pork and poetry towards the mess.

This feast, we said, one Friday was the case,
When Farmer Grayley—from Macbeth to quote—
Screwing his courage to the "sticking-place,"
Stuck a large knife into a grunter's throat:—
A kind of murder that the law's rebuke
Seldom condemns by shake of its peruke,
Showing the little sympathy of *big-wigs*
With *pig-wigs!*

The swine—poor wretch!—with nobody to speak for it,
And beg its life, resolved to have a squeak for it;
So—like the fabled swan—died singing out,
And, thus, there issued from the farmer's yard
A note that notified without a card,
An invitation to the evening rout.

And when the time came duly—"At the close of
The day," as Beattie has it, "when the ham—"
Bacon, and pork were ready to dispose of,
And pettitoes and chit'lings too, to cram—
Walked in the H. N. B. and double S.'s,
All in appropriate and swinish dresses,
For lo! it is a fact, and not a joke,
Although the Muse might fairly jest upon it,
They came—each "Pig-faced Lady," in that bonnet
We call *a poke.*
The Members all assembled thus, a rare woman
At pork and poetry was chosen *chairwoman ;*—
In fact, the bluest of the Blues, Miss Ikey,
Whose whole pronunciation was so piggy,
She always named the authoress of "*Psyche*"—
As Mrs. *Tiggey!*

And now arose a question of some moment—
What author for a lecture was the richer,
Bacon or Hogg? there were no votes for Beaumont,
But some for *Flitcher ;*
While others, with a more sagacious reasoning,
Proposed another work,
And thought their pork
Would prove more relishing from Thomson's Season-ing!
But, practised in Shakspearian readings daily—
O! Miss Macaulay! Shakspeare at Hog's Norton!—
Miss Anne Priscilla Isabella Grayley
Selected *him* that evening to snort on.
In short, to make our story not a big tale,
Just fancy her exerting
Her talents, and converting
The Winter's Tale to something like a pig-tale!

Her sister auditory,
All sitting round, with grave and learned faces,
Were very plauditory,
Of course, and clapped her at the proper places;
Till fanned at once by fortune and the Muse,
She thought herself the blessedest of Blues.
But Happiness, alas! has blights of ill,
And Pleasure's bubbles in the air explode;—
There is no travelling through life but still
The heart will meet with breakers on the road!

With that peculiar voice
Heard only from Hog's Norton throats and noses,
Miss G., with Perdita, was making choice
Of buds and blossoms for her summer posies,
When coming to that line, where Proserpine
Lets fall her flowers from the wain of Dis;
Imagine this—
Up rose on his hind legs old Farmer Grayley,
Grunting this question for the club's digestion,
"Do *Dis's Wagon* go from the Ould Bäaley?"

I'M NOT A SINGLE MAN.

"Double, single, and the rub."—HOYLE.
"This, this is Solitude."—BYRON.

WELL, I confess, I did not guess
A simple marriage vow
Would make me find all womenkind
Such unkind women now!
They need not, sure, as *distant* be
As Java or Japan—
Yet every Miss reminds me this—
I'm not a single man!

Once they made choice of my bass voice
To share in each duett;
So well I danced, I somehow chanced
To stand in every set:
They now declare I cannot sing,
And dance on Bruin's plan;
Me draw!—me paint!—me anything!—
I'm not a single man!

Once I was asked advice, and tasked
What works to buy or not,
And "would I read that passage out
I so admired in Scott?"
They then could bear to hear one read;
But if I now began,
How they would snub, "My pretty page,"
I'm not a single man!

One used to stitch a collar then,
Another hemmed a frill;
I had more purses netted then
Than I could hope to fill.
I once could get a button on,
But now I never can—
My buttons then were Bachelor's—
I'm not a single man!

Oh how they hated politics
Thrust on me by papa:
But now my chat—they all leave that
To entertain mama.
Mama, who praises her own self,
Instead of Jane or Ann,
And lays "her girls" upon the shelf—
I'm not a single man!

Ah me, how strange it is the change,
In parlor and in hall,
They treat me so, if I but go
To make a morning call.
If they had hair in papers once,
Bolt up the stairs they ran;
They now sit still in dishabille—
I 'm not a single man!

Miss Mary Bond was once so fond
Of Romans and of Greeks;
She daily sought my cabinet
To study my antiques.
Well, now she does n't care a dump
For ancient pot or pan,
Her taste at once is modernized—
I 'm not a single man!

My spouse is fond of homely life,
And all that sort of thing;
I go to balls without my wife,
And never wear a ring:
And yet each Miss to whom I come,
As strange as Genghis Khan,
Knows by some sign, I can't divine—
I 'm not a single man!

Go where I will, I but intrude,
I 'm left in crowded rooms,
Like Zimmerman on Solitude,
Or Hervey at his Tombs.
From head to heel, they make me feel,
Of quite another clan;
Compelled to own, though left alone,
I 'm not a single man!

Miss Towne the toast, though she can boast
A nose of Roman line,
Will turn up even that in scorn
Of compliments of mine:
She should have seen that I have been
Her sex's partisan,
And really married all I could—
I'm not a single man!

'Tis hard to see how others fare,
Whilst I rejected stand—
Will no one take my arm because
They cannot have my hand?
Miss Parry, that for some would go
A trip to Hindostan,
With me don't care to mount a stair—
I'm not a single man!

Some change, of course, should be in force,
But, surely, not so much—
There may be hands I may not squeeze,
But must I never touch?—
Must I forbear to hand a chair,
And not pick up a fan?
But I have been myself picked up—
I'm not a single man!

Others may hint a lady's tint
Is purest red and white—
May say her eyes are like the skies,
So very blue and bright—
I must not say that she *has eyes*,
Or if I so began,
I have my fears about my ears—
I'm not a single man!

I must confess I did not guess
A simple marriage vow,
Would make me find all womenkind
Such unkind women now;—
I might be hashed to death, or smashed,
By Mr. Pickford's van,
Without, I fear, a single tear—
I 'm not a single man!

TO C. DICKENS, ESQ.,

ON HIS DEPARTURE FOR AMERICA.

Pshaw! away with leaf and berry,
And the sober-sided cup!
Bring a goblet, and bright sherry,
And a bumper fill me up!
Though a pledge I had to shiver,
And the longest ever was!
Ere his vessel leaves our river,
I would drink a health to Boz!

Here 's success to all his antics,
Since it pleases him to roam,
And to paddle o'er Atlantics,
After such a *sale* at home!
May he shun all rocks whatever,
And each shallow sand that lurks,
And his *passage* be as clever
As the best among his works.

A PLAN FOR
WRITING BLANK VERSE IN RHYME.

IN A LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

Respected Sir,—In a morning paper justly celebrated for the acuteness of its reporters, and their almost prophetic insight into character and motives—the Rhodian length of their leaps towards results, and the magnitude of their inferences, beyond the drawing of Meux's dray-horses—there appeared, a few days since, the following paragraph:

"Mansion House. Yesterday, a tall, emaciated being, in a brown coat, indicating his age to be about forty-five, and the raggedness of which gave a great air of mental ingenuity and intelligence to his countenance, was introduced by the officers to the Lord Mayor. It was evident, from his preliminary bow, that he had made some discoveries in the art of poetry, which he wished to lay before his Lordship, but the Lord Mayor perceiving by his accent that he had already submitted his project to several of the leading Publishers, referred him back to the same jurisdiction, and the unfortunate Votary of the Muses withdrew, declaring by another bow, that he should offer his plan to the Editor of the Comic Annual."

The unfortunate above referred to, Sir, is myself, and with regard to the Muses, indeed a votary, though not a £10 one, if the qualification depends on my pocket—but for the idea of addressing myself to the editor of the Comic Annual, I am indebted solely to the assumption of the gentlemen of the Press. That I have made a discovery is true, in common with Hervey, and Herschell, and Galileo, and Roger Bacon, or rather, I should say, with Columbus—my

invention concerning a whole hemisphere, as it were, in the world of poetry—in short, the whole continent of blank verse. To an immense number of readers this literary land has been hitherto a complete *terra incognita*, and from one sole reason—the want of that harmony which makes the close of one line chime with the end of another. They have no relish for numbers that turn up blank, and wonder accordingly at the epithet of "Prize" prefixed to Poems of the kind which emanate in—I was going to say from—the University of Oxford. Thus many very worthy members of society are unable to appreciate the Paradise Lost, the Task, the Chase, or the Seasons—the Winter especially—without rhyme. Others, again, can read the Poems in question, but with a limited enjoyment; as certain persons can admire the architectural beauties of Salisbury steeple, but would like it better with a ring of bells. For either of these tastes my discovery will provide, without affronting the palate of any other; for although the lover of rhyme will find in it a prodigality hitherto unknown, the heroic character of blank verse will not suffer in the least, but each line will "do as it likes with its own," and sound as independently of the next as, "milk-maid," and "water-carrier." I have the honor to subjoin a specimen—and if, through your publicity, Mr. Murray should be induced to make me an offer for an Edition of Paradise Lost on this principle, for the Family Library, it will be an eternal obligation on,

Respected Sir, your most obliged, and humble servant,

* * * * * * *

A NOCTURNAL SKETCH.

Even is come; and from the dark Park, hark,
The signal of the setting sun—one gun!
And six is sounding from the chime, prime time
To go and see the Drury-Lane Dane slain—

Or hear Othello's jealous doubt spout out—
Or Macbeth raving at that shade-made blade,
Denying to his frantic clutch much touch;—
Or else to see Ducrow with wide stride ride
Four horses as no other man can span;
Or in the small Olympic Pitt, sit split
Laughing at Liston, while you quiz his phiz.

Anon Night comes, and with her wings brings things
Such as, with his poetic tongue, Young sung;
The gas up-blazes with its bright white light,
And paralytic watchmen prowl, howl, growl,
About the streets and take up Pall-Mal Sal,
Who, hasting to her nightly jobs, robs fobs.

Now thieves to enter for your cash, smash, crash,
Past drowsy Charley, in a deep sleep, creep,
But frightened by Policeman B. 3, flee,
And while they 're going, whisper low, "No go!"

Now puss, while folks are in their beds, treads leads,
And sleepers waking, grumble—"Drat that cat!"
Who in the gutter caterwauls, squalls. mauls
Some feline foe, and screams in shrill ill-will.

Now Bulls of Bashan, of a prize size, rise
In childish dreams, and with a roar gore poor
Georgy, or Charley, or Billy, willy-nilly;—
But Nursemaid in a nightmare rest, chest-pressed,
Dreameth of one of her old flames, James Games,
And that she hears—what faith is man's—Ann's banns
And his, from Reverend Mr. Rice, twice, thrice;
White ribbons flourish, and a stout shout out,
That upward goes, shows Rose knows those bows' woes!

UP THE RHINE.

WHAT MR. GRUNDY SAYS OF THE NATIVES.

Ye Tourists and Travellers, bound to the Rhine,
Provided with passport, that requisite docket,
First listen to one little whisper of mine—
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

Don't wash or be shaved—go like hairy wild men,
Play dominoes, smoke, wear a cap, and smock-frock it,
But if you speak English, or look it, why then
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

You 'll sleep at great inns, in the smallest of beds
Find charges as apt to mount up as a rocket,
With thirty per cent. as a tax on your heads,
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

You 'll see old Cologne—not the sweetest of towns—
Wherever you follow your nose you will shock it;
And you 'll pay your three dollars to look at three crowns,
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

You 'll count seven Mountains, and see Roland's Eck,
Hear legends veracious as any by Crockett;
But oh! to the tone of romance what a check,
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

Old Castles you 'll see on the vine-covered hill—
Fine ruins to rivet the eye in its socket—
Once haunts of Baronial Banditti—and still
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket.

You 'll stop at Coblentz, with its beautiful views,
But make no long stay with your money to stock it,
Where Jews are all Germans, and Germans all Jews,
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

A Fortress you 'll see, which, as people report,
Can never be captured, save famine should block it—
Ascend Ehrenbreitstein—but that 's not their *forte*,
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

You 'll see an old man who 'll let off an old gun,
And Lurley, with her hurly-burly, will mock it;
But think that the words of the echo thus run,
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

You 'll gaze on the Rheingau, the soil of the Vine!
Of course you will freely Moselle it and Hock it—
P'raps purchase some pieces of Humbugheim wine—
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

Perchance you will take a frisk off to the Baths—
Where some to their heads hold a pistol and cock it;
But still mind the warning, wherever your paths,
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

And Friendships you 'll swear most eternal of pacts,
Change rings, and give hair to be put in a locket;
But still, in the most sentimental of acts,
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

In short, if you visit that stream or its shore,
Still keep at your elbow one caution to knock it,
And where Schinderhannes was Robber of yore,
Take care of your pocket!—take care of your pocket!

LOVE LANGUAGE OF A MERRY YOUNG SOLDIER.

FROM THE GERMAN.

"Ach, Gretchen, mein täubchen."

O GRETEL, my Dove, my heart's Trumpet,
My Cannon, my Big Drum, and also my Musket,
O hear me, my mild little Dove,
In your still little room.

Your portrait, my Gretel, is always on guard,
Is always attentive to Love's parole and watchword;
Your picture is always going the rounds,
My Gretel, I call at every hour!

My heart's Knapsack is always full of you;
My looks, they are quartered with you;
And when I bite off the top end of a cartridge,
Then I think that I give you a kiss.

You alone are my Word of Command and orders,
Yea, my Right-face, Left-face, Brown Tommy, and wine,
And at the word of command "Shoulder Arms!"
Then I think you say "Take me in your arms."

Your eyes sparkle like a Battery,
Yea, they wound like Bombs and Grenades;
As black as Gunpowder is your hair,
Your hand as white Parading breeches!

Yes, you are the Match and I am the Cannon;
Have pity, my love, and give quarter,
And give the word of command "Wheel round
Into my heart's Barrack Yard."

ANACREONTIC,

FOR THE NEW YEAR.

COME, fill up the Bowl, for if ever the glass
Found a proper excuse or fit season,
For toasts to be honored, or pledges to pass,
Sure, this hour brings an exquisite reason:
For, hark! the last chime of the dial has ceased,
And Old Time, who his leisure to cozen,
Had finished the months, like the flasks at a feast,
Is preparing to tap a fresh dozen!
Hip! Hip! and Hurrah!

Then fill, all ye Happy and Free, unto whom
The past Year has been pleasant and sunny;
Its months each as sweet as if made of the bloom
Of the thyme whence the bee gathers honey—
Days ushered by dew-drops, instead of the tears,
Maybe, wrung from some wretcheder cousin—
Then fill, and with gratitude join in the cheers
That triumphantly hail a fresh dozen!
Hip! Hip! and Hurrah!

And ye, who have met with Adversity's blast,
And been bowed to the earth by its fury;
To whom the Twelve Months, that have recently passed,
Were as harsh as a prejudiced jury—
Still, fill to the future! and join in our chime,
The regrets of remembrance to cozen,
And having obtained a New Trial of Time,
Shout, in hopes of a kindlier dozen!
Hip! Hip! and Hurrah!

MORE HULLAHBALOO.

"Loud as from numbers without number."—MILTON.
"You may do it extempore, for it 's nothing but roaring."—QUINCE.

AMONGST the great inventions of this age,
Which every other century surpasses,
Is one—just now the rage—
Called "Singing for all Classes"—
That is, for all the British millions,
And billions,
And quadrillions,
Not to name *Quintilians*,
That now, alas! have no more ear than asses,
To learn to warble like the birds in June,
In time and tune,
Correct as clocks, and musical as glasses!

In fact, a sort of plan,
Including gentleman as well as yokel,
Public or private man,
To call out a militia—only Vocal,
Instead of Local,
And not designed for military follies,
But keeping still within the civil border
To form with mouths in open order,
And sing in volleys.
Whether this grand Harmonic scheme
Will ever get beyond a dream,
And tend to British happiness and glory,
Maybe no, and maybe yes,
Is more than I pretend to guess—
However, here 's my story.

In one of those small, quiet streets,
Where business retreats
To shun the daily bustle and the noise
The shoppy Strand enjoys,
But Law, Joint Companies, and Life Assurance,
Find past endurance—
In one of those back streets, to Peace so dear,
The other day, a ragged wight,
Began to sing with all his might,
"*I have a silent sorrow here!*"
The place was lonely, not a creature stirred,
Except some little dingy bird;
Or vagrant cur that sniffed along,
Indifferent to the Son of Song;
No truant errand-boy, or doctor's lad,
No idle Filch, or lounging cad,
No pots encumbered with diurnal beer,
No printer's devil with an author's proof,
Or housemaid on an errand far aloof,
Lingered the tattered Melodist to hear—
Who yet, confound him! bawled as loud
As if he had to charm a London crowd,
Singing beside the public way,
Accompanied—instead of violin,
Flute, or piano, chiming in—
By rumbling cab, and omnibus, and dray,
A van with iron bars to play *staccato*,
Or engine *obligato*—
In short, without one instrument vehicular
(Not even a truck, to be particular),
There stood the rogue and roared,
Unasked and unencored,
Enough to split the organs called auricular!

Heard in that quiet place,
Devoted to a still and studious race,
The noise was quite appalling!
To seek a fitting simile and spin it,
Appropriate to his calling,
His voice had all Lablache's *body* in it;
But oh! the scientific tone it lacked,
And was in fact,
Only a forty-boatswain power of bawling!

'T was said, indeed, for want of vocal *nous*,
The stage had banished him, when he attempted it,
For tho' his voice completely filled the house,
It also emptied it.
However, there he stood
Vociferous—a ragged don!
And with his iron pipes laid on
A row to all the neighborhood.

In vain were sashes closed,
And doors against the persevering Stentor,
Though brick, and glass, and solid oak opposed,
Th' intruding voice would enter,
Heedless of ceremonial or decorum,
Den, office, parlor, study, and sanctorum;
Where clients and attorneys, rogues and fools,
Ladies, and masters who attended schools,
Clerks, agents, all provided with their tools,
Were sitting upon sofas, chairs, and stools,
With shelves, pianos, tables, desks, before 'em—
How it did bore 'em!

Louder, and louder still
The fellow sang with horrible goodwill,

Curses both loud and deep, his sole gratuities,
From scribes bewildered making many a flaw,
In deeds of law
They had to draw;
With dreadful incongruities
In posting ledgers, making up accounts
To large amounts,
Or casting up annuities—
Stunned by that voice, so loud and hoarse,
Against whose overwhelming force
No invoice stood a chance, of course!

The Actuary 'pshawed and "pished,"
And knit his calculating brows, and wished
The singer "a bad life"—a mental murther!
The Clerk, resentful of a blot and blunder,
Wished the musician further,
Poles distant—and no wonder!
For Law and Harmony tend far asunder—
The lady could not keep her temper calm,
Because the sinner did not sing a psalm—
The Fiddler in the very same position
As Hogarth's chafed musician
(Such prints require but cursory reminders)
Came and made faces at the wretch beneath,
And wishing for his foe between his teeth,
(Like all impatient elves
That spite themselves)
Ground his own grinders.

But still with unrelenting note,
Though not a copper came of it, in verity,
The horrid fellow with the ragged coat,
And iron throat,

Heedless of present honor and prosperity,
Sang like a Poet singing for posterity,
In penniless reliance—
And, sure, the most immortal Man of Rhyme
Never set Time
More thoroughly at defiance!

From room to room, from floor to floor,
From Number One to Twenty-four,
The Nuisance bellowed, till all patience lost,
Down came Miss Frost,
Expostulating at her open door—
"Peace, monster, peace!
Where *is* the New Police?
I vow I cannot work, or read, or pray,
Don't stand there bawling, fellow, don't!
You really send my serious thoughts astray,
Do—there 's a dear good man—do, go away."
Says he, "I won't!"

The spinster pulled her door to with a slam,
That sounded like a wooden d—n,
For so some moral people, strickly loth
To swear in words, however up,
Will crash a curse in setting down a cup,
Or through a doorpost vent a banging oath—
In fact, this sort of physical transgression
Is really no more difficult to trace
Than in a given face
A very bad expression.

However in she went
Leaving the subject of her discontent
To Mr. Jones's Clerk at Number Ten:

Who, throwing up the sash,
With accents rash,
Thus hailed the most vociferous of men :
" Come, come, I say old fellow, stop your chant!
I cannot write a sentence—no one can't !
So just pack up your trumps,
And stir your stumps—"
Says he, " I shan't !"

Down went the sash
As if devoted to " eternal smash"
(Another illustration
Of acted imprecation),
While close at hand, uncomfortably near,
The independent voice, so loud and strong,
And clanging like a gong,
Roared out again the everlasting song,
" I have a silent sorrow here."

The thing was hard to stand!
The Music-master could not stand it—
But rushed forth with fiddle-stick in hand,
As savage as a bandit,
Made up directly to the tattered man,
And thus in broken sentences began—
But playing first a prelude of grimaces,
Twisting his features to the strangest shapes,
So that to guess his subject from his faces,
He meant to give a lecture upon apes.

" Com—com—I say!
You go away !
Into two parts my head you split—
My fiddle cannot hear himself a bit,
When I do play—

You have no bis'ness in a place so still!
Can you not come another day?"
Says he—"I will."

"No—no—you scream and bawl!
You must not come at all!
You have no rights, by rights, to beg—
You have not one off leg—
You ought to work—you have not some complaint—
You are not cripple in your back or bones—
Your voice is strong enough to break some stones—"
Says he—"It ain't."

"I say you ought to labor!
You are in a young case,
You have not sixty years upon your face,
To come and beg your neighbor!
And discompose his music with a noise,
More worse than twenty boys—
Look what a street it is for quiet!
No cart to make a riot,
No coach, no horses, no postilion,
If you will sing, I say, it is not just
To sing so loud."—Says he, "I MUST!
I'm SINGING FOR THE MILLION!"

ODE TO THE PRINTER'S DEVIL

WHO BROUGHT ME A PROOF TO BE CORRECTED, AND WHO FELL ASLEEP WHILE IT WAS UNDERGOING CORRECTION: BEING AN ODE FOUNDED ON FACT!

"Fallen Cherub!"—MILTON'S PARADISE LOST.

Oh bright and blessed hour;—
The Devil 's asleep!—I see his little lashes
Lying in sable o'er his sable cheek;
Closed are his wicked little window sashes,
And tranced is Evil's power!
The world seems hushed and dreaming out-a-doors,
Spirits but speak;
And the heart echoes, while the Devil snores.

Sleep, Baby of the damned!
Sleep, when no press of trouble standeth by!
Black wanderer amid the wandering,
How quiet is thine eye!
Strange are thy very small pernicious dreams—
With shades of printers crammed,
And pica, double pica, on the wing!
Or in cold sheets thy sprite perchance is flying
The world about—
Dying—and yet, not like the Devil dying—
Dele,—the *Evil* out!

Before sweet sleep drew down
The blinds upon thy *Day & Martin* eyes

Thou did'st let slip thy slip of mischief on me,
With weary, weary sighs;
And then, outworn with *demoning* o'er town,
Oblivion won thee!
Best of compositors! thou didst compose
Thy decent little wicked self, and go
A Devil-cruiser round the shores of sleep—
I hear thee fathom many a slumber-deep,
In the waves of woe;
Dropping thy lids of lead
To sound the dead!

Heaven forgive me! I
Have wicked schemes about thee, wicked one;
And in my scheming, sigh
And stagger under a gigantic thought;
"What if I run my pen into thine eye,
And put thee out?
Killing the Devil will be a noble deed,
A deed to snatch perdition from mankind—
To make the Methodist's a stingless creed—
To root out terror from the Brewer's mind—
And break the bondage which the Printer presses—
To change the fate of Lawyers—
Confirm the Parson's holy sinecure—
Make worthless sin's approaches—
To justify the bringing up addresses
To me, in hackney coaches,
From operative Sawyers!"

"To murder thee"—
Methinks—"will never harm my precious head"—
For what can chance me, when the Devil is dead?

But when I look on thy serene repose,
Hear the small Satan dying through thy nose,
My thoughts become less dangerous and more deep;
I can but wish thee everlasting sleep!
  Sleep free from dreams
Of type, and ink, and press, and dabbing-ball—
  Sleep free from all
That would make shadowy, devilish slumber darker,
Sleep free from Mr. Baldwin's Mr. Parker!

  Oh! fare thee well!
Farewell, black bit of breathing sin! Farewell,
Tiny remembrancer of a Printer's Hell!
  Young thing of darkness, seeming
A small, poor *type* of wickedness *set up!*
  Full is thy little cup
Of misery in the waking world! So dreaming
Perchance may now *undemonize* thy fate
And bear thee, Black-boy, to a whiter state!
Yet mortal evil is, than thine, more high;—
Thou art *upright* in sleep; men sleep—and *lie!*
And from thy lids to me a moral peeps,
For I correct my errors—while the Devil sleeps!

ODES AND ADDRESSES

TO

GREAT PEOPLE.

"CATCHING ALL THE ODDITIES, THE WHIMSIES, THE ABSURDITIES, AND THE LITTLENESSES OF CONSCIOUS GREATNESS BY THE WAY"

Citizen of the World.

ADDRESS.

THE present being the first appearance of this little Work, some sort of Address seems to be called for from the Author, Editor, and Compiler; and we come forward in prose, totally overcome, like a flurried manager in his every-day clothes, to solicit public indulgence—protest an indelible feeling of reverence—bow, beseech, promise—and "all that."

To the persons addressed in the Poems nothing need be said, as it would be only swelling the book (a custom which we detest), to recapitulate in prose what we have said in verse. To those unaddressed an apology is due, and to them it is very respectfully offered. Mr. Hunt, for his Permanent Ink, deserves to have his name recorded in his own composition—Mr. Colman, the amiable King's Jester, and Oath-blaster of the modern stage, merits a line—Mr. Accum, whose fame is potted—Mr. Bridgman, the maker of Patent Safety Coffins—Mr. Kean, the great Luster of the Boxes—Sir Humphry Davy, the great Lamplighter of the Pits—Sir William Congreve, one of the proprietors of the Portsmouth Rocket—yea, several others call for the Muse's approbation;—but our little volume, like the Adelphi Theater, is easily filled, and those who are disappointed of places now are requested to wait until the next performance.

Having said these few words to the unitiated, we leave our Odes and Addresses, like Gentlemen of the Green Isle, to hunt their own fortunes; and, by a modest assurance, to make their way to the hearts of those to whom they are desirous of addressing themselves.

ADVERTISEMENT TO THE SECOND EDITION.

A SECOND Edition being called for, the Author takes the opportunity of expressing his grateful thanks to his Readers and Reviewers for the kind way in which they have generally received his little book. Many of those who have been *be-Oded* in the following pages have taken the verse-offerings in good part; and the Author has been given to understand that certain "Great People," who have been kept "out of situations," have, like Bob Acres, looked upon themselves as very ill-used Gentlemen. It is rather hard that there should not be room for all the great; but this little conveyance—a sort of light coach to Fame—like other coveyances, while it has only four *in*, labors under the disadvantage of having twelve *out*. The Proprietor apprehends he must meet the wants of the Public by starting an extra coach; in which case Mr. Colman, (an anxious Licenser,) and Mr. Hunt, (the best maker of speeches and blacking in the City and Liberty of Westminster,) shall certainly be *booked* for places. To the latter Gentleman the Author gratefully acknowledges the compliment of a bottle of his permanent ink: it will be, indeed, pleasant to write an Address to Mr. Wilberforce in the liquid of a beautiful jet black, which the author now meditates doing. Odes, written in permanent ink, will doubtless stand a chance of running a good race with Gray's.

A few objections have been made to the present Volume, which the Author regrets he can not attend to without serious damage to the whole production. The Address to Maria Darlington is said by several ingenious and judicious persons to be *namby-pamby*. This is a sad disappointment to the writer, as he was in hopes he had accomplished a bit of the right *Shenstonian*. The verses to the Champion of England are declared irreverent, and those to Dr. Ireland and his Partners in the Stone Trade are

held out as an improper interference with sacred things; these Addresses are certainly calumniated: the one was really written as an affectionate inquiry after a great and reverend Warrior, now in rural retirement, and the other was intended as a kindly advertisement of an exhibition, which, although cheaper than the Tower, and nearly as cheap as Mrs. Salmon's Wax-work, the modesty of the proprietors will not permit them sufficiently to puff.

To the universal objection that the Book is overrun with puns, the author can only say he has searched every page without being able to detect a thing of the kind. He can only promise, therefore, that if any respectable Reviewer will point the *vermin* out, they shall be carefully trapped and thankfully destroyed.

PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION.

FROM the kindness with which this little volume has been received, the Authors have determined upon presenting to the Public "more last Baxterish words;" and the Reader will be pleased therefore to consider this rather as a Preface or Advertisement to the volume to come, than a third Address in prose, explanatory or recommendatory of the present portion of the Work It is against etiquette to introduce one gentleman to another thrice; and it must be confessed, that if these few sentences were to be billeted upon the first volume, the Public might overlook the Odes, but would have great reason to complain of the Addresses.

So many Great Men stand over, like the correspondents to a periodical, that they must be "continued in our next." These are certainly bad times for paying debts; but all persons having any claims upon the Authors, may rest assured, that they will ultimately be paid in full.

No material alterations have been made in this third Edition—with the exception of the introduction of a few new commas, which the lovers of punctuation will immediately detect and duly appreciate,—and the omission of the three puns, which, in the opinion of all friends and reviewers, were detrimental to the correct humor of the publication.

ODES AND ADDRESSES.[1]

ODE TO MR. GRAHAM.

THE AERONAUT.

"Up with me!—up with me into the sky!"
WORDSWORTH—*on a Lark!*

DEAR Graham, whilst the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
Their meaner flights pursue,
Let us cast off the foolish ties
That bind us to the earth, and rise
And take a bird's-eye view!—

A few more whiffs of my segar
And then, in Fancy's airy car,
Have with thee for the skies:—
How oft this fragrant smoke upcurled
Hath borne me from this little world,
And all that in it lies!—

Away!—away!—the bubble fills—
Farewell to earth and all its hills!—
We seem to cut the wind!—
So high we mount, so swift we go,
The chimney tops are far below,
The Eagle's left behind!—

Ah me! my brain begins to swim!—
The world is growing rather dim;
  The steeples and the trees—
My wife is getting very small!
I cannot see my babe at all!—
  The Dollond, if you please!

Do, Graham, let me have a quiz,
Lord! what a Lilliput it is,
  That little world of Mogg's!—
Are those the London Docks?—that channel,
The mighty Thames?—a proper kennel
  For that small Isle of Dogs!—

What is that seeming tea-urn there?
That fairy dome, St. Paul's!—I swear,
  Wren must have been a Wren!—
And that small stripe?—it cannot be
The City Road!—Good lack! to see
  The little ways of men!

Little, indeed!—my eyeballs ache
To find a turnpike.—I must take
  Their tolls upon my trust!—
And where is mortal labor gone?
Look, Graham, for a little stone
  Mac Adamized to dust!

Look at the horses!—less than flies!—
Oh, what a waste it was of sighs
  To wish to be a Mayor!
What is the honor?—none at all,
One's honor must be very small
  For such a civic chair!—

And there 's Guildhall !—'tis far aloof—
Methinks, I fancy through the roof
  Its little guardian Gogs,
Like penny dolls—a tiny show !—
Well—I must say they 're ruled below
  By very little logs !—

Oh ! Graham, how the upper air
Alters the standards of compare;
  One of our silken flags
Would cover London all about—
Nay, then—let's even empty out
  Another brace of bags !

Now for a glass of bright Champagne
Above the clouds !—Come, let us drain
  A bumper as we go !—
But hold !—for God's sake do not cant
The cork away—unless you want
  To brain your friends below.

Think ! what a mob of little men
Are crawling just within our ken,
  Like mites upon a cheese !—
Pshaw !—how the foolish sight rebukes
Ambitious thoughts !—can there be *Dukes*
  Of *Gloster* such as these !—

Oh ! what is glory ?—what is fame ?
Hark to the little mob's acclaim,
  'T is nothing but a hum !—
A few near gnats would trump as loud
As all the shouting of a crowd
  That has so far to come !—

Well—they are wise that choose the near,
A few small buzzards in the ear,
To organs ages hence!—
Ah me! how distance touches all;
It makes the true look rather small,
But murders poor pretence.

"The world recedes!—it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes—my ears
With buzzing noises ring!"—
A fig for Southey's Laureat lore!—
What 's Rogers here?—Who cares for Moore
That hears the Angels sing!—

A fig for earth, and all its minions!—
We are above the world's opinions,
Graham! we 'll have our own!—
Look what a vantage height we've got—
Now——*do* you think Sir Walter Scott
Is such a Great Unknown?

Speak up!—or hath he hid his name
To crawl thro' "subways" unto fame,
Like Williams of Cornhill?—
Speak up, my lad!—when men run small
We 'll show what 's little in them all,
Receive it how they will!—

Think now of Irving!—shall he preach
The princes down—shall he impeach
The potent and the rich,
Merely on ethic stilts—and I
Not moralize at two miles high
The true didactic pitch!

Come:—what d' ye think of Jeffrey, sir?
Is Gifford such a Gulliver
In Lilliput's Review,
That like Colossus he should stride
Certain small brazen inches wide
For poets to pass through?

Look down! the world is but a spot.
Now say—Is Blackwood's *low* or not,
For all the Scottish tone?
It shall not weigh us here—not where
The sandy burden's lost in air—
Our lading—where is 't flown?

Now—like you Croly's verse indeed—
In heaven—where one cannot read
The "Warren" on a wall?
What think you here of that man's fame?
Tho' Jerdan magnified his name,
To me 'tis very small!

And, truly, is there such a spell
In those three letters, L. E. L.,
To witch a world with song?
On clouds the Byron did not sit,
Yet dared on Shakspeare's head to spit,
And say the world was wrong!

And shall not we? Let 's think aloud!
Thus being couched upon a cloud,
Graham, we 'll have our eyes!
We felt the great when we were less,
But we 'll retort on littleness
Now we are in the skies.

O Graham, Graham! how I blame
The bastard blush—the petty shame
That used to fret me quite—
The little sores I covered then,
No sores on earth, nor sorrows when
The world is out of sight!

My name is Tims.—I am the man
That North's unseen, diminished clan
So scurvily abused!
I am the very P. A. Z.
The London Lion's small pin's head
So often hath refused!

Campbell—(you cannot see him here)—
Hath scorned my *lays*:—do his appear
Such great eggs from the sky?—
And Longman, and his lengthy Co.
Long, only, in a little Row,
Have thrust my poems by!

What else?—I 'm poor, and much beset
With damned small duns—that is—in debt
Some grains of golden dust!
But only worth, above, is worth.—
What 's all the credit of the earth!
An inch of cloth on trust!

What 's Rothschild here, that wealthy man!
Nay, worlds of wealth?—Oh, if you can
Spy out—the *Golden Ball!*
Sure as we rose, all money sank:
What 's gold or silver now?—the Bank
Is gone—the 'Change and all!

What 's all the ground-rent of the globe?—
Oh, Graham, it would worry Job
To hear its landlords prate!
But after this survey, I think
I 'll ne'er be bullied more, nor shrink
From men of large estate!

And less, still less, will I submit
To poor mean acres' worth of wit—
I that have heaven's span—
I that like Shakspeare's self may dream
Beyond the very clouds, and seem
An Universal Man!

Mark, Graham, mark those gorgeous crowds!
Like Birds of Paradise the clouds
Are winging on the wind!
But what is grander than their range?
More lovely than their sun-set change?—
The free creative mind!

Well! the Adults' School 's in the air!
The greatest men are lessoned there
As well as the Lessee!
Oh could Earth's Ellistons thus small
Behold the greatest stage of all,
How humbled they would be!

"Oh would some Power the giftie gie 'em,
To see themselves as others see 'em,"
'Twould much abate their fuss!
If they could think that from the skies
They are as little in our eyes
As they can think of us!

Of us? are we gone out of sight?
Lessened! diminished! vanished quite!
Lost to the tiny town!
Beyond the Eagle's ken—the grope
Of Dolland's longest telescope!
Graham! we 're going down!

Ah me! I 've touched a string that opes
The airy valve!—the gas elopes—
Down goes our bright Balloon!—
Farewell the skies! the clouds! I smell
The lower world! Graham, farewell,
Man of the silken moon!

The earth is close! the City nears—
Like a burnt paper it appears,
Studded with tiny sparks!
Methinks I hear the distant rout
Of coaches rumbling all about—
We 're close above the Parks!

I hear the watchmen on their beats,
Hawking the hour about the streets.
Lord! what a cruel jar
It is upon the earth to light!
Well—there 's the finish of our flight!
I 've smoked my last segar!

ODE

TO MR. M'ADAM.[a]

"Let us take to the road!"—BEGGAR'S OPERA.

M'ADAM, hail!
Hail, Roadian! hail, Colossus! who dost stand
Striding ten thousand turnpikes on the land!
Oh universal Leveler! all hail!
To thee, a good, yet stony-hearted man,
The kindest one, and yet the flintiest going—
To thee—how much for thy commodious plan,
Lanark Reformer of the Ruts, is Owing!
The Bristol mail
Gliding o'er ways, hitherto deemed invincible,
When carrying Patriots now shall never fail
Those of the most "*unshaken* public principle."
Hail to thee, Scot of Scots!
Thou northern light, amid those heavy men!
Foe to Stonehenge, yet friend to all beside,
Thou scatterest flints and favors far and wide,
From palaces to cots;—
Dispenser of coagulated good!
Distributor of granite and of food!
Long may thy fame its even path march on
E'en when thy sons are dead!
Best benefactor! though thou giv'st a stone
To those who ask for bread!

Thy first great trial in this mighty town
Was, if I rightly recollect, upon
That gentle hill which goeth
Down from "the County" to the Palace gate,
And, like a river, thanks to thee, now floweth
Past the Old Horticultural Society—
The chemist Cobb's, the house of Howell and James,
Where ladies play high shawl and satin games—
A little *Hell* of lace!
And past the Athenæum, made of late,
Severs a sweet variety
Of milliners and booksellers who grace
Waterloo Place,
Making division, the Muse fears and guesses,
'Twixt Mr. Rivington's and Mr. Hessey's.
Thou stood'st thy trial, Mac! and shaved the road
From Barber Beaumont's to the King's abode
So well, that paviors threw their rammers by,
Let down their tucked shirt-sleeves, and with a sigh
Prepared themselves, poor souls, to chip or die!

Next, from the palace to the prison, thou
Didst go, the highway's watchman, to thy beat—
Preventing though the *rattling* in the street,
Yet kicking up a row
Upon the stones—ah! truly watchman-like,
Encouraging thy victims all to strike,
To further thy own purpose, Adam, daily;—
Thou hast smoothed, alas, the path to the Old Bailey!
And to the stony bowers
Of Newgate, to encourage the approach,
By caravan or coach—
Hast strewed the way with flints as soft as flowers.

Who shall dispute thy name!
Insculpt in stone in every street,
We soon shall greet
Thy trodden down, yet all unconquered fame!
Where'er we take, even at this time, our way,
Nought see we, but mankind in open air,
Hammering thy fame, as Chantrey would not dare;—
And with a patient care
Chipping thy immortality all day!
Demosthenes, of old—that rare old man—
Prophetically *followed*, Mac! thy plan:—
For he, we know,
(History says so,)
Put *pebbles* in his mouth when he would speak
The *smoothest* Greek!

It is "impossible, and cannot be,"
But that thy genius hath,
Besides the turnpike, many another path
Trod, to arrive at popularity,
O'er Pegasus, perchance, thou hast thrown a thigh,
Nor ridden a roadster only; mighty Mac!
And 'faith I'd swear, when on that winged hack,
Thou hast observed the highways in the sky!
Is the path up Parnassus rough and steep,
And "hard to climb," as Dr. B. would say?
Dost think it best for Sons of Song to keep
The noiseless *tenor* of their way? (see Gray.)
What line of road *should* poets take to bring
Themselves unto those waters, loved the first!—
Those waters which can wet a man to sing!
Which, like thy fame, "from *granite* basins burst,
Leap into life, and, sparkling, woo the thirst?"

That thou 'rt a proser, even thy birth-place might
Vouchsafe;—and Mr. Cadell *may*, God wot,
Have paid thee many a pound for many a blot—
Cadell 's a wayward wight!
Although no Walter, still thou art a Scot,
And I can throw, I think, a little light
Upon some works thou hast written for the town—
And published, like a Lilliput Unknown!
"Highways and Byeways," is thy book, no doubt,
(One whole edition 's out,)
And next, for it is fair
That Fame,
Seeing her children, should confess she had 'em:—
"Some *Passages* from the life of Adam Blair"—
(Blair is a Scottish name,)
What are they, but thy own good roads, M'Adam?

O! indefatigable laborer
In the paths of men! when thou shalt die, 't will be
A mark of thy surpassing industry,
That of the monument, which men shall rear
Over thy most inestimable bone,
Thou didst thy very self lay the first stone!—
Of a right ancient line thou comest—through
Each crook and turn we trace the unbroken clue,
Until we see thy sire before our eyes—
Rolling his gravel walks in Paradise!
But he, our great Mac Parent, erred, and ne'er
Have our walks since been fair!
Yet Time, who, like the merchant, lives on 'Change,
For ever varying, through his varying range,
Time maketh all things even!
In this strange world, turning beneath high heaven!

He hath redeemed the Adams, and contrived—
(How are Time's wonders hived!)
In pity to mankind and to befriend 'em—
(Time is above all praise)
That he, who first did make our evil ways,
Reborn in Scotland, should be first to mend 'em!

A FRIENDLY ADDRESS

TO MRS. FRY, *IN* NEWGATE.[3]

"Sermons in stones"—As you Like It.
"Out! out! damned spot!"—Macbeth.

I LIKE you, Mrs. Fry! I like your name!
It speaks the very warmth you feel in pressing
In daily act round Charity's great flame—
I like the crisp Browne way you have of dressing
Good Mrs. Fry! I like the placid claim
You make to Christianity—professing
Love, and good *works*—of course you buy of Barton,
Beside the young *fry's* booksellers, Friend Darton!

I like good Mrs. Fry, your brethren mute—
Those serious, solemn gentlemen that sport—
I should have said, that *wear*, the sober suit
Shaped like a court dress—but for heaven's court.
I like your sisters too—sweet Rachel's fruit—
Protestant nuns! I like their stiff support
Of virtue—and I like to see them clad
With such a difference—just like good from bad!

I like the sober colors—not the west;
Those gaudy manufactures of the rainbow—

Green, orange, crimson, purple, violet—
In which the fair, the flirting, and the vain, go—
The others are a chaste, severer set,
In which the good, the pious, and the plain, go—
They 're moral *standards*, to know Christians by—
In short, they are your *colors*, Mrs. Fry!

As for the naughty tinges of the prism—
Crimson's the cruel uniform of war—
Blue—hue of brimstone! minds no catechism;
And green is young and gay—not noted for
Goodness, or gravity, or quietism,
Till it is saddened down to tea-green, or
Olive—and purple 's given to wine, I guess;
And yellow is a convict by its dress!

They 're all the devil's liveries, that men
And women wear in servitude to sin—
But how will they come off, poor motleys, when
Sin's wages are paid down, and they stand in
The Evil presence! You and I know, then
How all the party colors will begin
To part—the *Pit*tite hues will sadden there,
Whereas the *Foxite* shades will all show fair!

Witness their goodly labors one by one!
Russet makes garments for the needy poor—
Dove-color preaches love to all—and *dun*
Calls every day at Charity's street-door—
Brown studies Scripture, and bids women shun
All gaudy furnishing—*olive* doth pour
Oil into wounds: and *drab* and *slate* supply
Scholar and book in Newgate, Mrs. Fry!

Well! Heaven forbid that I should discommend
The gratis, charitable, jail-endeavor!
When all persuasions in your praises blend—
The Methodist's creed and cry are, *Fry* forever!
No—I will be your friend—and, like a friend,
Point out your very worst defect—Nay, never
Start at that word! But I *must* ask you why
You keep your school *in* Newgate, Mrs. Fry?

Too well I know the price our mother Eve
Paid for *her* schooling: but must all her daughters
Commit a petty larceny, and thieve—
Pay down a crime for "*entrance*" to your "*quarters?*"
Your classes may increase, but I must grieve
Over your pupils at their bread and waters!
Oh, tho' it cost you rent—(and rooms run high)
Keep your school *out* of Newgate, Mrs. Fry!

O save the vulgar soul before it's spoiled!
Set up your mounted sign *without* the gate—
And there inform the mind before 'tis soiled!
'Tis sorry writing on a greasy slate!
Nay, if you would not have your labors foiled,
Take it *inclining* towards a virtuous state,
Not prostrate and laid flat—else, woman meek!
The *upright* pencil will but hop and shriek!

Ah, who can tell how hard it is to drain
The evil spirit from the heart it preys in—
To bring sobriety to life again,
Choked with the vile Anacreontic raisin—
To wash Black Betty when her black's ingrain—
To stick a moral lacquer on Moll Brazen,
Of Suky Tawdry's habits to deprive her;
To tame the wild-fowl ways of Jenny Diver!

Ah, who can tell how hard it is to teach
Miss Nancy Dawson on her bed of straw—
To make Long Sal sew up the endless breach
She made in manners—to write heaven's own law
On hearts of granite.—Nay, how hard to preach,
In cells, that are not memory's—to draw
The moral thread, thro' the immoral eye
Of blunt Whitechapel natures, Mrs. Fry!

In vain you teach them baby-work within:
'Tis but a clumsy botchery of crime;
'Tis but a tedious darning of old sin—
Come out yourself, and stitch up souls in time—
It is too late for scouring to begin
When virtue 's ravelled out, when all the prime
Is worn away, and nothing sound remains;
You 'll fret the fabric out before the stains!

I like your chocolate, good Mistress Fry!
I like your cookery in every way;
I like your shrove-tide service and supply;
I like to hear your sweet *Pandeans* play;
I like the pity in your full-brimmed eye;
I like your carriage, and your silken gray,
Your dove-like habits, and your silent preaching;
But I don't like your Newgatory teaching.

Come out of Newgate, Mrs. Fry! Repair
Abroad, and find your pupils in the streets.
O, come abroad into the wholesome air,
And take your moral place, before Sin seats
Her wicked self in the Professor's chair.
Suppose some morals raw! the true receipt 's
To dress them in the pan, but do not try
To cook them in the fire, good Mrs. Fry!

Put on your decent bonnet, and come out!
Good lack! the ancients did not set up schools
In jail—but at the *Porch!* hinting, no doubt,
That Vice should have a lesson in the rules
Before 't was whipt by law.—O come about,
Good Mrs. Fry! and set up forms and stools
All down the Old Bailey, and thro' Newgate-street,
But not in Mr. Wontner's proper seat!

Teach Lady Barrymore, if, teaching, you
That peerless Peeress can absolve from dolor;
Teach her it is not virtue to pursue
Ruin of blue, or any other color;
Teach her it is not Virtue's crown to rue,
Month after month, the unpaid drunken dollar;
Teach her that "flooring Charleys" is a game
Unworthy one that bears a Christian name.

O come and teach our children—that ar'n't *ours*—
That heaven's straight pathway is a narrow way,
Not Broad St. Giles's, where fierce Sin devours
Children, like Time—or rather they both prey
On youth together—meanwhile Newgate low'rs
Even like a black cloud at the close of day,
To shut them out from any more blue sky:
Think of these hopeless wretches, Mrs. Fry!

You are not nice—go into their retreats,
And make them Quakers, if you will.—'T were best
They wore straight collars, and their shirts sans *pleats;*
That they had hats *with* brims—that they were drest
In garbs without *lappels*—than shame the streets
With so much raggedness.—You may invest
Much cash this way—but it will cost its price,
To give a good, round, real *cheque* to Vice!

In brief—Oh teach the child its moral rote,
Not *in* the way from which 't will not depart—
But *out*—out—out! Oh, bid it walk remote!
And if the skies are closed against the smart,
Even let him wear the single-breasted coat,
For that ensureth singleness of heart.—
Do what you will, his every want supply,
Keep him—but *out* of Newgate, Mrs. Fry!

ODE

TO RICHARD MARTIN, ESQUIRE,

M.P. FOR GALWAY.[4]

"*Martin*, in this, has proved himself a very good Man!"—BOXIANA.

How many sing of wars,
Of Greek and Trojan jars—
The butcheries of men!
The Muse hath a "Perpetual Ruby Pen!"
Dabbling with heroes and the blood they spill;
But no one sings the man
That, like a pelican,
Nourishes Pity with his tender *Bill!*

Thou Wilberforce of hacks!
Of whites as well as blacks,
Pyebald and dapple grey,
Chestnut and bay—
No poet's eulogy thy name adorns!
But oxen, from the fens,
Sheep—in their pens,
Praise thee, and red cows with their winding horns!
Thou art sung on brutal pipes!
Drovers may curse thee,
Knackers asperse thee,

And sly M.P.'s bestow their cruel wipes;
But the old horse neighs thee,
And zebras praise thee,
Asses, I mean—that have as many stripes!

Hast thou not taught the Drover to forbear,
In Smithfield's muddy, murderous, vile environ—
Staying his lifted bludgeon in the air!
Bullocks don't wear
Oxide of iron!
The cruel Jarvy thou hast summoned oft,
Enforcing mercy on the coarse Yahoo,
That thought his horse the *courser* of the two—
Whilst Swift smiled down aloft!—
O worthy pair! for this, when ye inhabit
Bodies of birds—(if so the spirit shifts
From flesh to feather)—when the clown uplifts
His hands against the sparrows nest, to *grab* it—
He shall not harm the MARTINS and the *Swifts!*

Ah! when Dean Swift was *quick*, how he enhanced
The horse!—and humbled biped man like Plato!
But now he 's dead, the charger is mischanced—
Gone backward in the world—and not advanced—
Remember Cato!
Swift was the horse's champion—not the King's
Whom Southey sings,
Mounted on Pegasus—would he were thrown!
He 'll wear that ancient hackney to the bone,
Like a mere clothes-horse airing royal things!
Ah well-a-day! the ancients did not use
Their steeds so cruelly!—let it debar men
From wonted rowelling and whip's abuse—
Look at the ancients' *Muse!*
Look at their *Carmen!*

O, Martin! how thine eye—
That one would think had put aside its lashes—
That can't bear gashes
Thro' any horse's side, must ache to spy
That horrid window fronting Fetter-lane—
For there 's a nag the crows have picked for victual,
Or some man painted in a bloody vein—
Gods! is there no *Horse-spital!*
That such raw shows must sicken the humane!
Sure Mr. Whittle
Loves thee but little,
To let that poor horse linger in his *pane!*

O build a Brookes's Theatre for horses!
O wipe away the national reproach—
And find a decent Vulture for their corses!
And in thy funeral track
Four sorry steeds shall follow in each coach!
Steeds that confess "the luxury of *woe!*"
True mourning steeds, in no extempore black,
And many a wretched hack
Shall sorrow for thee—sore with kick and blow
And bloody gash—it is the Indian knack—
(Save that the savage is his own tormentor)—
Banting shall weep too in his sable scarf—
The biped woe the quadruped shall enter,
And Man and Horse go half and half,
As if their griefs met in a common *Centaur!*

ODE

TO THE GREAT UNKNOWN.

"O breathe not his name!"—Moore.

Thou Great Unknown!
I do not mean Eternity, nor Death,
That vast incog!
For I suppose thou hast a living breath,
Howbeit we know not from whose lungs 'tis blown,
Thou man of fog!
Parent of many children—child of none!
Nobody's son!
Nobody's daughter—but a parent still!
Still but an ostrich parent of a batch
Of orphan eggs—left to the world to hatch.
Superlative Nil!
A vox and nothing more—yet not Vauxhall;
A head in papers, yet without a curl!
Not the Invisible Girl!
No hand—but a hand-writing on a wall—
A popular nonentity,
Still called the same—without identity!
A lark, heard out of sight—
A nothing shined upon—invisibly bright,
"Dark with excess of light!"

Constable's literary John-a-nokes—
The real Scottish wizard—and not which,
Nobody—in a niche;
Every one's hoax!
Maybe Sir Walter Scott—
Perhaps not!
Why dost thou so conceal and puzzle curious folks?

Thou—whom the second-sighted never saw,
The Master Fiction of fictitious history!
Chief Nong tong paw!
No mister in the world—and yet all mystery!
The "tricksy spirit" of a Scotch Cock Lane—
A *novel* Junius puzzling the world's brain—
A man of Magic—yet no talisman!
A man of clair obscure—not he o' the moon!
A star—at noon.
A non-descriptus in a caravan,
A private—of no corps—a northern light
In a dark lantern—Bogie in a crape—
A figure—but no shape;
A vizor—and no knight;
The real abstract hero of the age;
The staple Stranger of the stage;
A Some One made in every man's presumption,
Frankenstein's monster—but instinct with gumption;
Another strange state captive in the north,
Constable-guarded in an iron mask—
Still let me ask,
Hast thou no silver-platter,
No door-plate, or no card—or some such matter,
To scrawl a name upon, and then cast forth?

Thou Scottish Barmecide, feeding the hunger
Of Curiosity with airy gammon!
Thou mystery-monger,
Dealing it out like middle cut of salmon,
This people buy and can't make head or tail of it;
(Howbeit that puzzle never hurts the sale of it;)
Thou chief of authors mystic and abstractical,
That lay their proper bodies on the shelf—
Keeping thyself so truly to thyself,
Thou Zimmerman made practical!
Thou secret fountain of a Scottish style,
That, like the Nile,
Hideth its source wherever it is bred,
But still keeps disemboguing
(Not disembroguing)
Thro' such broad sandy mouths without a head!
Thou disembodied author—not yet dead—
The whole world's literary Absentee!
Ah! wherefore hast thou fled,
Thou learned Nemo—wise to a degree,
Anonymous L. L. D.!

Thou nameless captain of the nameless gang
That do—and inquests cannot say who did it!
Wert thou at Mrs. Donatty's death-pang?
Hast thou made gravy of Weare's watch—or hid it?
Hast thou a Blue-Beard chamber? Heaven forbid it!
I should be very loth to see thee hang!
I hope thou hast an alibi well planned,
An innocent, altho' an ink-black hand.
Tho' thou hast newly turned thy private bolt on
The curiosity of all invaders—
I hope thou art merely closeted with Colton,

Who knows a little of the *Holy Land*,
Writing thy next new novel—The Crusaders!

Perhaps thou wert even born
To be Unknown.—Perhaps hung, some foggy morn,
At Captain Coram's charitable wicket,
Pinned to a ticket
That Fate had made illegible, foreseeing
The future great unmentionable being.—
Perhaps thou hast ridden
A scholar poor on St. Augustine's Back,
Like Chatterton, and found a dusty pack
Of Rowley novels in an old chest hidden;
A little hoard of clever simulation,
That took the town—and Constable has bidden
Some hundred pounds for a continuation—
To keep and clothe thee in genteel starvation.

I liked thy Waverley—first of thy breeding;
I liked its modest "sixty years ago,"
As if it was not meant for ages' reading.
I don't like Ivanhoe,
Tho' Dymoke does—it makes him think of chattering
In iron overalls before the king,
Secure from battering, to ladies flattering,
Tuning his challenge to the gauntlet's ring—
Oh better far than all that anvil clang
It was to hear thee touch the famous string
Of Robin Hood's tough bow and make it twang,
Rousing him up, all verdant, with his clan,
Like Sagittarian Pan!

I like Guy Mannering—but not that sham son
Of Brown.—I like that literary Sampson,

Nine-tenths a Dyer, with a smack of Porson.
I like Dirk Hatteraick, that rough sea Orson
That slew the Guager;
And Dandie Dinmont, like old Ursa Major;
And Merrilies, young Bertram's old defender,
That Scottish Witch of Endor,
That doomed thy fame. She was the Witch, I take it,
To tell a great man's fortune—or to make it!

I like thy Antiquary. With his fit on,
He makes me think of Mr. Britton,
Who has—or had—within his garden wall,
A *miniature Stone Henge*, so very small
The sparrows find it difficult to sit on;
And Dousterswivel, like Poyais' M'Gregor;
And Edie Ochiltree, that old *Blue Beggar*,
Painted so cleverly,
I think thou surely knowest Mrs. Beverly!
I like thy Barber—him that fired the *Beacon*—
But that 's a tender subject now to speak on!

I like long-armed Rob Roy.—His very charms
Fashioned him for renown!—In sad sincerity,
The man that robs or writes must have long arms,
If he 's to hand his deeds down to posterity!
Witness Miss Biffin's posthumous prosperity,
Her poor brown crumpled mummy (nothing more)
Bearing the name she bore,
A thing Time's tooth is tempted to destroy!
But Roys can never die—why else, in verity,
Is Paris echoing with "Vive le *Roy!*"
Ay, Rob shall live again, and deathless Di

Vernon, of course, shall often live again—
Whilst there 's a stone in Newgate, or a chain,
Who can pass by
Nor feel the Thief's in prison and at hand?
There be Old Bailey Jarvys on the stand!

I like thy Landlord's Tales!—I like that Idol
Of love and Lammermoor—the blue-eyed maid
That led to church the mounted cavalcade,
And then pulled up with such a bloody bridal!
Throwing equestrian Hymen on his haunches—
I like the family (not silver) branches
That hold the tapers
To light the serious legend of Montrose.—
I like M'Aulay's second-sighted vapors,
As if he could not walk or talk alone,
Without the Devil—or the Great Unknown—
Dalgetty is the dearest of Ducrows!

I like St. Leonard's Lily—drenched with dew!
I like thy Vision of the Covenanters,
That bloody-minded Graham shot and slew.
I like the battle lost and won;
The hurly burly 's bravely done,
The warlike gallops and the warlike canters!
I like that girded chieftain of the ranters,
Ready to preach down heathens, or to grapple,
With one eye on his sword,
And one upon the Word—
How *he* would cram the Caledonian Chapel!
I like stern Claverhouse, though he doth dapple
His raven steed with blood of many a corse—
I like dear Mrs. Headrigg, that unravels

Her texts of Scripture on a trotting horse—
She is so like Rae Wilson when he travels!

I like thy Kenilworth—but I 'm not going
To take a Retrospective Re-Review
Of all thy dainty novels—merely showing
The old familiar faces of a few,
The question to renew,
How thou canst leave such deeds without a name,
Forego the unclaimed dividends of fame,
Forego the smiles of literary houris—
Mid Lothian's trump, and Fife's shrill note of praise,
And all the Carse of Gowrie's,
When thou might'st have thy statue in Cromarty—
Or see thy image on Italian trays,
Betwixt Queen Caroline and Buonaparté,
Be painted by the Titian of R. A.'s,
Or vie in sign-boards with the Royal Guelph!
P'rhaps have thy bust set cheek by jowl with Homer's,
P'rhaps send out plaster proxies of thyself
To other Englands with Australian roamers—
Mayhap, in Literary Owhyhee
Displace the native wooden gods, or be
The China-Lar of a Canadian shelf?

It is not modesty that bids thee hide—
She never wastes her blushes out of sight:
It is not to invite
The world's decision, for thy fame is tried—
And thy fair deeds are scattered far and wide,
Even royal heads are with thy readers reckoned—
From men in trencher caps to trencher scholars
In crimson collars,

And learned serjeants in the Forty-Second!
Whither by land or sea art thou not beckoned?
Mayhap exported from the Frith of Forth,
Defying distance and its dim control;
Perhaps read about Stromness, and reckoned worth
A brace of Miltons for capacious soul—
Perhaps studied in the whalers, further north.
And set above ten Shakspeares near the pole!

Oh, when thou writest by Aladdin's lamp,
With such a giant genius at command,
For ever at thy stamp,
To fill thy treasury from Fairy Land,
When haply thou might'st ask the pearly hand
Of some great British Vizier's eldest daughter,
Tho' princes sought her,
And lead her in procession hymeneal,
Oh, why dost thou remain a Beau Ideal!
Why stay, a ghost, on the Lethean Wharf,
Enveloped in Scotch mist and gloomy fogs?
Why, but because thou art some puny Dwarf,
Some hopeless Imp, like Riquet with the Tuft,
Fearing, for all thy wit, to be rebuffed,
Or bullied by our great reviewing Gogs?

What in this masking age
Maketh Unknowns so many and so shy?
What but the critic's page?
One hath a cast, he hides from the world's eye;
Another hath a wen—he won't show where;
A third has sandy hair,
A hunch upon his back, or legs awry,
Things for a vile reviewer to espy!
Another has a mangel-wurzel nose—

Finally, this is dimpled,
Like a pale crumpet face, or that is pimpled,
Things for a monthly critic to expose—
Nay, what is thy own case—that being small,
Thou choosest to be nobody at all!

Well, thou art prudent, with such puny bones—
E'en like Elshender, the mysterious elf,
That shadowy revelation of thyself—
To build thee a small hut of haunted stones—
For certainly the first pernicious man
That ever saw thee, would quickly draw thee
In some vile literary caravan—
Shown for a shilling
Would be thy killing,
Think of Crachami's miserable span!
No tinier frame the tiny spark could dwell in
Than there it fell in—
But when she felt herself a show, she tried
To shrink from the world's eye, poor dwarf! and died!

O since it was thy fortune to be born
A dwarf on some Scotch *Inch*, and then to flinch
From all the Gog-like jostle of great men,
Still with thy small crow pen
Amuse and charm thy lonely hours forlorn—
Still Scottish story daintily adorn,
Be still a shade—and when this age is fled,
When we poor sons and daughters of reality
Are in our graves forgotten and quite dead,
And Time destroys our mottoes of morality—
The lithographic hand of Old Mortality
Shall still restore thy emblem on the stone,
A featureless death's head,
And rob Oblivion ev'n of the Unknown!

ADDRESS

TO MR. DYMOKE,[5]

THE CHAMPION OF ENGLAND.

"—— Arma Virumque cano!"—VIRGIL.

MR. DYMOKE! Sir Knight! if I may be so bold—
(I 'm a poor simple gentleman just come to town,)
Is your armor put by, like the sheep in a fold?—
Is your gauntlet ta'en up, which you lately flung down?

Are you—who *that* day rode so mailed and admired,
Now sitting at ease in a library chair?
Have you sent back to Astley the war-horse you hired,
With a cheque upon Chambers to settle the fare?

What 's become of the cup? Great tin-plate worker? say?
Cup and ball is a game which some people deem fun!
Oh! *three golden balls* have n't lured you to play
Rather false, Mr. D., to all pledges but one?

How defunct is the show that was chivalry's mimic!
The breast-plate—the feathers—the gallant array!
So fades, so grows dim, and so dies, Mr. Dymoke!
The day of brass breeches! as Wordsworth would say!

Perchance in some village remote, with a cot,
And a cow, and a pig, and a barn-door, and all;—
You show to the parish that peace is your lot,
And plenty—tho' absent from Westminster Hall!

And of course you turn every accoutrement now
To its separate use, that your wants may be well met;—
You toss in your breast-plate your pancakes, and grow
A salad of mustard and cress in your helmet.

And you delve the fresh earth with your falchion, less bright
Since hung up in sloth from its Westminster task;—
And you bake your own bread in your tin; and, Sir Knight,
Instead of your brow, put your beer in the casque!

How delightful to sit by your beans and your peas,
With a goblet of gooseberry gallantly clutched,
And chat of the blood that had deluged the Pleas,
And drenched the King's Bench—if the glove had been touched!

If Sir Columbine Daniel, with knightly pretensions,
Had snatched your "best doe,"—he 'd have flooded the floor;—
Nor would even the best of his crafty inventions,
"Life Preservers," have floated him out of his gore!

Oh, you and your horse! what a couple was there!
The man and his *backer*—to win a great fight!
Though the trumpet was loud—you 'd an undisturbed air!
And the nag snuffed the feast and the fray *sans* affright!

Yet strange was the course which the good Cato bore
When he waddled tail-wise with the cup to his stall;—
For though his departure was at the front door,
Still he went the back way out of Westminster Hall.

He went—and 't would puzzle historians to say,
When they trust Time's conveyance to carry your *mail*—
Whether caution or courage inspired him that day,
For, though he retreated, he never turned tail.

By my life, he 's a wonderful charger!—The best!
Though not for a Parthian corps!—yet for you!—
Distinguished alike at a fray and a feast,
What a Horse for a grand Retrospective Review!

What a creature to keep a hot warrior cool
When the sun's in the face, and the shade's far aloof!—
What a *tail-piece* for Bewick!—or pyebald for Poole,
To bear him in safety from Elliston's hoof!

Well; hail to Old Cato! the hero of scenes!
May Astley or age ne'er his comforts abridge;—
Oh, long may he munch Amphitheatre beans,
Well "pent up in Utica" over the Bridge!

And to you, Mr. Dymoke, Cribb's rival, I keep
Wishing all country pleasures, the bravest and best!
And oh! when you come to the Hummums to sleep,
May you lie "like a warrior taking his rest!"

ODE

TO JOSEPH GRIMALDI, SENIOR.[a]

> "This fellow's wise enough to play the fool,
> And to do that well craves a kind of wit."
> TWELFTH NIGHT.

JOSEPH! they say thou 'st left the stage,
To toddle down the hill of life,
And taste the flannelled ease of age,
Apart from pantomimic strife—
"Retired—(for Young would call it so)—
The world shut out"—in Pleasant Row!

And hast thou really washed at last
From each white cheek the red half moon?
And all thy public Clownship cast,
To play the private Pantaloon?
All youth—all ages—yet to be
Shall have a heavy miss of thee!

Thou didst not preach to make us wise—
Thou hadst no finger in our schooling—
Thou didst not "lure us to the skies"—
Thy simple, simple trade was—Fooling!
And yet, Heaven knows! we could—we can
Much "better spare a better man!"

Oh, had it pleased the gout to take
The reverend Croly from the stage,
Or Southey, for our quiet's sake,
Or Mr. Fletcher, Cupid's sage,
Or, damme! namby pamby Poole—
Or any other clown or fool!

Go, Dibdin—all that bear the name,
Go Byway Highway man! go! go!
Go, Skeffy—man of painted fame,
But leave thy partner, painted Joe!
I could bear Kirby on the wane,
Or Signor Paulo with a sprain!

Had Joseph Wilfred Parkins made
His gray hairs scarce in private peace—
Had Waithman sought a rural shade—
Or Cobbett ta'en a turnpike lease—
Or Lisle Bowles gone to *Balaam* Hill—
I think I could be cheerful still!

Had Medwin left off, to his praise,
Dead lion kicking, like—a friend!—
Had long, long Irving gone his ways,
To muse on death at *Ponder's End*—
Or Lady Morgan taken leave
Of Letters—still I might not grieve!

But, Joseph—every body's Jo!—
Is gone—and grieve I will and must!
As Hamlet did for Yorick, so
Will I for thee, (tho' not yet dust,)
And talk as he did when he missed
The kissing-crust that he had kissed!

Ah, where is now thy rolling head!
Thy winking, reeling, *drunken* eyes,
(As old Catullus would have said,)
Thy oven-mouth, that swallowed pies—
Enormous hunger—monstrous drouth!
Thy pockets greedy as thy mouth!

Ah, where thy ears, so often cuffed!—
Thy funny, flapping, filching hands!—
Thy partridge body, always stuffed
With waifs, and strays, and contrabands!—
Thy foot—like Berkeley's *Foote*—for why?
'T was often made to wipe an eye!

Ah, where thy legs—that witty pair
For "great wits jump"—and so did they.
Lord! how they leaped in lamp-light air!
Capered—and bounced—and strode away!—
That years should tame the legs—alack!
I 've seen spring thro' an Almanack!

But bounds will have their bound—the shocks
Of Time will cramp the nimblest toes;
And those that frisked in silken clocks
May look to limp in fleecy hose—
One only—(Champion of the ring)
Could ever make his Winter—Spring!

And gout, that owns no odds between
The toe of Czar and toe of Clown,
Will visit—but I did not mean
To moralize, though I am grown
Thus sad—Thy going seemed to beat
A muffled drum for Fun's retreat!

And, may be—'tis no time to smother
A sigh, when two prime wags of London,
Are gone—thou, Joseph, one—the other
A Joe!—"sic transit gloria *Munden!*"
A third departure some insist on—
Stage-apoplexy threatens Liston!—

Nay, then, let Sleeping Beauty sleep
With ancient "*Dozey*" to the dregs—
Let Mother Goose wear mourning deep,
And put a hatchment o'er her eggs!
Let Farley weep—for Magic's man
Is gone—his Christmas Caliban!

Let Kemble, Forbes, and Willet rain,
As tho' they walked behind thy bier—
For since thou wilt not play again,
What matters—if in heaven or here!
Or in thy grave, or in thy bed!—
There's *Quick*, might just as well be dead!

Oh, how will thy departure cloud
The lamp-light of the little breast!
The Christmas child will grieve aloud
To miss his broadest friend and best—
Poor urchin! what avails to him
The cold New Monthly's *Ghost of Grimm*?

For who like thee could ever stride
Some dozen paces to the mile!—
The motley, medley coach provide—
Or like Joe Frankenstein compile
The *vegetable man* complete!—
A proper *Covent Garden* feat!

Oh, who like thee could ever drink,
  Or eat—swill—swallow—bolt—and choke!
Nod, weep, and hiccup—sneeze and wink?—
  Thy very yawn was quite a joke!
Tho' Joseph Junior acts not ill,
"There 's no Fool like the old Fool" still!

Joseph, farewell! dear funny Joe!
  We met with mirth—we part in pain!
For many a long, long year must go,
  Ere Fun can see thy like again—
For Nature does not keep great stores
Of perfect Clowns—that are not *Boors!*

ADDRESS

TO SYLVANUS URBAN, ESQUIRE,[7]

EDITOR OF THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.

"Dost thou not suspect my years?"
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

OH! Mr. Urban! never must *thou* lurch
A sober age made serious drunk by thee;
Hop in thy pleasant way from church to church,
And nurse thy little bald Biography.

Oh, my Sylvanus! what a heart is thine!
And what a page attends thee! Long may I
Hang in demure confusion o'er each line
That asks thy little questions with a sigh!

Old tottering years have nodded to their falls,
Like pensioners that creep about and die;—
But thou, Old Parr of periodicals,
Livest in monthly immortality!

How sweet!—as Byron of his infant said—
"Knowledge of objects" in thine eye to trace;
To see the mild no-meanings of thy head,
Taking a quiet nap upon thy face!

How dear through thy Obituary to roam,
And not a name of any name to catch!
To meet thy Criticism walking home,
Averse from rows, and never calling "Watch!"

Rich is thy page in soporific things—
  Composing compositions—lulling men—
Faded old posies of unburied rings—
  Confessions dozing from an opiate pen:—

Lives of Right Reverends that have never lived—
  Deaths of good people that have really died—
Parishioners—hatched—husbanded—and wived,
  Bankrupts and Abbots breaking side by side!

The sacred query—the remote response—
  The march of serious minds, extremely slow—
The graver's cut at some right aged sconce,
  Famous for nothing many years ago!

B. asks of C. if Milton e'er did write
  "Comus," obscured beneath some Ludlow lid;—
And C., next month, an answer doth indite,
  Informing B. that Mr. Milton did!

X. sends the portrait of a genuine flea,
  Caught upon Martin Luther years agone;
And Mr. Parkes, of Shrewsbury, draws a bee,
  Long dead, that gathered honey for King John.

There is no end of thee—there is no end,
  Sylvanus, of thy A, B, C, D-merits!
Thou dost, with alphabets, old walls attend,
  And poke the letters into holes, like ferrets!

Go on, Sylvanus!—Bear a wary eye,
  The churches cannot yet be quite run out!
Some parishes must yet have been passed by—
  There 's Bullock-Smithy has a church no doubt!

Go on—and close the eyes of distant ages!
Nourish the names of the undoubted dead!
So Epicures shall pick thy lobster-pages,
Heavy and lively, though but seldom *red*.

Go on! and thrive! Demurest of odd fellows!
Bottling up dullness in an ancient binn!
Still live! still prose! continue still to tell us
Old truths! no strangers, though we take them in!

AN ADDRESS

TO THE STEAM WASHING COMPANY.[8]

"*Archer.* How many are there, *Scrub?*
Scrub. Five and forty, Sir."—Beaux Stratagem.
"For shame—let the linen alone!"—Merry Wives of Windsor.

Mr. Scrub—Mr. Slop—or whoever you be!
The Cock of Steam Laundries—the head Patentee
Of Associate Cleansers—Chief founder and prime
Of the firm for the wholesale distilling of grime—
Co-partners and dealers, in linen's propriety—
That make washing public—and wash in society—
O lend me your ear! if that ear can forego,
For a moment, the music that bubbles below—
From your new Surrey Geisers all foaming and hot—
That soft "*simmer's* sang" so endeared to the Scot—
If your hands may stand still, or your steam without danger—
If your suds will not cool, and a mere simple stranger,
Both to you and to washing, may put in a rub—
O wipe out your Amazon arms from the tub—
And lend me your ear—Let me modestly plead
For a race that your labors may soon supersede—
For a race that, now washing no living affords—
Like Grimaldi must leave their aquatic old boards,
Not with pence in their pockets to keep them at ease,
Not with bread in the funds—or investments of cheese—

But to droop like sad willows that lived by a stream,
Which the sun has sucked up into vapor and steam.
Ah, look at the Laundress, before you begrudge
Her hard daily bread to that laudable drudge—
When chanticleer singeth his earliest matins,
She slips her amphibious feet in her pattens,
And beginneth her toil while the morn is still gray,
As if she was washing the night into day—
Not with sleeker or rosier fingers Aurora
Beginneth to scatter the dew-drops before her;
Not Venus that rose from the billow so early,
Looked down on the foam with a forehead more *pearly*—
Her head is involved in an aërial mist,
And a bright-beaded bracelet encircles her wrist;
Her visage glows warm with the ardor of duty;
She 's Industry's moral—she 's all moral beauty!
Growing brighter and brighter at every rub—
Would any man ruin her?—No, Mr. Scrub!
No man that is manly would work her mishap—
No man that is manly would covet her cap—
Nor her apron—her hose—nor her gown made of stuff—
Nor her gin—nor her tea—nor her wet pinch of snuff!
Alas! so *she* thought—but that slippery hope
Has betrayed her—as tho' she had trod on her soap!
And she—whose support—like the fishes that fly,
Was to have her fins wet, must now drop from her sky—
She whose living it was, and a part of her fare,
To be damped once a day, like the great white sea bear.
With her hands like a sponge, and her head like a mop—
Quite a living absorbent that revelled in slop—
She that paddled in water, must walk upon sand,
And sigh for her deeps like a turtle on land!

Lo, then, the poor Laundress, all wretched she stands,
Instead of a counterpane, wringing her hands!
All haggard and pinched, going down in life's vale,
With no faggot for burning, like Allan-a-dale!
No smoke from her flue—and no steam from her pane,
There once she watched heaven, fearing God and the rain—
Or gazed o'er her bleach-field so fairly engrossed,
Till the lines wandered idle from pillar to post!
Ah, where are the playful young pinners—ah, where
The harlequin quilts that cut capers in air—
The brisk waltzing stockings—the white and the black,
That danced on the tight-rope, or swung on the slack—
The light sylph-like garments, so tenderly pinned,
That blew into shape, and embodied the wind!
There was white on the grass—there was white on the spray—
Her garden—it looked like a garden of May!
But now all is dark—not a shirt 's on a shrub—
You 've ruined her prospects in life, Mr. Scrub!
You 've ruined her custom—now families drop her—
From her silver reduced—nay, reduced from her *copper!*
The last of her washing is done at her eye,
One poor little kerchief that never gets dry!
From mere lack of linen she can't lay a cloth,
And boils neither barley nor alkaline broth—
But her children come round her as victuals grow scant,
And recal, with foul faces, the source of their want—
When she thinks of their poor little mouths to be fed,
And then thinks of her trade that is utterly dead,
And even its pearlashes laid in the grave—
Whilst her tub is a dry rotting, stave after stave,
And the greatest of Coopers, ev'n he that they dub
Sir Astley, can't bind up her heart or her tub—
Need you wonder she curses your bones, Mr. Scrub?

Need you wonder, when steam has deprived her of bread,
If she prays that the evil may visit *your* head—
Nay, scald all the heads of your Washing Committee—
If she wishes you all the soot blacks of the city—
In short, not to mention all plagues without number,
If she wishes you all in the *Wash* at the Humber!

Ah, perhaps, in some moment of drouth and despair,
When her linen got scarce, and her washing grew rare—
When the sum of her suds might be summed in a bowl,
And the rusty cold iron quite entered her soul—
When, perhaps, the last glance of her wandering eye
Had caught "the Cock Laundresses' Coach" going by,
Or her lines that hung idle, to waste the fine weather,
And she thought of her wrongs and her rights both together,
In a lather of passion that frothed as it rose,
Too angry for grammar, too lofty for prose,
On her sheet—if a sheet were still left her—to write,
Some remonstrance like this then, perchance, saw the light—

LETTER OF REMONSTRANCE

FROM BRIDGET JONES

TO THE NOBLEMEN AND GENTLEMEN FORMING THE WASHING COMMITTEE.

It 's a shame, so it is—men can't Let alone
Jobs as is Woman's right to do—and go about there Own—
Theirs Reforms enuff Alreddy without your new schools
For washing to sit Up—and push the Old Tubs from their stools!
But your just like the Raddicals—for upsetting of the Sudds

When the world wagged well enuff—and Wommen washed
your old dirty duds,
I 'm Certain sure Enuff your Ann Sisters had no steem In-
dians, that 's Flat—
But I warrant your Four Fathers went as Tidy and gentle-
manny for all that—
I suppose your the Family as lived in the Great Kittle
I see on Clapham Commun, some times a very considerable
period back when I were little,
And they Said it went with Steem—But that was a joke!
For I never see none come of it—that 's out of it—but only
sum Smoak—
And for All your Power of Horses about your Indians you
never had but Two
In my time to draw you About to Fairs—and hang you,
you know that 's true!
And for All your fine Perspectuses—howsomever you be-
which 'em,
Theirs as Pretty ones off Primerows Hill, as ever a one at
Mitchum,
Thof I cant sea What Prospectives and washing has with
one another to Do—
It ant as if a Bird'seye Hankicher could take a Birdshigh
view!
But Thats your look out—I 've not much to do with that—
But pleas God to hold up fine,
Id show you caps and pinners and small things as lilliwhit
as Ever crosst the Line
Without going any Father off then Little Parodies Place,
And Thats more than you Can—and Ill say it behind your
face—
But when Folks talks of washing, it ant for you to Speak—
As kept Dockter Pattyson out of his Shirt for a Weak!

Thinks I, when I heard it—Well, there 's a pretty go!
That comes o' not marking of things or washing out the marks, and Huddling 'em up so!
Till Their friends comes and owns them, like drownded corpeses in a Vault,
But may Hap you havint Larned to spel—and That ant your Fault,
Only you ought to leafe the Linnins to them as has Larned—
For if it warnt for Washing—and whare Bills is concarned
What 's the Yuse, of all the world, for a Wommans Headication,
And Their Being maid Schollards of Sundays—fit for any Cityation.

Well, what I says is This—when every Kittle has its spout,
Theirs no nead for Companys to puff steem about!
To be sure its very Well, when Their ant enuff Wind
For blowing up Boats with—but not to hurt human kind
Like that Pearkins with his Blunderbush, that 's loaded with hot water,
Thof a X Sherrif might know Better, than make things for slaughtter,
As if War warnt Cruel enuff—wherever it befalls,
Without shooting poor sogers, with sich scalding hot balls—
But thats not so Bad as a Sett of Bear Faced Scrubbs
As joins their Sopes together, and sits up Steem rubbing Clubs,
For washing Dirt Cheap—and eating other Peple's grubs!
Which is all verry Fine for you and your Patent Tea,
But I wonders How Poor Wommen is to get Their Beau-He!
They must drink Hunt wash (the only wash God nose there will be!)

And their Little drop of Somethings as they takes for their Goods,
When you and your Steem has ruined (G—d forgive mee) their lively Hoods,
Poor Wommen as was born to Washing in their youth!
And now must go and Larn other Buisnesses Four Sooth!
But if so be They leave their Lines what are they to go at—
They won't do for Angell's—nor any Trade like That,
Nor we cant Sow Babby Work—for that 's all Bespoke—
For the Queakers in Bridle! and a vast of the confined Folk
Do their own of Themselves—even the bettermost of em—aye, and evn them of middling degrees—
Why Lauk help you Babby Linen ant Bread and Cheese!
Nor we can't go a hammering the roads into Dust,
But we must all go and be Bankers—like Mr. Marshes and Mr. Chamberses—and that 's what we must!
God nose you ought to have more Concern for our Sects,
When you nose you have sucked us and hanged round our Mutherly necks,
And remembers what you Owes to Wommen Besides washing—
You ant, blame you! like Men to go a slushing and sloshing
In mop caps, and pattins, adoing of Females Labers
And prettily jeared At you great Horse God Meril things, ant you now by your next door naybors—
Lawk I thinks I see you with your Sleaves tuckt up
No more like Washing than is drownding of a Pupp,
And for all Your Fine Water Works going round and round
They 'll scruntch your Bones some day—I 'll be bound
And no more nor be a gudgement—for it cant come to good
To sit up agin Providince, which your a doing—nor not fit It should,

For man warnt maid for Wommens starvation,
Nor to do away Laundrisses as is Links of the Creation—
And cant be dun without in any Country But a naked Hottinpot Nation.
Ah, I wish our Minister would take one of your Tubbs
And preach a Sermon in it, and give you some good rubs—
But I warrants you reads (for you cant spel we nose) nyther Bybills or Good Tracks,
Or youd no better than Taking the close off one's Backs—
And let your neighbors oxin an Asses alone—
And every Thing thats hern—and give every one their Hone!

Well, its God for us Al, and every Washer Wommen for herself,
And so you might, without shoving any on us off the shelf,
But if you warnt Noddis you Let wommen abe
And pull off Your Pattins—and leave the washing to we
That nose what's what—Or mark what I say,
Youl make a fine Kittle of fish of Your Close some Day—
When the Aulder men wants Their Bibs and their ant nun at all,
And Cris mass cum—and never a Cloth to lay in Gild Hall,
Or send a damp shirt to his Woship the Mare
Till hes rumatiz Poor Man, and cant set uprite to do good in his Harm-Chare—
Besides Miss-Matching Larned Ladys Hose, as is sent for you not to wash (for you dont wash) but to stew
And make Peples Stockins yeller as oght to be Blew
With a vast more like That—and all along of Steem
Which warnt meand by Nater for any sich skeam—
But thats your Losses and youl have to make It Good,
And I cant say I'm Sorry afore God if you shoud,

For men mought Get their Bread a great many ways
Without taking ourn—aye, and Moor to your Prays
You might go and skim the creme off Mr. Muck-Adam's milky ways—that 's what you might,
Or bete Carpets—or get into Parleamint—or drive Crabro-lays from morning to night,
Or, if you must be of our sects, be Watchmen, and slepe upon a poste!
(Which is an od way of sleping, I must say—and a very hard pillow at most,)
Or you might be any trade, as we are not on that I 'm awares,
Or be Watermen now, (not Water-wommen) and roe peple up and down Hungerford stares,
Or if You Was even to Turn Dust Men a *dry sifting* Dirt!
But you oughtint to Hurt Them as never Did You no Hurt!

Yourn with Anymocity,

BRIDGET JONES.

ODE

TO CAPTAIN PARRY.[5]

"By the North Pole, I do challenge thee!"
LOVE'S LABOR'S LOST.

PARRY, my man! has thy brave leg
Yet struck its foot against the peg
On which the world is spun?
Or hast thou found No Thoroughfare
Writ by the hand of Nature there
Where man has never run!

Hast thou yet traced the Great Unknown
Of channels in the Frozen Zone,
Or held at Icy Bay,
Hast thou still missed the proper track
For homeward Indian men that lack
A bracing by the way?

Still hast thou wasted toil and trouble
On nothing but the North-Sea Bubble
Of geographic scholar?
Or found new ways for ships to shape,
Instead of winding round the Cape,
A short cut thro' the collar!

Hast found the way that sighs were sent to*
The Pole—tho' God knows whom they went to!

* "And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole."
Eloisa to Abelard.

That track revealed to Pope—
Or if the Arctic waters sally,
Or terminate in some blind alley,
A chilly path to grope?

Alas! tho' Ross, in love with snows,
Has painted them *couleur de rose*,
It is a dismal doom,
As Claudio saith, to Winter thrice,
"In regions of thick-ribbed ice"—
All bright—and yet all gloom!

'Tis well for Gheber souls that sit
Before the fire and worship it
With pecks of Wallsend coals,
With feet upon the fender's front,
Roasting their corns—like Mr. Hunt—
To speculate on poles.

'Tis easy for our Naval Board—
'Tis easy for our Civic Lord
Of London and of ease,
That lies in ninety feet of down,
With fur on his nocturnal gown,
To talk of Frozen Seas!

'Tis fine for Monsieur Ude to sit,
And prate about the mundane spit,
And babble of *Cook's* track—
He 'd roast the leather off his toes,
Ere he would trudge thro' polar snows,
To plant a British *Jack!*

Oh, not the proud licentious great,
That travel on a carpet skate,

Can value toils like thine!
What 'tis to take a Hecla range,
Through ice unknown to Mrs. Grange.
And alpine lumps of brine!

But we, that mount the Hill o' Rhyme,
Can tell how hard it is to climb
The lofty slippery steep.
Ah! there are more Snow Hills than that
Which doth black Newgate, like a hat,
Upon its forehead keep.

Perchance thou 'rt now—while I am writing—
Feeling a bear's wet grinder biting
About thy frozen spine!
Or thou thyself art eating whale,
Oily, and underdone, and stale,
That, haply, crossed thy line!

But I 'll not dream such dreams of ill—
Rather will I believe thee still
Safe cellared in the snow—
Reciting many a gallant story,
Of British kings and British glory,
To crony Esquimaux—

Cheering that dismal game where Night
Makes one slow move from black to white
Thro' all the tedious year—
Or smitten by some fond frost fair,
That combed out crystals from her hair,
Wooing a seal-skin Dear!

So much a long communion tends,
As Byron says, to make us friends

With what we daily view—
God knows the daintiest taste may come
To love a nose that 's like a plum
In marble, cold and blue!

To dote on hair, an oily fleece!
As tho' it hung from Helen o' Greece—
They say that love prevails
Ev'n in the veriest polar land—
And surely she may steal thy hand
That used to steal thy nails!

But ah, ere thou art fixt to marry,
And take a polar Mrs. Parry,
Think of a six months' gloom—
Think of the wintry waste, and hers,
Each furnished with a dozen *furs*,
Think of thine icy *dome!*

Think of the children born to *blubber!*
Ah me! hast thou an Indian rubber
Inside!—to hold a meal
For months—about a stone and half
Of whale, and part of a sea calf—
A fillet of salt veal!—

Some walrus ham—no trifle but
A decent steak—a solid cut
Of seal—no wafer slice!
A reindeer's tongue and drink beside!
Gallons of Sperm—not rectified!
And pails of water-ice!

Oh, canst thou fast and then feast thus?
Still come away, and teach to us

Those blessed alternations—
To-day to run our dinners fine,
To feed on air and then to dine
With Civic Corporations—

To save th' Old Bailey daily shilling,
And then to take a half year's filling
In P. N.'s pious Row—
When asked to Hock and haunch o' ven'son,
Thro' something we have worn our pens on
For Longman and his Co.

O come and tell us what the Pole is—
Whether it singular and sole is—
Or straight, or crooked bent—
If very thick or very thin—
Made of what wood—and if akin
To those there be in Kent.

There 's Combe, there 's Spurzheim, and there 's Gall,
Have talked of poles—yet, after all,
What has the public learned?
And Hunt's account must still defer—
He sought the *poll* at Westminster—
And is not yet *returned!*

Alvanly asks if whist, dear soul,
Is played in snow-storms near the Pole,
And how the fur-man deals?
And Eldon doubts if it be true,
That icy Chancellors really do
Exist upon the *seals!*

Barrow, by well-fed office grates,
Talks of his own bechristened Straits,

And longs that he were there;
And Croker, in his cabriolet,
Sighs o'er his brown horse, at his Bay,
And pants to cross the *mer!*

O come away, and set us right,
And, haply, throw a northern light
On questions such as these:—
Whether, when this drowned world was lost,
The surflux waves were locked in frost,
And turned to Icy Seas!

Is Ursa Major white or black?
Or do the Polar tribes attack
Their neighbors—and what for?
Whether they ever play at cuffs,
And then, if they take off their muffs
In pugilistic war?

Tell us, is *Winter* champion there,
As in our milder fighting air?
Say, what are *Chilly* loans?
What cures they have for rheums beside,
And if their hearts gets ossified
From eating bread of bones?

Whether they are such dwarfs—the quicker
To circulate the vital liquor—
And then, from head to heel—
How short the Methodists must choose
Their dumpy envoys not to lose
Their toes in spite of zeal?

Whether 't will soften or sublime it
To preach of Hell in such a climate—

Whether may Wesley hope
To win their souls—or that old function
Of seals—with the extreme of unction—
Bespeaks them for the Pope?

Whether the lamps will e'er be "learned"
Where six months' "midnight oil" is burned,
Or Letters must defer
With people that have never conned
An A, B, C, but live beyond
The *Sound of Lancaster!*

O come away at any rate—
Well hast thou earned a downier state—
With all thy hardy peers—
Good lack, thou must be glad to smell dock,
And rub thy feet with opodeldock,
After such frosty years.

Mayhap, some gentle dame at last,
Smit by the perils thou hast passed,
However coy before,
Shall bid thee now set up thy rest
In that *Brest Harbor*, Woman's breast,
And tempt the Fates no more.

ADDRESS

TO R. W. ELLISTON, ESQUIRE,

THE GREAT LESSEE!

"Do you know, you villain, that I am at this moment the greatest man living?"
WILD OATS.

OH! Great Lessee! Great Manager! Great Man!
Oh, Lord High Elliston! Immortal Pan
Of all the pipes that play in Drury Lane!
Macready's master! Westminster's high *Dane!*
(As Galway Martin, in the House's walls,
Hamlet and Doctor Ireland justly calls!)
Friend to the sweet and ever-smiling Spring!
Magician of the lamp and prompter's ring!
Drury's Aladdin! Whipper-in of Actors!
Kicker of rebel-preface-malefactors!
Glass-blowers' corrector! King of the cheque-taker!
At once Great Leamington and Winston-Maker!
Dramatic Bolter of plain *Bunns* and Cakes!
In silken *hose* the most reformed of *Rakes!*
Oh, Lord High Elliston! lend me an ear!
(Poole is away, and Williams shall keep clear)
While I, in little slips of prose, not verse,
Thy splendid course, as pattern-worker, rehearse!

Bright was thy youth—thy manhood brighter still—
The greatest Romeo upon Holborn Hill—

Lightest comedian of the pleasant day,
When Jordan threw her sunshine o'er a play!
When fair Thalia held a merry reign,
And Wit was at her Court in Drury Lane!
Before the day when Authors wrote, of course,
The "Entertainment *not* for Man but Horse."
Yet these, though happy, were but subject times,
And no man cares for bottom-steps that climbs—
Far from my wish it is to stifle down
The hours that saw thee snatch the Surrey crown!
Tho' now thy hand a mightier sceptre wields,
Fair was thy reign in sweet St. George's Fields.
Dibdin was *Premier*—and a golden *age*
For a short time enriched the subject stage.
Thou hadst, than other Kings, more peace-and-plenty;
Ours but one Bench could boast, whilst thou hadst twenty;
But the times changed—and Booth-acting no more
Drew Rulers' shillings to the gallery-door.
Thou didst, with bag and baggage, wander thence,
Repentant, like thy neighbor Magdalens!

Next, the Olympic Games were tried, each feat
Practised, the most bewitching in Wych Street.
Rochester there in dirty ways again
Revelled—and lived once more in Drury Lane:
But thou, R. W.! kept'st thy moral ways,
Pit-lecturing 'twixt the farces and the plays,
A lamplight Irving to the butcher boys
That soiled the benches and that made a noise:—
Rebuking—Half a Robert, Half a Charles—
The well-billed Man that called for promised Carles;
"Sir!—Have you yet to know! Hush—hear me out!
A Man—pray silence!—may be down with gout,

Or want—or Sir—aw!—listen!—may be fated,
Being in debt, to be incarcerated!
You—in the back!—can scarcely hear a line!
Down from those benches—butchers—they are *mine!*"

Lastly—and thou wert built for it by nature!—
Crowned was thy head in Drury Lane Theatre!
Gentle George Robins saw that it was good,
And Renters clucked around thee in a brood.
King thou wert made of Drury and of Kean!
Of many a lady and of many a Quean!
With Poole and Larpent was thy reign begun—
But now thou turnest from the Dead and Dun,
Hook 's in thine eye, to write thy plays, no doubt,
And Colman lives to cut the damnlets out!

Oh, worthy of the house! the King's commission!
Is n't thy condition "a most blessed condition?"
Thou reignest over Winston, Kean, and all,
The very lofty and the very small—
Showest the plumbless Bunn the way to kick—
Keepest a Williams for thy veriest stick—
Seest a Vestris in her sweetest moments,
Without the danger of newspaper comments—
Tellest Macready, as none dared before,
Thine open mind from the half-open door!—
(Alas! I fear he has left Melpomene's crown,
To be a Boniface in Buxton town!)—
Thou holdst the watch, as half-price people know,
And callest to them, to a moment—"Go!"
Teachest the sapient Sapio how to sing—
Hangest a cat most oddly by the wing—

(To prove, no doubt, the endless free list ended,
And all, except the public press, suspended)
Hast known the length of a Cubitt-foot—and kissed
The pearly whiteness of a Stephens' wrist—
Kissing and pitying—tender and humane!
"By Heaven she loves me! Oh, it is too plain!"
A sigh like this thy trembling passion slips,
Dimpling the warm Madeira at thy lips!

Go on, Lessee! Go on, and prosper well!
Fear not, though forty Glass-blowers should rebel—
Show them how thou hast long befriended them,
And teach Dubois their treason to condemn!
Go on! addressing pits in prose and worse!
Be long, be slow, be any thing but terse—
Kiss to the gallery the hand that 's gloved—
Make Bunn the Great, and Winston the Beloved,
Ask the two shilling Gods for leave to dun
With words the cheaper Deities in the *One!*
Kick Mr. Poole unseen from scene to scene,
Cane Williams still, and stick to Mr. Kean,
Warn from the benches all the rabble rout;
Say, those are *mine*—"In parliament, or out!"
Swing cats—for in thy house there 's surely space—
Oh Beasley, for such pastime, planned the place!
Do any thing!—Thy fame, thy fortune, nourish!
Laugh and grow fat! be eloquent, and flourish!
Go on—and but in this reverse the thing,
Walk backward with wax lights before the King—
Go on! Spring ever in thine eye! Go on!
Hope's favorite child! ethereal Elliston!

ADDRESS

TO MARIA DARLINGTON,[10]

ON HER RETURN TO THE STAGE.

"It was Maria!—
And better fate did Maria deserve than to have her banns forbid——
She had, since that, she told me, strayed as far as Rome, and walked round St. Peter's once—and returned back——"

See the whole Story, in Sterne and the Newspapers.

THOU art come back again to the stage,
Quite as blooming as when thou didst leave it;
And 'tis well for this fortunate age
That thou didst not, by going off, grieve it!
It is pleasant to see thee again—
Right pleasant to see thee, by Hercle,
Unmolested by pea-colored Hayne!
And free from that thou-and-thee Berkeley!

Thy sweet foot, my Foote, is as light
(Not *my* Foote—I speak by correction)
As the snow on some mountain at night,
Or the snow that has long on thy neck shone.
The pit is in raptures to free thee,
The Boxes impatient to greet thee,
The Galleries quite clam'rous to see thee,
And thy scenic relations to meet thee!

Ah, where was thy sacred retreat?
Maria! ah, where hast thou been,
With thy two little wandering Feet,
Far away from all peace and pea-green!
Far away from Fitzhardinge the bold,
Far away from himself and his lot!
I envy the place thou hast strolled,
If a stroller thou art—which thou 'rt not!

Sterne met thee, poor wandering thing,
Methinks, at the close of the day—
When thy Billy had just slipped his string,
And thy little dog quite gone astray—
He bade thee to sorrow no more—
He wished thee to lull thy distress
In his bosom—he could n't do more,
And a Christian could hardly do less!

Ah, me! for thy small plaintive pipe,
I fear we must look at thine eye—
I would it were my task to wipe
That hazel orb thoroughly dry!
Oh sure 'tis a barbarous deed
To give pain to the feminine mind—
But the wooer that left thee to bleed
Was a creature more killing than kind!

The man that could tread on a worm
Were a brute—and inhuman to boot;
But he merits a much harsher term
That can wantonly tread on a Foote!
Soft mercy and gentleness blend
To make up a Quaker—but he
That spurned thee could scarce be a *Friend*,
Tho' he dealt in that Thou-ing of thee!

They that loved thee, Maria, have flown!
The friends of the midsummer hour!
But those friends now in anguish atone,
And mourn o'er thy desolate bower.
Friend Hayne, the Green Man, is quite out,
Yea, utterly out of his bias;
And the faithful Fitzhardinge, no doubt,
Is counting his Ave Marias!

Ah, where wert thou driven away,
To feast on thy desolate woe?
We have witnessed thy weeping in play,
But none saw the earnest tears flow—
Perchance thou wert truly forlorn—
Tho' none but the fairies could mark
Where they hung upon some Berkeley thorn,
Or the thistles in Burderop Park!

Ah, perhaps, when old age's white snow
Has silvered the crown of Hayne's nob—
For even the greenest will grow
As hoary as "Whiteheaded Bob"—
He 'll wish, in the days of his prime,
He had been rather kinder to one
He hath left to the malice of Time—
A woman—so weak and undone!

ODE

TO W. KITCHENER, M.D.[11]

AUTHOR OF THE COOK'S ORACLE—OBSERVATIONS ON VOCAL MUSIC—THE ART OF INVIGORATING AND PROLONGING LIFE—PRACTICAL OBSERVATIONS ON TELESCOPES, OPERA GLASSES, AND SPECTACLES—THE HOUSEKEEPER'S LEDGER—AND THE PLEASURE OF MAKING A WILL.

"I rule the roast, as Milton says!"—CALEB QUOTEM.

OH! multifarious man!
Thou Wondrous, Admirable Kitchen Crichton!
Born to enlighten
The laws of Optics, Peptics, Music, Cooking—
Master of the Piano—and the Pan—
As busy with the kitchen as the skies!
Now looking
At some rich stew thro' Galileo's eyes—
Or boiling eggs—timed to a metronome—
As much at home
In spectacles as in mere isinglass—
In the art of frying brown—as a digression
On music and poetical expression—
Whereas, how few of all our cooks, alas!
Could tell Calliope from "Calliopec!"
How few there be
Could leave the lowest for the highest stories,
(Observatories,)
And turn, like thee, Diana's calculator,
However *cook's* synonymous with *Kater!**

* Captain Kater, the Moon's Surveyor.

Alas! still let me say,
How few could lay
The carving knife beside the tuning-fork,
Like the proverbial *Jack* ready for any work!

Oh, to behold thy features in thy book!
Thy proper head and shoulders in a plate,
How it would look!
With one raised eye watching the dial's date,
And one upon the roast, gently cast down—
Thy chops—done nicely brown—
The garnished brow—with "a few leaves of bay"—
The hair—"done Wiggy's way!"
And still one studious finger near thy brains,
As if thou wert just come
From editing some
New soup—or hashing Dibdin's cold remains!
Or, Orpheus-like—fresh from thy dying strains
Of music—Epping luxuries of sound,
As Milton says, "in many a bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,"
Whilst all thy tame stuffed leopards listened round!

Oh, rather thy whole proper length reveal,
Standing like Fortune—on the jack—thy wheel.
(Thou art, like Fortune, full of chops and changes,
Thou hast a fillet too before thine eye!)
Scanning our kitchen and our vocal ranges,
As tho' it were the same to sing or fry—
Nay, so it is—hear how Miss Paton's throat
Makes "fritters" of a note!
And how Tom Cook (Fryer and Singer born
By name and nature) oh! how night and morn

He for the nicest public taste doth dish up
The good things from that *Pan* of music, Bishop!
And is not reading near akin to feeding,
Or why should *Oxford Sausages* be fit
Receptacles for wit?
Or why should Cambridge put its little, smart,
Minced brains into a *Tart?*
Nay, then, thou wert but wise to frame receipts,
Book-treats,
Equally to instruct the Cook and cram her—
Receipts to be devoured, as well as read,
The Culinary Art in gingerbread—
The Kitchen's *Eaten* Grammar!

Oh, very pleasant is thy motley page—
Ay, very pleasant in its chatty vein—
So—in a kitchen—would have talked Montaigne,
That merry Gascon—humorist, and sage!
Let slender minds with single themes engage,
Like Mr. Bowles with his eternal Pope—
Or Haydon on perpetual Haydon—or
Hume on "Twice three make four,"
Or Lovelass upon Wills—Thou goest on
Plaiting ten topics, like Tate Wilkinson!
Thy brain is like a rich Kaleidoscope,
Stuffed with a brilliant medley of odd bits,
And ever shifting on from change to change,
Saucepans—old Songs—Pills—Spectacles—and Spits!
Thy range is wider than a Rumford Range!
Thy grasp a miracle!—till I recall
Th' indubitable cause of thy variety—
Thou art, of course, th' Epitome of all
That spying—frying—singing—mixed Society

Of Scientific Friends, who used to meet
Welch Rabbits—and thyself—in Warren Street!

Oh, hast thou still those Conversazioni,
Where learned visitors discoursed—and fed?
There came Belzoni,
Fresh from the ashes of Egyptian dead—
And gentle Poki—and that Royal Pair,
Of whom thou didst declare—
"Thanks to the greatest *Cooke* we ever read—
They were—what *Sandwiches* should be—half *bred!*"
There famed M'Adam from his manual toil
Relaxed—and freely owned he took thy hints
On "making *Broth* with *Flints*"—
There Parry came, and showed thee polar oil
For melted butter—Combe with his medullary
Notions about the *Skullery*,
And Mr. Poole, too partial to a broil—
There witty Rogers came, that punning elf!
Who used to swear thy book
Would really look
A *Delphic* "Oracle," if laid on *Delf*—
There, once a month, came Campbell and discussed
His own—and thy own—"*Magazine* of *Taste*"—
There Wilberforce the Just
Came, in his old black suit, till once he traced
Thy sly advice to *Poachers* of Black Folks,
That "do not break their *yolks*,"—
Which huffed him home, in grave disgust and haste!

There came John Clare, the poet, nor forbore
Thy *Patties*—thou wert hand-and-glove with Moore,
Who called thee "*Kitchen Addison*"—for why?

Thou givest rules for Health and Peptic Pills,
Forms for made dishes, and receipts for Wills,
" *Teaching us how to live and how to die!*"
There came thy Cousin-Cook, good Mrs. Fry—
There Trench, the Thames Projector, first brought on
His sine *Quay* non—
There Martin would drop in on Monday eves,
Or Fridays, from the pens, and raise his breath
'Gainst cattle days and death—
Answered by Mellish, feeder of fat beeves,
Who swore that Frenchmen never could be eager
For fighting on soup meagre—
" And yet (as thou would'st add), the French have seen
A Marshal *Tureen!*"

Great was thy Evening Cluster!—often graced
With Dollond—Burgess—and Sir Humphry Davy!
'T was there M'Dermot first inclined to Taste—
There Colburn learned the art of making paste
For puffs—and Accum analyzed a gravy,
Colman—the Cutter of Coleman Street, 'tis said
Came there—and Parkins with his Ex-wise-head,
(His claim to letters)—Kater, too, the Moon's
Crony—and Graham, lofty on balloons—
There Croly stalked with holy humor heated,
Who wrote a light horse play, which Yates completed—
And Lady Morgan, that grinding organ,
And Brasbridge telling anecdotes of spoons—
Madame Valbrèque thrice honored thee, and came
With great Rossini, his own bow and fiddle—
The Dibdins—Tom, Charles, Frognall—came with tuns
Of poor old books, old puns!
And even Irving spared a night from fame—

And talked—till thou didst stop him in the middle,
To serve round *Tewah-diddle!**

Then all the guests rose up, and sighed good-bye!
So let them:—thou thyself art still a *Host!*
Dibdin—Cornaro—Newton—Mrs. Fry!
Mrs. Glasse, Mr. Spec!—Lovelass—and Weber,
Matthews in Quot'em—Moore's fire-worshipping
Gheber—
Thrice-worthy Worthy, seem by thee engrossed!
Howbeit the Peptic Cook still rules the roast,
Potent to hush all ventriloquial snarling—
And ease the bosom pangs of indigestion!
Thou art, sans question,
The Corporation's love—its Doctor *Darling!*
Look at the Civic Palate—nay, the Bed
Which set dear Mrs. Opie on supplying
"Illustrations of *Lying!*"
Ninety square feet of down from heel to head
It measured, and I dread
Was haunted by that terrible night *Mare*,
A monstrous burthen on the corporation!—
Look at the Bill of Fare, for one day's share,
Sea-turtles by the score—Oxen by droves,
Geese, turkeys, by the flock—fishes and loaves
Countless, as when the Lilliputian nation
Was making up the huge man-mountain's ration!

Oh! worthy Doctor! surely thou hast driven
The squatting Demon from great Garratt's breast—
(His honor seemed to rest!—)
And what is thy reward?—Hath London given

* The Doctor's composition for a *night-cap.*

Thee public thanks for thy important service?
Alas! not even
The tokens it bestowed on Howe and Jervis!—
Yet could I speak as Orators should speak
Before the worshipful the Common Council,
(Utter my bold bad grammar and pronounce ill,)
Thou should'st not miss thy Freedom, for a week,
Richly engrossed on vellum :—Reason urges
That he who rules our cookery—that he
Who edits soups and gravies, ought to be
A *Citizen*, where sauce can make a *Burgess!*

AN ADDRESS

TO THE VERY REVEREND JOHN IRELAND, D.D

CHARLES FYNES CLINTON, LL.D.
THOMAS CAUSTON, D.D.
HOWEL HOLLAND EDWARDS, M.A.
JOSEPH ALLEN, M.A.
LORD HENRY FITZROY, M.A.
THE BISHOP OF EXETER.
WM. H. EDWARD BENTINCK, M.A.
JAMES WEBBER, B.D.
WILLIAM SHORT, D.D
JAMES TOURNAY, D.D.
ANDREW BELL, D.D.
GEORGE HOLCOMBE, D.D.

THE DEAN AND CHAPTER OF WESTMINSTER.[12]

"Sure the Guardians of the Temple can never think they get enough."
CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

Oh, very reverend Dean and Chapter,
Exhibitors of giant men,
Hail to each surplice-backed Adapter
Of England's dead, in her Stone den!
Ye teach us properly to prize
Two-shilling Grays, and Gays, and Handels,
And, to throw light upon our eyes,
Deal in Wax Queens like old wax candles.

Oh, reverend showmen, rank and file,
Call in your shillings, two and two;
March with them up the middle aisle,
And cloister them from public view.
Yours surely are the dusty dead,
Gladly ye look from bust to bust,
Setting a price on each great head,
To make it come, down with the dust.

Oh, as I see you walk along
In ample sleeves and ample back
A pursy and well-ordered throng,
Thoroughly fed, thoroughly black!
In vain I strive me to be dumb—
You keep each bard like fatted kid,
Grind bones for bread like Fee faw fum!
And drink from sculls as Byron did!

The profitable Abbey is
A sacred 'Change for stony stock,
Not that a speculation 'tis—
The profit 's founded on a rock.
Death, Dean, and Doctors, in each nave
Bony investments have inurned!
And hard 't would be to find a grave
From which "no money is returned!"

Here many a pensive pilgrim, brought
By reverence for those learned bones,
Shall often come and walk your short
Two-shilling* fare upon the stones.—
Ye have that talisman of Wealth,
Which puddling chemists sought of old,
Till ruined out of hope and health;—
The Tomb 's the stone that turns to gold!

Oh, licensed cannibals, ye eat
Your dinners from your own dead race,
Think Gray, preserved, a "funeral meat,"
And Dryden, deviled, after grace,

* Since this poem was written, Doctor Ireland and those in authority under him have reduced the fares. It is gratifying to the English People to know, that while butchers' meat is rising, tombs are falling.

A relish;—and you take your meal
From Rare Ben Jonson underdone,
Or, whet your holy knives on Steele,
To cut away at Addison!

Oh say, of all this famous age,
Whose learned bones your hopes expect,
Oh have ye numbered Rydal's sage,
Or Moore among your Ghosts elect?
Lord Byron was not doomed to make
You richer by his final sleep—
Why don't ye warn the Great to take
Their ashes to no other heap?

Southey's reversion have ye got?
With Coleridge, for his body, made
A bargain?—has Sir Walter Scott,
Like Peter Schlemihl, sold his shade?
Has Rogers haggled hard, or sold
His features for your marble shows,
Or Campbell bartered, ere he 's cold,
All interest in his "*bone* repose?"

Rare is your show, ye righteous men!
Priestly Politos—rare, I ween
But should ye not *outside* the Den
Paint up what *in* it may be seen?
A long green Shakspeare, with a deer
Grasped in the many folds it died in—
A Butler stuffed from ear to ear,
Wet White Bears weeping o'er a Dry-den!

Paint Garrick up like Mr. Paap,
A Giant of some inches high;

Paint Handel up, that organ chap,
With you, as grinders, in his eye;
Depict some plaintive antique thing,
And say th' original may be seen;—
Blind Milton with a dog and string
May be the Beggar o' Bethnal Green!

Put up in Poet's Corner, near
The little door, a platform small;
Get there a monkey—never fear,
You 'll catch the gapers one and all!
Stand each of ye a Body Guard,
A Trumpet under either fin,
And yell away in Palace Yard
"All dead! All dead! Walk in! Walk in!"

(But when the people are inside,
Their money paid—I pray you, bid
The keepers not to mount and ride
A race around each coffin lid.—
Poor Mrs. Bodkin thought last year,
That it was hard—the woman clacks—
To have so little in her ear—
And be so hurried through the Wax!—)

"Walk in! two shillings only! come!
Be not by country grumblers funked!—
Walk in, and see th' illustrious dumb!
The Cheapest House for the defunct!"
Write up, 't will breed some just reflection,
And every rude surmise 't will stop—
Write up, that you have no connexion
(In large)—with any other shop!

And still, to catch the Clowns the more,
With samples of your shows in Wax,
Set some old Harry near the door
To answer queries with his *axe*.—
Put up some general begging-trunk—
Since the last broke by some mishap,
You 've all a bit of General Monk,
From the respect you bore his Cap!

ODE

TO H. BODKIN, ESQ.,[13]

SECRETARY TO THE SOCIETY FOR THE SUPPRESSION OF MENDICITY.

"This is your charge—you shall comprehend all vagrom men."—
MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

HAIL, King of Shreds and Patches, hail,
Disperser of the Poor!
Thou Dog in office, set to bark
All beggars from the door!

Great overseer of overseers,
And Dealer in old rags!
Thy public duty never fails,
Thy ardor never flags!

Oh, when I take my walks abroad,
How many Poor I *miss!*
Had Doctor Watts walked now-a-days
He would have written this!

So well thy Vagrant catchers prowl,
So clear thy caution keeps
The path—O, Bodkin, sure thou hast
The eye that never sleeps!

No Belisarius pleads for alms,
No Benbow lacketh legs;
The pious man in black is now
The only man that begs!

Street-Handels are disorganized,
Disbanded every band!—
The silent *scraper* at the door
Is scarce allowed to stand!

The Sweeper brushes with his broom,
The Carstairs with his chalk
Retires—the Cripple leaves his stand,
But cannot sell his walk.

The old Wall-blind resigns the wall,
The Camels hide their humps,
The Witherington without a leg
May n't beg upon his stumps!

Poor Jack is gone, that used to doff
His battered tattered hat,
And show his dangling sleeve, alas!
There seemed no arm in that!

Oh! it was such a sin to air
His true blue naval rags,
Glory's own trophy, like St. Paul,
Hung round with holy flags!

Thou knowest best. I meditate,
My Bodkin, no offence!
Let us, henceforth, but guard our pounds,
Thou dost protect our pence!

Well art thou pointed 'gainst the Poor,
For, when the Beggar Crew
Bring their petitions, thou art paid,
Of course, to "run them through."

Doubtless thou art what Hamlet meant
To wretches the last friend:
What ills can mortals have, they can't
"With a bare *Bodkin*" end?

NOTES.

NOTES.

(1.) Odes and Addresses.

Hood tells us, in his *Literary Reminiscences*, that on the publication of the *Odes and Addresses*, presentation copies were sent to Mr. Canning and Sir Walter Scott. "The minister," he adds, "took no notice of the little volume; but the novelist did, in his usual kind manner. An eccentric friend, in writing to me, once made a number of colons, semicolons, &c., at the bottom of the paper, adding:

> 'And these are my points that I place at the foot
> That you may put stops that I can't stop to put.'

It will surprise no one to observe that the author of Waverley had as little leisure for punctuation."

"Sir Walter Scott has to make thankful acknowledgments for the copy of the Odes to Great People with which he was favored and more particularly for the amusement he has received from the perusal. He wishes the unknown author good health good fortune and whatever other good things can best support and encourage his lively vein of inoffensive and humorous satire

"*Abbotsford Melrose 4th May*"

Coleridge also was favorably impressed with the *Odes*, and of his second meeting with Hood at Colebrooke, the following anecdote is related. The author of *Christabel* was attended by one of his sons, and made some remark which drew from the lad (who had not been introduced to Hood) the remark—"Ah! that's just like your crying up those foolish *Odes and Addresses!*" "Coleridge" (Hood adds) "was highly amused with this *mal-à-propos*, and without explaining, looked slyly

around at me with the sort of suppressed laugh one may suppose to belong to the Bey of *Tittery*. The truth was, he felt naturally partial to a book he had attributed in the first instance to the dearest of his friends, as appears from the following letter to Lamb."

"My dear Charles :—This afternoon, a little, thin, mean-looking sort of a foolscap, sub-octavo of poems, printed on very dingy outsides, lay on the table, which the cover informed me was circulating in our book-club, so very Grub Streetish in all its appearance, internal as well as external, that I cannot explain by what accident of impulse (assuredly there was no *motive* in play) I came to look into it. Least of all, the title, Odes and Addresses to Great Men, which connected itself in my head with Rejected Addresses, and all the Smith and Theodore Hook squad. But, my dear Charles, it was certainly written by you, or under you, or *una cum* you. I know none of your frequent visitors capacious and assimilative enough of your converse to have reproduced you so honestly, supposing you had left yourself in pledge in his lock-up house. Gillman, to whom I read the spirited parody on the introduction to Peter Bell, the Ode to the Great Unknown, and to Mrs. Fry ; he speaks doubtfully of Reynolds and Hood. But here come Irving and Basil Montagu.

"*Thursday night*, 10 *o'clock*.—No! Charles, it is *you*. I have read them over again, and I understand why you have *anon'd* the book. The puns are nine in ten good—many excellent—the *Newgatory* transcendent. And then the *exemplum sine exemplo* of a volume of personalities and contemporaneities, without a single line that could inflict the infinitesimal of an unpleasance on any man in his senses; saving and except perhaps in the envy-addled brain of the despiser of your *Lays*. If not a triumph over him, it is at least an *ovation*. Then, moreover, and besides, to speak with becoming modesty, excepting my own self, who is there but you who could write the musical lines and stanzas that are intermixed ?

"Here Gillman, come up to my garret, and driven back by the guardian spirits of four huge flower-holders of omnigenous roses and honeysuckles—(Lord have mercy on his hysterical olfactories! what will he do in Paradise ? I must have a pair or two of nostril-plugs, or nose-goggles, laid in his coffin)—stands at the door, reading that to M'Adam, and the washerwoman's letter, and he admits the facts. You are found *in the manner*, as the lawyers say! so, Mr. Charles! hang yourself up,

and send me a line, by way of token and acknowledgment. My dear love to Mary. God bless you and your Unshamabramizer,

S. T. Coleridge."

It may be mentioned here, that instead of feeling "the infinitesimal of an unpleasance" at being Addressed in the Odes the once celebrated Mr. Hunt presented to the Authors a bottle of his best "Permanent Ink," and the eccentric Doctor Kitchener sent an invitation to dinner.

(2.) Ode to Mr. M'Adam.

Mr. M'Adam was the inventor of a new mode of paving streets, which caused in its day more newspaper discussion than the Russ pavement in ours. We copy an amusing paragraph on this subject from the *John Bull:*

"We perceive a strong disposition in certain quarters to run down the system of *Macadamization;* and we think when its demerits are properly pointed out and enumerated, there will be no opinion but one on the matter. In the first place, it appears quite clear that Macadamized streets will not keep dry in wet weather; this is a fact for which we were hardly prepared. In the second place, if incessant rain for nearly three months pours down in torrents upon the coat before the *substratum* has time to settle, it seems the materials subsequently deposited upon that substratum will not bind—but on the contrary, form a disagreeable mud, unlike in its color and appearance that beautiful black mud in which the paved streets of London are so happily fertile. But in the third place, we discover that those streets which 'never dry' will (*when they do*) become so dusty as to powder the heads of lounging dandies, cover the furniture of adjacent houses, and not only put out the eyes of the passengers, but absolutely ruin Lundy Foot's trade in Irish snuff, by filling the noses of the cockneys gratis, with a mixture strongly resembling that popular article in color, flavor, and pungency.

"With respect to the quietude, some of the wags in the city say that Mr. M'Adam has falsified his own name in the process of producing it. 'For how,' says Mr. Alderman Thorpe, 'can this man call himself Louden Macadam, when his object avowedly is to *do away a noise?*'"

For these reasons and others equally cogent, the *John Bull* declares that it had quitted the Macadamites and joined the Preadamites, "who richly deserve the name, for their rigid adherence to primeval notions and obsolete doctrines upon this particular subject."

This mode of constructing roads has not been adopted to much extent

in the United States, but still prevails in England. A recent traveller says that Lord Street and some of the finest thoroughfares of Liverpool, are splendid specimens of Macadamization, and that during a fortnight's time he had not seen dust or mud on any of them.

(3.) Ode to Mrs. Fry.

The address to Mrs. Fry is happily conceived, and justly exposes the folly of compelling persons to *qualify* themselves for the Refuge for the Destitute, and similar charities, by being committed to prison for crime. The ode advocates prevention as superior to cure in its advantages.—*John Bull.*

(4.) Ode to Richard Martin, Esquire.

Mr. Martin distinguished himself by his exertions in Parliament for the passage of a bill to prevent cruelty to animals. Hook said that the only persons dissenting from the general approbation he met with were bullock-drivers, hackney coachmen, bull-baiters, dog-fighters, and Gentlemen of the Opposition. Lord Erskine was the originator of the measure, which was merely revived by the kind-hearted member for Galway.

(5.) Address to Mr. Dymoke, *the Champion of England.*

The following extract from a description of the Coronation of George IV., from the *London Magazine* for August, 1821, will serve as an explanation of this *Address:*

"At the end of this course the gates of the Hall were again thrown open, and a noble flourish of trumpets announced to all eager hearts that the Champion was about to enter. He advanced under the gateway, on a fine piebald charger (an ill color), and clad in complete steel. The plumes on his head were tri-colored, and extremely magnificent; and he bore in his hand the loose steel gauntlet, ready for the challenge. The Duke of Wellington was on his right hand, the Marquis of Anglesea on his left. When he had come within the limits of the Hall, he was about to throw down his glove at once, so eager was he for the fray, but the Herald distinctly said, 'Wait till I have read the challenge,' and read it accordingly, the Champion husbanding his valor for a few minutes:

"'If any person, of what degree soever, high or low, shall deny or gainsay our Sovereign Lord King George the Fourth of the United

Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, Defender of the Faith, son and next heir to our Sovereign Lord King George the Third, the last King deceased, to be right heir to the Imperial crown of the United Kingdom, or that he ought not to enjoy the same, here is his Champion who saith that he lieth, and is a false traitor; being ready in person to combat with him, and in this quarrel will adventure his life against him on what day soever he shall be appointed.'

"At the conclusion of this awful challenge, the Champion hurled down his gauntlet, which fell with a solemn clash upon the floor. It rang in most hearts! He then stuck his wrist against his steeled side, as though to show how indifferent he was to the consequence of his challenge. This certainly had a very pleasing and gallant effect. The Herald, in a few seconds, took up the glove, delivered it to the squire, who kissed it and handed it to the Champion. In the middle of the Hall the same ceremony was performed; and at the foot of the royal platform, it was a third time gone through. The King then drank his health, and methinks with real pleasure, for the Champion had right gallantly conducted himself. His Majesty then sent the cup to him; and he, taking it, drank to the King, but in so low a tone that I could only catch the meaning by the tumultuous shouts of the people. The noise seemed to awaken the courage of his horse, but he mastered his steed admirably. The ceremony of backing out of the Hall was then again performed, and successfully, with the exception of the Marquis of Anglesea's Arabian, whose doubts were not yet satisfied, and he was literally shown out by the pages."

In Hall's Account of the Coronation of Henry VIII. and Katherine of Arragon, it is mentioned that Sir Henry Dimmoke appeared as "Champion of the King by tenour of his inheritance." The office seems to have remained in the Dimmoke family till the time of our author.

The germ of this *address* is in an ode which we find in the London Magazine of September, 1821, and which is worth preserving.

THE CHAMPION'S FAREWELL.

Otium cum Dignitate.

Here! bring me my breeches, my armor is over;
Farewell for some time to my tin pantaloons;
Double-milled kerseymere is a kind of leg clover,
Good luck to broad cloth for a score or two moons!

Here! hang up my helmet, and reach me my beaver,
This avoirdupois weight of glory must fall;
I think on my life that again I shall never
Take my head in a sauce-pan to Westminster Hall.

Oh, why was my family born to be martial?
'Tis a mercy this grand show-off-fight-day is up!
I do not think Cato was much over-partial
To back through the dishes, with me and my cup.

By the blood of the Dymokes, I'll sit in my lodgings,
And the gauntlet resign for "neat gentleman's doe;"
If I ride I *will* ride, and no longer be dodging
My horse's own tail 'twixt Duke, Marquis & Co.

No more at my horsemanship folks shall make merry,
For I'll ship man and horse, and "show off" not on shore;
No funnies for me! I will ride in a wherry;
They feathered my skull, but I'll feather my oar.

So, Thomas, take Cato and put on his halter,
And give him some beans, since I now am at peace;
If a Champion is wanted, pray go to Sir Walter,
And he'll let you out Marmions at sovereigns apiece.

The ladies admired the piebald nag vastly,
And clapped his old sober-sides into the street;
Here's a cheque upon Child, so, my man, go to Astley,
Pay the charge of a charger, and take a receipt.

(6.) Ode to Joseph Grimaldi, Senior.

Grimaldi, the King of Clowns, resigned the sovereignty of pantomime in July, 1828, and took leave of the public at Drury Lane. Illness, induced by over-exertion in his fun, was the cause of his retreat. He was only in his 48th year. The house was crowded to the roof. A gentleman who was present on the occasion informs us that after having gone through some of the most surprising feats of agility ever witnessed, when Grimaldi appeared in citizen's dress before the curtain, to make his acknowledgments, he was so exhausted and enfeebled as to be hardly able to stand. In a prose sketch, Hood has given an account of his last interview with Grimaldi.

Quick, "one of the old actors," says a foot-note to the author's edition, "is still a performer (but in private) of Old Rapid," (1826.) As Macklin, when he was eighty years of age, played Iago, it may well be that this performer in private of Old Rapid, in 1826, was the same Quick who more than half a century before played the Post Boy in Goldsmith's comedy of the *Good-Natured Man*, and Tony Lumpkin in *She Stoops to Conquer*, on its first night. Goldsmith was so much pleased with his success in the latter character, that he adapted a farce from the French, and permitted it to be played with his name for Quick's benefit before the season closed.

(7.) Ode to Sylvanus Urban.

The Ode to Sylvanus Urban contains more humor and less quibbling than any other portion of the book, and surprises us that a man able to write as the following quaint verses are written, should let his fancy run riot, and have recourse to the worst of all apologies for wit—punning. Even in this, the fatal propensity here and there appears, but much subdued; we presume by the seriousness of the subject.—*John Bull.*

(8.) Address to the Steam Washing Company.

The *Patent Steam Washing Company*, established at Phipps' Bridge, Merton, Surrey, proved, by "actual experiment," at the Company's works, that "nothing less powerful than action by steam will extract from linen all its impurities." Further experiment, we believe, has demonstrated that "washing by hand" will answer all practical purposes, or washerwomen would long since have been abolished.

(9.) Ode to Captain Parry.

Captain W. E. Parry sailed from London in the *Hecla*, accompanied by the *Fury*, on his third voyage of discovery to the North Pole, on the 9th of May, 1824. It was the least successful of his strenuous and meritorious efforts to effect a northwest passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and left it precisely where it was at the conclusion of his first voyage. The British Government had offered a reward of five thousand pounds sterling to the first vessel that should approach within one degree of the North Pole; but no one yet has "stood on the pivot on which this globe of ours turns, and hoisted the British flag on the most remarkable point on the earth's surface." This has been a favorite enterprise of bold navigators from the time of Sir Martin Frobisher, who replied to his friend, when seeking to dissuade him from the at-

tempt—"It is the only thing in the world that is left yet undone, whereby a notable mind might be made famous and fortunate."

(10.) Address to Maria Darlington.

The allusions in this Address may be explained, by stating that in December, 1824, an action was brought by Miss Foote, the celebrated actress, against Mr. Hayne, a gentleman of fortune, for a breach of promise of marriage. Distinguished counsel were employed on both sides; among others, the Attorney-General for the plaintiff, and Brougham and Scarlett for the defendant. It was proved on the trial that she had lived for five years under the protection of Colonel Berkeley, who had seduced her under a promise of marriage, and by whom she had two children. It was also proved that the Colonel communicated these facts to Mr. Hayne, and that the proposed marriage was broken off in consequence. Subsequently, however, Mr. Hayne renewed his attentions and his promise of marriage, which he refused to fulfil. A verdict was found for the plaintiff. Damages, £3,000. Miss Foote in April, 1831, became the Countess of Harrington.

(11.) Ode to W. Kitchener, M.D.

In the *London Magazine* for October, 1821, is a review of the *Cook's Oracle*, which was doubtless from Hood's pen. In the November number of the same work is the first conception of the Ode in the text.

ODE TO DR. KITCHENER.

Ye Muses nine inspire,
And stir up my poetic fire;
Teach my burning soul to speak
With a bubble and a squeak!
Of Dr. Kitchener I fain would sing,
Till pots, and pans, and mighty kettles ring.

O culinary Sage!
(I do not mean the herb in use,
That always goes along with goose.)
How have I feasted on thy page!
"When like a lobster boiled the morn
From black to red began to turn,"
Till midnight, when I went to bed,
And clapped my *tewah-diddle** on my head.

* The Doctor's composition for a night-cap.

Who is there cannot tell
Thou lead'st a life of living well?
"What baron, or squire, or knight of the shire,
Lives half so well as a holy Fry-er?"
In doing well thou must be reckon'd
The first, and Mrs. Fry the second;
And twice a Job—for in thy feverish toils,
Thou wast all over roasts, as well as boils.

Thou wast indeed no dunce,
To treat thy subjects and thyself at once.
Many a hungry poet eats
His brains like thee,
But few there be
Could live so long on their receipts.
What living soul or sinner
Would slight thy invitation to a dinner,
Ought with the Danaïdes to dwell,
Draw gravy in a cullender, and hear
For ever in his ear
The pleasant tinkling of thy dinner bell.

Immortal Kitchener! thy fame
Shall keep itself when Time makes game
Of other men's. Yea, it shall keep all weathers,
And thou shalt be upheld by thy pen-feathers.
Yea, by the sauce of Michael Kelly,
Thy name shall perish never,
But be magnified for ever,
By all whose eyes are bigger than their belly!

Yea, till the world is done
To a turn, and Time puts out the Sun,
Shall live the endless echo of thy name.
But as for thy more fleshy frame,
Oh, Death's carnivorous teeth will tittle
Thee out of breath, and eat it for cold victual.
But still thy fame shall be among the nations
Preserved to the last course of generations.

Ah, me! my soul is touched with sorrow
To think how flesh must pass away;
So mutton that is warm to-day
Is cold and turned to hashes on the morrow!
Farewell! I would say more, but I
Have other fish to fry.

(12.) Address to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster.

The "very reverend" managers of Westminster Abbey have grown but little more liberal in their notions since this address was written, though they have "reduced the fares." The ashes of Campbell were deposited in the centre of the Poet's Corner in 1844, but many years elapsed before his friends were able to meet the demands of the Dean and Chapter for the admission of his statue. On May-day evening, in 1855, it was erected in the presence of William C. Marshall, the sculptor, and Dr. Beattie, Campbell's biographer and friend. In mentioning this fact, on the authority of a letter of Dr. Beattie, Mr. Willis adds, in a paragraph in the *Home Journal*: "It will be recollected that not long since we mentioned the delay and difficulty of procuring the admission of this statue to the 'Poet's Corner,' the Dean of Westminster refusing the formal authorization till his sacerdotal fee (of two hundred pounds) was first paid. Dr. Beattie finally saw this fat churchman satisfied, and the statue (the subscriptions for the carving and placing of which Dr. B. had also procured) was then admitted to this sanctuary of England's immortals."

(13.) Ode to H. Bodkin, Esq.

Mr. Bodkin became notorious by an action against the *Times* newspaper, for a libel touching his relations to the Mendicity Society. Scarlett, for the defence, contended that the Society was mainly promoted by the interference and assiduity of Mr. B., and was kept before the public eye by means of pamphlets, puffs, and anniversary dinners. He compared him to the servant of Don Manuel Dordona, immortalized by Gil Blas, who throve on his master's reputation for charity, by collecting money to be distributed by him among the poor, and putting it in his own pocket. Bodkin collected money from all quarters for the support of the Society, and received £500 a year for his own services. The jury found a verdict for the plaintiff—30s. damages, and 40s. costs.

THE END.

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